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THE NEW MAMMOTH STEAMER.*

THE voyager up and down the Thames has noticed with astonishment, during the last eighteen months, the slow growth of a huge structure on the southern extremity of the Isle of Dogs. At first a few enormous poles alone cut the sky-line, and arrested his attention; then vast plates of iron, that seemed big enough to form shields for the gods, reared themselves edgeways, at great distances apart; and as months elapsed, a wall of metal slowly arose between him and the horizon. The sooty engineer, as he leans over the bulwark of Bridegroom No. 2, when questioned respecting it, tells you it is "the Big Ship"—he knows no more. If, moved by curiosity, the voyager hails a boat and rows ashore, the sturdy oarsman can only tell you it is "the Big Ship." If you question Jack, whom you see coming along the road laden with a green parrot and a bundle of yams, as to what they are doing here, he will eye the huge mass for

a moment, and reply with a vacant negative. Even those who are informed of its purpose doubt and argue respecting it. "Look'ee here," said an old salt to us, pointing with his pipe to the stem and stern of the ship, which lie parallel with the river, "here's her stern, and here's her stem, and here's the water; and how they are going to launch her I can't figure noways."

The great ship, or "Great Eastern," as she is sometimes called, projected by the eminent engineer Mr. Brunel, the father of Transatlantic Steam Navigation, although building in the midst of the largest collection of seafaring people in the world, stands a wonder and a puzzle to them all. And indeed, the moment you are inside the works of Scott, Russel & Co., at Millwall, you feel the reason of the strange eye with which the maritime population view the monster which is slowly growing up, and overshadowing not only the shipyard itself, but the portion of the new town immediately in its neighborhood. Where are the merry ship-carpenters, caulking away with monotonous, dead-sounding blows? Where are the artisans chipping with their adzes, rearing up one

* A Report of the Court of Directors of the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, made to the Proprietors on the 6th of August, 1853.

A Treatise on Naval Gunnery. By General Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.C.L., F.R.S. Fourth edition, revised. London. 1854.

after another huge ribs, and laying the massive keel? Where are the bright augers gleaming in the sun, as sturdy arms work out the bolt-holes? None of these old accustomed sights and sounds of ship-building are to be found; but in their place we see the arm of steam, mightier than that of Thor, welding some iron shaft big as "the mast of some huge admiral," or punching inch-plates of iron as quickly and as noiselessly as a lady punches cardboard for a fancy-fair ornament. Steel, urged by the same potent master, is seen showing its mastery over iron as the huge lathes revolve, or the planing-machine pursues steadily its resistless course, whilst, in place of the shavings of the carpenter, long ringlets of dull gray metal cumber the ground. The ship-carpenter is transmuted into a brawny smith, and the civil engineer takes the place of the marine architect. A closer inspection of this leviathan vessel shows us how completely the employment of a new material has necessitated new ideas with respect to construction. She runs along, or rather will—for she is not yet quite up in frame—some seven hundred feet; those portions of her yet unfinished at stem and stern show her partitions or bulk-heads running nearly sixty feet in height, and standing just sixty feet apart. If we examine the outer walls of these huge partitions, we see at once that the ship has no ribs springing from a keel or back-bone—none of the ordinary framework by which her bulging sides are maintained in their places; but, on closer inspection, it is found that she has a system of ribs or webs, longitudinal instead of transverse, running from stem to stern of the ship, up to eight feet above her deep water-line; and riveted on each side of these thirty-two webs or ribs, which are again subdivided at convenient lengths, are plates of iron $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in thickness, forming a double skin to the ship, or a dermis and epidermis. Thus her framework forms a system of cells, which, like the Menai tube, combines the minimum of weight with the maximum of strength. A glance at the transverse mid-ship section will show at once this portion of her structure. Hitherto it has been the practice to build iron ships in exactly the same manner, as regards framework, as wooden ones; that is, the strength of the sides has been made gradually to lighten towards the deck, which being of wood, can offer but slight resisting power.

Thus iron ships of the old method of construction are peculiarly liable to break their backs upon the application of force, either to their two ends or to the centre of their keels, just, in short, as a tube would be easily broken, one side of which was made much stronger than the other. The "Birkenhead" iron troop-ship was a melancholy instance of this unscientific method of construction; for it will be remembered that immediately she struck, her wooden deck doubled up and snapped in two, as a stick would snap across the knee, whilst stem and stern reared for a moment high in the air, and then went down like stones into the deep.

As you stand watching the process of building up this double skin, or framework of the ship, the question immediately strikes the mind, how are these unyielding plates of inch iron made to accommodate themselves to her lines, which are seen to run as finely fore and aft as those of a Thames wager-boat? How are the innumerable curves which die away into each other, to be produced by any aggregation of rectilinear pieces of flat boiler plate? In ordinary wooden ships, the planking, by its elasticity, allows itself to be modelled to the ribs: but here there are no ribs, in the true sense of the word, and the form of the vessel must depend upon the inclination given to each separate piece of iron before the fastening process is commenced. And such, in fact, is the case. Every individual plate, before being fixed in its proper position, was the subject of a separate study to the engineer. Of the ten thousand, or thereabout, that compose the framework of the ship, only a few situated in the mid-ship section are alike either in size or in curve. For each a model in wood, or "template," as it is technically called, had originally to be made, and by these patterns the plates were cut into their required shapes by the huge steam shears, in exactly the same manner as a tailor cuts out the various portions of a garment. The "list," or inclination to be given to each plate, is the next process to be gone through; and this is produced by passing it through a system of rollers, which can be so reversed in their action, and so adjusted, as to give it any required curve. The "template," studded with holes around its margin, is then fitted to it, and a boy with a stick dipped in white lead marks through them the places upon the iron where the rivet-holes are to be

punched; when this last process is completed, the plate is lettered with two or three separate letters, indicating the precise place it has to take in the ship. Thus the hull is first carefully thought out in detail, and is then regularly and mechanically put together, in much the same way as a tessellated pavement.

The process of fastening the plates affords another curious contrast to the old method of bolting employed by the ship-carpenters. The holes in the plates to be held together being brought in exact apposition, bolts at a white heat are one by one introduced, and firmly riveted whilst in that condition by a group of three men, one the upholder, who holds the bolt in its position by placing a hammer against its head on the inside of the ship, whilst two sturdy Vulcans, with alternate blows, produce the rivet-head on the other. The bolts contract in cooling, and draw the plates together with the force of a vice, and hold them so for ever afterwards. The rapidity with which this process is performed strikes the spectator with astonishment. A set of three men, and a boy to shovel the hot bolts out of the furnace, will in the course of a day close up four hundred rivets; and speed in the process is requisite, when we remember that before the ship can swim three million of them must be made secure.

If we clamber up the ladders which lead to her deck, some 60 feet above the ground, we perceive that her interior presents fully as strange a contrast to other vessels as the construction of her hull does. Ten perfectly water-tight bulkheads, placed 60 feet apart, having no openings whatever lower than the second deck, divide the ship transversely; whilst two longitudinal walls of iron, 36 feet apart, traverse 350 feet of the length of the ship. Thus the interior is divided, like the sides, into a system of cells or boxes. Besides these main divisions, there are a great number of sub-compartments beneath the lowest deck, devoted to the boiler-rooms, engine-rooms, coal and cargo, &c.; whilst some 40 or 50 feet of her stem and stern are rendered almost as rigid as so much solid iron by being divided by iron decks from bulwark to keel. Her upper deck is double, and is also composed of a system of cells formed by plates and angle irons. By this multiplication of rectilinear compartments, the ship is

made almost as strong as if she were of solid iron, whilst, by the same system of construction, she is rendered as light and as indestructible, comparatively speaking, as a piece of bamboo. There is a separate principle of life in every distinct portion, and she could not well be destroyed even if broken into two or three pieces, since the fragments, like those of a divided worm, would be able to sustain an independent existence.

A better idea, perhaps, of the interior of the ship can be gained at the present moment than when she has progressed farther towards completion. As you traverse her mighty deck, flush from stem to stern, the great compartments made by the transverse and longitudinal bulkheads, or parti-walls of iron, appear in the shape of a series of parallelograms, 60 feet in length by 36 in width; numerous doors in the walls of these yawning openings at once reveal that it is here that the hotels of the steam-ship will be located. If we were to take the row of houses belonging to Mivart's and drop them down one gulf, take "Farrance's" and drop it down the second, take Morley's at Charing Cross and fit it into a third, and adjust the Great Western Hotel at Paddington and the Great Northern at King's Cross into apertures four and five, we should get some faint idea of the nature of the accommodation "The Great Eastern" will afford. We speak of dropping hotels down these holes, because the separate compartments will be as distinct from each other as so many different houses; each will have its splendid saloons, upper and lower, of 60 feet in length; its bedrooms or cabins, its kitchen and its bar; and the passengers will no more be able to walk from the one to the other than the inhabitants of one house in Westbourne Terrace could communicate through the parti-walls with their next-door neighbors. The only process by which visiting can be carried on will be by means of the upper deck or main thoroughfare of the ship. Nor are we using figures of speech when we compare the space which is contained in the new ship to the united accommodation afforded by several of the largest hotels in London. She is destined to carry 800 first-class, 2000 second-class, and 1200 third-class passengers, independently of the ship's complement, making a total of 4000 guests. A reference to the longitudinal and transverse sections will explain

her internal economy more readily than words. The series of saloons, together with the sleeping apartments, extending over 350 feet, are located in the middle instead of "aft," according to the usual arrangement. The advantage of this disposition of the hotel department must be evident to all those who have been to sea and know the advantage of a snug berth as near as possible to the centre of the ship, where its transverse and longitudinal axes meet, and where, of course, there is no motion at all. It will be observed that the passengers are placed immediately above the boilers and engines; but the latter are completely shut off from the living freight by a strongly-arched roof of iron, above which, and below the lowest iron deck, the coals will be stowed, and will prevent all sound and vibration from penetrating to the inhabitants in the upper stories. As the engines and boiler-rooms are separated from each other by bulk-heads, in exactly the same manner as the saloons, a peculiar arrangement has been made to connect their machinery without interfering with their water-tight character. Two tunnels, of a sufficient size to give free passage to the engineers, are constructed fore and aft in the centre of the coal bunkers, through all the great iron parti-walls. By this arrangement the steam and water pipes which give life and motion to the ship will be enabled to traverse her great divisions, just as the sorta traverses in its sheath the human diaphragm.

Let us return, however, for a few moments to the deck, in order to give the reader a clear idea of the magnitude of the structure under our feet. The exact dimensions "over all" are 692 feet. There are few persons who will thoroughly comprehend the capacity of these figures. Neither Grosvenor nor Belgrave Square could take the "Great Eastern" in; Berkeley Square would barely admit her in its long dimension, and when rigged, not at all, for her mizen-boom would project some little way up Davies street, whilst her bowsprit, if she had one, would hang a long way over the Marquis of Lansdowne's garden. In short, she is the eighth of a mile in length, and her passengers will never be able to complain of being "cooped up," as four turns up and down her deck will afford them a mile's walk. Her width is equally astonishing. From side to side of her hull she measures

83 feet—the width of Pall Mall; but across the paddle-boxes her breadth is 114 feet—that is, she could just steam up Portland Place, scraping with her paddles the houses on either side. With the exception of the sky-lights and openings for ventilating the lower saloons, her deck is flush fore and aft. However splendid this promenade might appear with respect to those of other ships, we question if it is at all too large for the moving town to whose use it is dedicated. Room must be found for the holiday strolling of between three and four thousand persons, whilst she is careering through the heated atmosphere of the tropics, and not merely for a few score blue-nosed gentlemen, such as use the deck of the transatlantic steamers for a severe exercising ground. The manner in which this moving city rather than ship will be propelled with the speed of a locomotive through the ocean is not the least noticeable of the arrangements connected with her. Mr. Brunel has, we think wisely, decided not to trust so precious a human freight and so vast an amount of valuable cargo to any single propelling power, but has supplied her with three—the screw, the paddle, and the sail. Her paddle-wheels, 56 feet in diameter, or considerably larger than the circus at Astley's, will be propelled by four engines, the cylinders of which are 6 feet 2 inches in diameter, and the stroke 14 feet. The motive power of these will be generated by four boilers. Enormous as are these engines, having a nominal power of 1000 horses, and standing nearly 50 feet high, they will be far inferior to those devoted to the screw. These, the largest ever constructed for marine purposes, will be supplied with steam by six boilers, working to a force of 1600 horses—the real strength of the combined engines being equal to 3000 horses. When the spectator looks upon the ponderous shaft of metal, 160 feet in length and 60 tons in weight, destined to move the screw, and the screw itself of 24 feet in diameter, the four fans of which, as they lie on the ground, remind him of the blade-bones of some huge animal of the pre-Adamite world, he better comprehends the gigantic nature of the labor to be done, and the ample means taken to perform it. As the screw and the paddles will both be working at the same time, the ship will be pulled and pushed in its course like an invalid in a Bath chair, and each power will be called upon to do its best. The

calculated speed of the ship under steam is expected to average from fifteen to sixteen knots, or nearly 20 miles, an hour. We all know, even on a calm day, what a wind meets the face looking out of a railway train going at that pace, and consequently it can be understood that sails, except on extraordinary occasions, would act rather as an impediment than as an assistance to the ship's progress. It is not probable, therefore, that they will be much resorted to except for the purpose of steadying or of helping to steer her. In case, however, of a strong wind arising, going more than twenty-five miles an hour in the direction of her course, she is provided with seven masts, two of which are square-rigged, and the whole spreading 6500 square yards of canvas. It is to be observed that she carries no bowsprit, and has no sprit sail. We do not know the reason of this departure from the ordinary rig, unless it be to avoid her plunging too deeply in the sea. Her bow is also without a figurehead; and this peculiarity, together with her simple rig, gives her the appearance of a child's toy-boat. If beauty is nothing more than fitness, this form of bow is undoubtedly the most beautiful, and the Americans, who have long adopted it in their transatlantic steamers, are right; but to ordinary eyes it looks sadly inferior to the old figurehead projecting out before the ship, as if eager to lead her onward over the wave. Fewer hands will be required to navigate the "Great Eastern" than her size would seem to demand. Her whole crew will not exceed 400 men—a third of the number composing the crew of a three-decker. The difference is made up by what we may term *steam* sailors. There will be four auxiliary engines appointed to do the heavy work of the ship, such as heaving the anchors, pumping, and hoisting the sails; for the gigantic arm of steam will be imperatively called for to deal with the vast masses of iron and canvas required to move and to hold the ship. These engines will, in all probability, communicate their power to a shaft running through an aperture in the upper iron deck, by which arrangement motive power in any required quantity will be laid on from stem to stern of the ship.

It is obvious that some special means must be adopted to direct this vast mass of moving iron as she flies on her course, threatening by her speed destruction to

herself and whatever may cross her path in the great highway of nations. The usual contrivances will not apply. No speaking-trumpets, for instance, could make the captain on the bridge heard either by the helmsman, or the look-out at the bow, more than three hundred feet away. Even the engineer, sixty feet beneath him, would be beyond the reach of his voice. As in the railway, we have to deal with distances which necessitate the use of a telegraph, and the "Great Eastern," in this respect, will be treated just like a railway. On ordinary occasions a semaphore will, in the daytime, give the word to the helmsman, whilst at night, and in foggy weather, he will be signalled how to steer by a system of colored lights. The electric telegraph will also be employed to communicate the captain's orders to him and to the engineer below.

Thus the nervous system, if we may so term it, of the vessel will be provided for. Starting from the bridge, or post of the commander, which leads directly from his apartments, located between the paddle-boxes, the fine filaments will reach to the helmsman at the stern and to the look-out at the bow, whilst a third thread will communicate with the engineer. By this means the captain, or brain of the ship, will be able in a moment to put in motion, to drive at full speed, to reverse the action, or to stop, the iron limbs which toil day and night far out of sight in the deep hold, or as instantly to direct the helm so as to alter the vessel's course.

In most iron vessels great precautions are taken to avoid the incorrectness to which the needle placed on deck is liable on account of the proximity of attractive masses of metal. The commonest expedient is to have placed high up in the mizenmast, beyond the influence of the iron sides of the ship, what is called a standard compass, and which may be said to realize Dibdin's "Sweet little cherub who sits up aloft, and takes care of the life of poor Jack." In the "Great Eastern," a special stage or framework will be erected for this dainty Ariel, at least forty feet in height, and the helmsman will probably either read off the points from above as they appear through a transparent card illuminated like a clock-front, or the shadow of the trembling needle will be projected down a long pipe upon a card below, so as to avoid the necessity of the helmsman looking up, and to obviate the

difficulty which would occur in foggy weather. The experiments with respect to this important adjunct to the ship are not yet concluded, however, and we must be considered to speak speculatively as to the plan which is likely to be adopted.

The anchors of this mighty steamer would, with their accessories, alone form the cargo of a good-sized ship. The ten anchors with which she will be fitted, together with their stocks, will weigh fifty-five tons. If we add to this ninety-eight tons for her eight hundred fathoms of chain-cable, and one hundred tons for her capstans and warps, we shall have a total weight of two hundred and fifty-three tons of material dedicated to the sole purpose of making fast the ship.

It was prophesied that Mr. Brunel's first ship, the "Great Western," would be doubled up as she rested upon the crests of the Atlantic waves, and we all know how the prophecy was fulfilled. When it was made, indeed, we were very much in the dark as to the size of ocean waves, and it was not until the introduction of long steamers that they could be measured with any accuracy. Dr. Scoresby, whilst crossing the Atlantic in one of the Cunard boats, some years since, closely observed the waves, and by means of the known length of the ship, was enabled to form a pretty accurate idea of their dimensions. The old vague account of their being "mountains high" was well known before that time to be an exaggeration; but we do not think even philosophers were prepared for the statement made by this observer at a meeting, some years since, of the British Association, that they averaged no more than twenty feet in altitude, and rarely exceeded twenty-eight feet. The popular impression principally produced by marine painters that waves formed valleys thousands of yards across, down the sides of which ships slid as though they were about to be engulfed, seems to have been equally erroneous; as the maximum length of ocean waves, according to Dr. Scoresby, is six hundred feet; whilst in a moderate gale they are only three hundred, and in a fresh sea about a hundred and twenty feet in length. A moment's consideration of these facts leads to the conclusion that long ships must have a great advantage over short ones with respect to the rapidity with which they make their journey, as it is quite evident that whilst the latter have

to perform their voyages by making a series of short curves—much to the impediment of their progress and to the discomfort of their inmates—the former, by ruling the waves with their commanding proportions, make shorter and smoother passages. As steamers grow larger and larger, the curse of sea-sickness must therefore gradually diminish. The "Great Eastern," from her length and the bearing which she will have upon the water, being a paddle as well as a screw ship, will, in all probability, neither pitch nor roll, and will therefore be most comfortable to the voyager. Her immense stride, if we may use the term, will enable her to take three of the three hundred feet waves of an Atlantic gale as easily as a racer would take a moderate-sized brook. She will still have to encounter the six hundred feet waves of storms, and there may be those mistrusting her length and the great weight she will carry amidsthips, in the shape of engines and coal, who may be inclined to repeat with respect to her the prophecy which was made with respect to the "Great Western." Mr. Brunel, by the method of launching which he intends to adopt, will, however, set these misgivings at rest before she even touches the water. Although the total weight of the ship, together with her engines, which will be erected in her whilst she is still on land, cannot be less than twelve thousand tons, she will rest entirely on two points as she enters the water broadside on. No statement could give a more powerful idea of the strength of her fabric.

The reasons which have induced Mr. Brunel to adopt this method of launching are given as follows in his Report:

"Launching is generally effected by building the ship on an inclined plane, which experience has determined should be at an inclination of about 1 in 12 to 1 in 15, the keel of the ship being laid at that angle, and the head consequently raised above the stern say 1-15th of the whole length of the ship. In the present case this would have involved raising the fore part of the keel or the forefoot about forty feet in the air, and the fore-castle would have been nearly 100 feet from the ground; the whole vessel would have been on an average twenty-two feet higher than if built on an even keel."

"The inconvenience and cost of building at such a great height above ground may be easily imagined; but another difficulty presented itself which almost amounted to an impossibility, and which has been sensibly felt with the larger vessels hitherto launched, and will probably, ere long, prevent launching longitudinally vessels of great

length. The angle required for the inclined plane to insure the vessel moving by gravity being, say 1 in 14, or even if diminished by improved construction in ways to 1 in 25, is such, that the end first immersed would become waterborne, or would require a very great depth of water before the fore part of the ship would even reach the water's edge. Vessels of 450 or 500 feet in length would be difficult to launch in the Thames, unless kept as light as possible; but our ship could not be so launched, the heel of the sternpost being required to be, as I before said, about forty feet below the level of the forefoot; some mitigation of the difficulty might be obtained by an improved construction of the ways; but the great length of ways to be carried out into the river would, under any circumstances, be a serious difficulty.

"These considerations led me to examine into the practicability of launching or lowering the vessel sideways; and I found that such a mode would be attended with every advantage, and, so far as I can see, it involves no countervailing disadvantages. This plan has been accordingly determined upon, and the vessel is building parallel to the river, and in such a position as to admit of the easy construction of an inclined plane at the proper angle down to low-water mark.

"In constructing the foundation of the floor on which the ship is being built, provision is made at two points to insure sufficient strength to bear the whole weight of the ship when completed. At these two points, when the launching has to be effected, two cradles will be introduced, and the whole will probably be lowered down gradu-

ally to low water-mark, whence, on the ensuing tide, the vessel will be floated off. The operation may thus be performed as slowly as may be found convenient; or if, upon further consideration, more rapid launching should be thought preferable, it may be adopted."

Astonishing as are all the proportions of this monster ship, of course it will not be supposed that mere size is claimed, either by the engineer or the Company to which she belongs, as any merit independently of the substantial benefits which accompany it. Her length is not her only advantage. Indeed, length in a steamer is merely a comparative term, and applies entirely to the extent of the river or ocean-path she has to traverse. The "Himalaya," for instance, would be an enormous vessel to run to Margate and back, but is only a full-size one to cross the Atlantic or to navigate the Mediterranean. The "Great Eastern," again, would be large for the passage to New-York, but is only duly proportioned to make a voyage round the world.

It is interesting to note the progressive advance of size in steam-vessels that has taken place within the last thirty years, which the following table will render clear to the reader:

Date.	Name and Description.	Length.	Breadth.
		feet.	ft. in.
1825	Enterprise, built expressly to go to India, coaling at intermediate stations	122	27 0
1835	Tagus, for the Mediterranean	182	28 0
1838	Great Western, first ship built expressly for Atlantic passage ..	236	35 6
1844	Great Britain, first large screw ship, and the largest iron ship then projected	322	51 0
1853	Himalaya, iron ship for the Mediterranean	370	43 6
1856	Persia, iron ship	390	45 0
—	Eastern steamship, iron	680	83 0

Thus the ocean going-steamer of 1856 is nearly six times the length of that of 1825, whilst the difference between their tonnage is still more in favor of the last-built vessel. The augmentation has gone on in an increasing ratio, and if it is still to continue, we wonder over what space of water our Leviathan of 1870 will extend! As our commercial steam marine is in the hands of shrewd men of business, it can well be imagined that the reasons for this progressive advance in size are sound. Steamship-builders are, in fact, only accommodating the tonnage of their vessels to the length of the voyages they

have to perform, so that they may be enabled to carry their own coals over and above their due proportion of cargo. This the "Great Western" did, and succeeded; this the various screw-steamers which have run the Australian voyage have not done, and consequently they have failed.

No one can fail to have observed that within these last two years steam, in long voyages, has apparently suffered a defeat. Clippers of all kinds, the "Marco Polos," "Red Jackets," and "Morning Stars," seem to have recovered their own again, and in the race round the world, sails have distanced the paddle and the screw.

When the question comes to be examined, however, it is clear that it is the want of steam that has caused the failure: vessels, in short, as little fitted to make a passage of thirteen thousand miles, as the "Sirius," though by a lucky accident it managed to cross the Atlantic at the same time as the "Great Western," was to go a continuous stage of three thousand miles. They have all the expense of the new motive power without its full advantages, and, in consequence of their having to go out of their direct course to coal, they lose from twelve to twenty days on the passage. The tortoise in this instance has not fairly beaten the hare, because the latter has willfully broken her leg.

Mr. Brunel, in constructing a ship of such large dimensions, is only doing for the long Eastern voyage what he did for the shorter Western one, namely, making her own coal-bunkers the bank on which she can draw to any extent during her progress out and home, instead of employing from six to eight ships of 500 tons burthen each to carry fuel for her over half the globe, as the vessels at present running are obliged to do—a system which may be likened to the extravagance of a man who employs half-a-dozen porters to carry parcels which, by proper management, he could manage to stow in his own knapsack.

The Report of the Directors for the year 1853 puts the calculation, with respect to her immense advantage, in carrying power so well, that we quote it entire:

"In avoiding the *delay* of coaling on the voyage, your ships will also escape the great cost of taking coals at a foreign station. Coals obtained on the Indian and Australian route cost on the average, including waste and deterioration, four or five times as much per ton as in this country. But your ships will take their whole amount of coals for the voyage from near the pit's mouth, at a rate not exceeding for the best quality, 12s. to 14s. per ton. On the voyage of existing steam vessels to Australia or India and home, the consumption amounts to from 4000 to 6000 tons; the cost of which would supply 15,000 to 20,000 tons if taken on board at some port in immediate communication with the coal field.

"Each of the Company's ships will carry, besides their own coals, upwards of 5000 tons measurement of merchandise, and will have 800 cabins for passengers of the highest class, with ample space for troops and lower-class passengers. These you will not only be able to carry at rates much smaller than those by any existing steamships, but with an unprecedented amount of room, comfort, and convenience.

"In thus determining the size of the ships, your directors believe that they are also obtaining the elements of a speed heretofore unknown; and if hereafter coals applicable to the purposes of steam can be supplied from the mines of Australia, the carrying capacity both for cargo and passengers will be proportionately increased. The great length of these ships will undoubtedly, according to all present experience, enable them to pass through the water at a velocity of at least fifteen knots an hour, with a smaller power, in proportion to their tonnage, than ordinary vessels now require to make ten knots. Speed is, in fact, another result of great size. It is believed that by this speed, combined with the absence of stoppages, the voyage between England and India, by the Cape, will be reduced to from thirty to thirty-three days, and between England and Australia to thirty-three or thirty-six days."

It may be objected that the route by way of Egypt, now that the railway is in progress and a canal is projected, will prove a too powerful competitor for the traffic round the Cape; but independently of the inconvenience and tediousness of embarking and then reëmbarking, which will be fatal to vessels containing such bulky cargoes as cumber the Australian steamers, it is asserted that the ocean path is the direct route to the focus of Australian connection with Europe. Thus the navigable distances from Land's End to Port Philip are as follows:

	Miles.
"Via the Cape of Good Hope,.....	11,819
"Cape Horn,.....	12,700
"Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria, Aden, Point de Galle, and Singapore, including transit through Egypt,	12,034
"Panama, including transit across the Isthmus,.....	12,678

The General Association for the Australian Colonies have indeed recommended for the mail line the overland route as far as Aden, and from thence by way of Diego Garcia and King George's Sound to Melbourne, an estimated distance of 10,348 miles, which they fancy can be done in forty-four days. If the Eastern Steamship Company have not anticipated too great a speed for their vessel—and we scarcely think they have done so, considering that the "Persia" has made fourteen and a half knots with very far inferior powers of propulsion—this passage will be beaten by between eight and ten days without the expense and trouble of making a long land journey across the isthmus. Surely this, if it comes to pass, will go far to accomplish the Almaschar dream of the "Times," that the period

will arrive when we shall be able to communicate with our friends at the antipodes in a month.

As far as the commercial part of the speculation goes, we are of course incapable of giving an opinion. The value of the exports to the young empire, which is springing up with such rapidity in Polynesia, is, however, so great—in 1853 the declared value being 14,506,532*l.*—that we cannot conceive there would be any lack of cargo even for our Leviathan. That she will be *par excellence* the emigrant ship, who can doubt, when we find that, with all her splendid accommodation, she will be able to take passengers of the first class for 65*l.*, of the second class for 35*l.*, and of the third class for 25*l.*?

Her great proportions will indeed almost deceive her passengers into the idea that they are sojourning in some noble mansion. Let us imagine her saloons blazing at night with gas, which will be manufactured on board and supplied to every part of the ship; let us picture to ourselves her magnificent sweep of deck filled with gay promenaders, listening to the band as she sails over a summer's sea; annoyed by no smoke, for, in consequence of the use of anthracite coal, none will be emitted from her five funnels; and distressed by no motion, as in consequence of her length she will stride with ease over the waves of the Pacific. We might also dwell for a moment upon the mighty larder of our Leviathan, prepared for her flight of five-and-thirty days, without a stoppage, across the ocean desert with a whole town on board; or we might draw a comparison between her and the Ark (which, by-the-bye, had not half her capacity), as she receives on board her flocks and herds to furnish fresh meat for the passage. But we believe we have said enough to enable those who have not visited the rising edifice, to realize the vast extent of this latest experiment in ship-building. And as a contrast to this fair side of the medal, let us fancy her rushing through the night in full career—an arrow, 27,000 tons in weight, propelled by a bow of 3000 horse-power. Can we without a shudder contemplate the possibility of a collision with such a resistless force?—a line-of-battle ship with a thousand bands on board cleft in two as swiftly as the apple by the shaft of Tell.

Every precaution will indeed be taken to avert such a catastrophe. The electric

light will be fixed at the mast-head, so that in dark nights the ship will carry a moonlight atmosphere wherever she goes. In case of any fatal injury to herself, which could not well happen, boats have been provided capable of taking off her passengers, even if counted by thousands. Thus she will have two screw-steamers of 90 feet in length as paddle-box boats, and in addition to these she will carry a large number of the new collapsing, or bellows boats, as the sailors call them. These curious structures, the invention of the Rev. E. L. Berthon, expand and shut like a Gibus hat or the hood of a carriage, occupying so little room that half a dozen of them of a large size can be stowed away in the same space as would be occupied by an ordinary jolly-boat, and seem to be as easily opened as a parasol or umbrella.

If we mistake not, the success of the "Great Eastern" will constitute a new era in the art of aggressive war. We question whether Europe during the course of the present contest has not been more struck by our enormous power of moving suddenly large masses of men from one end of Europe to another, than by any other operation which we have performed. The "Himalaya," as she steamed up the Bosphorus, filled the lazy Turks with astonishment; and the cloud of steamers and sailing vessels which carried the Allied army to the shores of the Crimea, has been dwelt upon as an exposition of maritime magnificence such as the world never witnessed before. What will the reader say when we tell him that five vessels such as the "Great Eastern" could bring home our 50,000 troops from the Crimea, with all their artillery and baggage, in the course of ten or twelve days!

Contemporaneously with the remarkable tendency to an increase of size in our merchant vessels, the thoughts of scientific men have been turned in an opposite direction with respect to vessels of war. As we stand on the deck of the "Great Eastern," and look across to Deptford, we see riding at anchor one of that famous fleet of gun-boats, called forth by exigencies of Baltic warfare. She is scarcely bigger than the screw-boats which the vessel under our feet will carry on each side of her paddle-boxes. She looks like a cock-boat in comparison with the great "Duke of Wellington." The

idea of any number of such little Davids attacking Goliath would appear to be preposterous. An examination of the subject, however, makes it seem probable that in fighting-ships size is a great element of danger, and diminutiveness of safety. The massacre of Sinope—the first blow of the present war—gave us evidence of the effects of a new order of projectile, which will, in the opinion of those versed in gunnery, very much modify our ideas with respect to building such enormous men-of-war as we have done lately. Sir Howard Douglas, in his admirable work on the "Art of Naval Gunnery," takes this view of the case, in the most decided manner, and quotes with applause a letter by General Paixhans, published in the "Moniteur" of February, 1854, entitled, "Observations on the Burning of the Turkish Frigates by the Russian Fleet in the Black Sea." From the report of the Russian admiral, the writer shows that the almost instant destruction of the frigates of our ally was caused by Paixhans' shells, fired from the Paixhans' guns on the lower decks of the Russian ships. These shells, according to the Turkish official report, first "set fire to the ships, and then blew them up." Arguing from the proved destructiveness of these projectiles, the inventor of them draws the following conclusions:

"Guns which fire shells horizontally will destroy any vessel, and will do this with a greater certainty in proportion as the vessels are large; because the circulation of powder and projectiles during an action being more multiplied for the service of a greater number of these guns will multiply the chances of an entire explosion of the ship. From this fact results the important question, whether, instead of concentrating in a single ship of 80 or 130 guns and 1000 men, and exposing that large quantity of military and financial power, and that amount of lives to perish suddenly, it would not be better, from motives of humanity and considerations of economy, to lay out the same sum of money in constructing two or three much smaller vessels, which might together carry the same amount of armament, and the same number of men? Our principal ships, being then far less enormous, and drawing less water, may enter a greater number of our ports, which at present are limited to five, accessible to large ships. The construction of three smaller vessels would neither require so much time nor timber, nor be so costly. Our fleets would then find at home, and in our colonies, more ports of refuge accessible to them; and they would find more points accessible to attack on the coasts of the enemy. The battery of a frigate may, as well as the battery of a large ship, carry the means of

keeping at a distance, or of destroying an enemy. In the combat of two or three such ships against one adversary of colossal magnitude, the latter may doubtless, if near, be able to destroy either of the others singly; but these might concentrate upon him at a distance mortal blows, and remain masters of a field of battle, from which the greater ship will have disappeared. With an arm, the effect of which is very destructive, the advantage will evidently be in favor of those who know best how to give it length of range and accuracy; thus, both in our actual armaments and in the progress to be made, these two conditions, together with the superiority of calibre, should above all others be satisfied; to this I shall add, that if the same effects would be produced by lighter pieces of artillery of the same description, which do not require vessels of such great draught of water, nor expose so many men, we should have resolved a problem which, together with great speed in our steamers, and greater number of them, would give to France a system of naval economy which suits her in the highest degree."

May we not carry General Paixhans' idea of a subdivision of force still farther, and ask whether a cloud of swift and powerful gun-boats would not often be still more effective than large frigates? Let us imagine even the "Duke of Wellington," of 131 guns, attacked by a score of these Cossacks of the sea, each armed with 68-pounders, placed fore and aft, firing Paixhans' shells, would she not be very much in the position of a pariah beadle stoned by a mob of mischievous boys? A broadside such as hers, towering high above the water, would present a target which it would be difficult to miss; whilst she would have as little chance of shooting swallows with her long guns, as these nimble gun-boats, for ever warily keeping their sterns on, at a respectful distance, and presenting a mark not more than twenty-two feet to her gunners. The difficulty of hitting such mere specks would be immense; and even the turning of these minnows on the water would expose them to little harm, as the experience of the attack on Sweaborg proved; for the gun-boats, which kept moving about on that occasion, were never once struck.

If this view is correct, and the concentrated fire of a few gun-boats is likely to overpower the radiating fire of three-deckers, and if the dire effects of a single shell bursting on a ship's side, be, indeed, so great as General Paixhans affirms, it may be that the necessity of building a peculiar class of vessels for shallow seas will open our eyes to the glaring mistake we have committed in building such enor-

mous ships of war. It is a maxim among military engineers that no fortification is stronger than its weakest place. Now, if a Paixhans shell, striking a three-decker near the water line, and exploding in the side, as it is most likely to do, from its extreme thickness, is capable of smashing the timbers for many feet around it, her very size and weight will only the more speedily cause her to disappear under the water. The tremendous batteries of such a ship would have but little effect upon these boats, which by the use of Lancaster guns could fight at 4000 yards distance, at which range they would not appear to the huge liner much bigger than floating tubs; whilst they would be able to destroy their big antagonist with as much certainty as Gordon Cumming brought down an elephant at his leisure with his resistless "Purday."

The four divisions of gun-boats now collecting in the Channel are living proofs of the energy of our private enterprise, and of the strength which England is capable of putting forth at the shortest notice. Of the 200 gun-boats, more or less, which are now, like dogs of war, straining at the leash off the Mother Bank, more than two thirds were not even laid down three months ago. Not an engine had been wrought out of the shapeless mass of iron; not a boiler of the ten scores which now lace the leaden sky with their thin, white wreaths of steam, had been put together.

If we can be proud of any thing during the late war besides the gallantry of soldiers and the magnificence of our transport system, it must be of our manufacturing energy, which has created a host of armed ships, moved by complicated machinery, almost as quickly as Cadmus created legions of armed men out of the ground. No other nation could by any possibility have accomplished the same

task, for the simple reason, that they have neither the tools nor the skill to direct them. The Messrs. Penn of Greenwich, for instance, received an order three months since to complete, by the beginning of April, eighty marine engines of sixty horse power each; the entire moving power, in short, of nearly half the Mosquito fleet. If such an order had been given to any continental engineer, he would have treated it as a joke; but the Messrs. Penn have not only completed it within the specified time, but have put them in working order on board the fleet. Of course, so enormous a task could not have been accomplished by one house. A pattern engine once agreed upon, the contracting firm sent duplicate patterns to all the principal engineers throughout the island, ordering so many different portions to be delivered on a certain day. In this manner the whole force of the country was put upon the work; and cylinders, connecting-beams, stuffing-boxes, piston-rods, &c., from a dozen different factories, have been steaming for weeks past across the island, towards the Messrs. Penn's fitting-shops, where they met and were put together for the first time. The major portion of the gun-boats themselves have been furnished by the private shipyards. From half-a-dozen points of the Thames these handy little craft, sometimes in twos and threes, ready rigged and with engines on board, took the water during the last six weeks. At Liverpool, Bristol, Newcastle, Sunderland, Northam, Southampton, and Cowes, this tiny fleet has been fashioned through the long winter nights by the light of gas twinkling between their ribs. Although in outward appearance the boats are all precisely alike, their tonnage, draught, and propelling powers are widely different, as we see in the following table:

	No.	Tons.	Draught of Water. (Light.)	Horse power.	Speed.
			ft. in.		knots.
Snapper Class	123	233	5 4	60	9½
" Class	3	232	4 10	40	8½
Cheerful Class	20	212	4 3	20	7
Dispatch Boats:—					
Flying-fish Class	3	868	{ from 9½ to 12 feet.	350	{ about 13 knots.
Wrangler Class	6	477		160	
Vigilant Class	14	670		200	
Mohawk Class	2	267		80	

These vessels, together with those already in commission which did service in the Sea of Azoff and Baltic last season, bring this stinging little cloud of mosquitoes up to the round number of two hundred mentioned by Sir Charles Wood in his speech in the House of Commons.

The armament of all the gun-boats is alike, namely, two 68-pounders, made to fight fore and aft, with pivots to fire broadside if required. When not in action, the guns, of 96 hundredweight each, are housed in the middle of the deck. Each vessel will be a separate command, and the whole will be formed into four squadrons. The ships of the line, in which the commanders of squadrons will hoist their flags, will serve as nursing-mothers to this light artillery of the sea, which will scour the ocean on every side, returning ever and anon to the parent ship, as chickens return to the maternal wing, for warmth and support, in the shape of coals, food, and ammunition. The great diversity of power, and the difference of draught in these vessels, varying as they do from 20 to 350 horses, and from 5 to 12 feet of water, will make them free of the shallows and inlets of any sea in which their services may be required. Against this ubiquitous and resistless force the Russians had, in the early portion of the year, nothing but row-boats to oppose; and we heard with wonder that the crews of these inefficient craft were armed with lances, and with a curious kind of mace studded with spikes, such as the Scandinavians used when the heroes of the *Nibelungenlied* were in the flesh. The dispatch-boats differ materially from the gun-boats, inasmuch as they are built of iron, with very fine lines, and are designed for speed as well as for fighting; hence they are classed as the light squadron. The swiftest of them are capable of running fifteen miles an hour, and are armed with two Lancaster guns and four 68-pounders, and are not much smaller than the old 36-gun frigates of the last war. In 1850, Messrs. Laird of Liverpool and Mr. Scott Russel of Blackwall built powerful iron vessels, of a light draught, for the Russian and Prussian governments. Their capabilities were reported upon to the Admiralty before they left this country; nevertheless, the war found us entirely destitute, and we entered the Baltic with our huge liners, which were about as well adapted to the shallow waters of that sea

as the life-guards would be to pursue Caffres in the bush. The whole country has witnessed, with mingled feelings of shame and indignation, the paltry attempts of Sir James Graham to throw upon the shoulders of Sir Charles Napier the whole blame of our ignoble promenade in the Baltic in the year 1854. What better could he have done with the means at his command? And whose fault was it that he had no better means? As early as the month of May in that year, the attention of the Admiralty was drawn by Captain Claxton to the fact that Mr. Scott Russel would engage to turn out of hand any number of light-draught gun-boats in ten weeks from the date of the order. That offer was disgracefully refused, on the plea that iron was not approved of as a ship-building material! Why, as a naval authority has well observed, they should have built paper boats, if they could have managed to bring our long-range guns and mortars to bear upon the fortresses of the enemy. Dispatch was the one thing needful. Had Sir James Graham closed with Mr. Scott Russel's proposition, Sir Charles Napier would have got the weapons he wanted, and would not, we predict, have come "bootless home and weather-beaten back," from the campaign of 1854. If there was such an insuperable objection to iron vessels, why, we ask, did Sir James Graham exchange the "*Thetis*" frigate with the Prussian government for the gun-boats "*Nix*" and "*Salamander*," both of this obnoxious material? Early in 1855, the Aberdeen Admiralty was partially forced out of its disgraceful inactivity by the loud calls of the public press for gun-boats; and in order to quiet the storm, one of its members stated in the House of Commons that several had at last been laid down.

When the first was launched, in the summer of 1855, it was found to draw twelve feet of water—a draught which would render it as incapable of running up the shallows of the Baltic as a camel would be of going through the eye of a needle. By the autumn of the same year, the Admiralty managed to build sixteen gun-boats of a more suitable size and sixteen old dockyard lighters were fitted up as mortar-vessels, and sent out to Admiral Dundas. With these, together with the aid of a few mortars and light steamers furnished by the French, the vast stores contained in the arsenal of Swea-

borg, together with the greater part of the town and naval buildings, were destroyed. We have only to learn the performance of this insignificant and hastily-fitted force to read the utter condemnation of Sir James Graham's Admiralty. The mortar-boats, moored at 3700 yards distance, with 400 fathoms of cable to veer upon in case the enemy should get their range, threw 3099 13-inch shell into the Russian stronghold, each shell falling with a force of 75 tons; whilst the sixteen gun-boats, at 300 yards distance, with perfect impunity to themselves, threw into the arsenal 11,200 shot and shell. Under such an infernal rain of iron as our own and the French vessels projected, no wonder that the whole place on the second day was one vast sheet of fire. If with such a limited force we managed to deal so disastrous a blow to the enemy, what might we not have done with the fleet of gun-boats now collected together, in addition to the eighty-odd mortar-vessels, mostly constructed, by-the-bye, of iron? We venture to say that neither Revel nor Cronstadt would have reared their granite fronts above the water twelve hours after they had been bombarded by such a force. We will go further, and assert, with little fear of contradiction, that if a score of these gun-boats had entered, in the autumn of 1854, the Sea of Azoff, the Russian army

would not have been able to have maintained itself in the Crimea through the ensuing winter, and, as a consequence, the flower of our army would have escaped destruction. The first great blow aimed at the power of the enemy was dealt by Captain Lyons; and the most successful of his little fleet was the gun-boat "Recruit," alias the "Nix," which the Prussians had built on the Thames as a pattern for us to go by as early as 1850; and was the identical vessel pointed out by Captain Claxton as an example to be followed in May, 1854. This admirable iron boat destroyed all the military stores at Taganrog, at 1400 yards distance, without the slightest injury to herself. Why, we ask, was this pattern vessel neglected for four years, at a time when all the world knew that by such vessels only, the naval warfare we were engaged in could be carried on? Posterity will sternly ask this question; and Sir James Graham will not be considered to have answered it by his miserable *tu quoque* arguments against a blustering old Admiral. Now it is too late and the horse is stolen, an admirably constructed lock is placed upon the stable-door; now that the just war we have been waging has been strangled by diplomacy, the Channel is covered with flying artillery, which is paraded before the eyes of Europe—just in time to fire a salute in honor of the proclamation of peace!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

GREAT WITS AND LITTLE STORIES.

"WHEN Rogers"—such was the commencement of a sentence, destined to be drowned for ever in the merriment of a pair of illustrious scape-graces. "When Rogers"—thus far Moore and Byron went over and over again, upon one memorable evening; but what was to have followed never came—a roar of laughter at

each attempt extinguished the sequel. "When Rogers"—a burst of eloquence was supposed to hang upon the words. They were the opening of an epic. What followed ought to have been Homeric. Whatever it was it was strangled at its birth—it died in convulsions. But a time must come for all things—it has come for

Rogers. Nobody need fear that if the sentence "When Rogers" is now begun, it will be cut short by any one, contemporary or survivor. Strong in this conviction, we dare to pronounce the insuperable words, and fill up the chasm that has gaped for forty years.

When Rogers died he left a large property behind him. Part of this was what is commonly called wealth; but the most important portion was a mass of memories, accumulated during seventy years of a literary and London life. Some of these had been converted into memoirs by himself, and might be said to represent the real property of the deceased. Some had been borrowed and treasured up by friends and associates, resembling mortgages and such regular securities. Others again had been long appropriated by the public, and passed freely from hand to hand, like money in the funds; while no small portion still floated airily within the brains of those who had intellectual dealings with the mental *millionaire*, after the manner of unascertained balances on current accounts.

One of these debts has lately been paid in.* A friend and associate of the clay which once was Rogers has hastened to relieve his estate, his conscience, of the burden upon it. The Rev. Alexander Dyce has refunded in one lodgment the advances made from time to time for so many years, and placed the sum total to the credit of the poet's true executors, the public.

Doubtless the obligation pressed heavily on the reverend gentleman's mind. He felt, in all probability, that the amount he had borrowed had swelled to an alarming sum. With commendable anxiety he has totted his books and brought the balance, vast as it seemed to him, honestly to our credit.

Nobody can object to this proceeding of the Rev. Alexander Dyce. On the contrary, every right-minded person will be inclined to praise him for what he has done. If he but act as conscientiously in all his worldly transactions, he need not dread being brought "to compt" at any future day of settlement.

But while the world will agree in appreciating and commending the reverend

gentleman's motives, there may be considerable difference of opinion as to the amount of the debt, and consequently as to the actual value of what has just been refunded. Samuel Rogers was a banker's son, nay, was a banker himself; and was not likely to under-estimate what he thus deposited in the hands of friendship; especially when he came to know, as he did early, that these successive loans were intended to fructify and to be repaid into the hands of those who were to follow him, with a large accumulation of interest. In point of fact, the whole of what we find here is not much. From Samuel Rogers the poet, the wit, the banker's son, the *millionaire*, it is trifling. There must be a much larger amount coming to us, or we shall feel like legatees who have a right to be disappointed as to the testamentary dispositions of one from whom large expectations were reasonably formed.

What opportunities that man had of collecting memoirs! Perhaps nobody was ever before so favorably circumstanced for the purpose of eliciting, preserving and transmitting good things as the same Samuel Rogers. Born to comparative opulence without the rank which might have brought that opulence to waste—bred with care in habits of mingled industry and learned lucubration—induced to literature by association and to study by habit—thrown early among wits and poets, with whom his tastes and his opportunities enabled him to associate without servility—himself enabled to offer no mean contribution to the stock of his country's literature, escaping nevertheless the ordinary mischances of literary life, and able from first to last to patronize as well as court the muse—living out of one generation in which he learned, through another with which he worked, into a third which he taught—enabled, during all that time, to sit in placid observance, collecting the choice effects of society and social progress into a sort of silent camera obscura, where they were reproduced with a life-like fidelity, just as he collected into various apartments of his house the gems and *chef d'œuvres* of each age, so as to make it an epitome of the wonders and beauties of the world—distinguished, thus gifted, and thus privileged, he might naturally be looked to as himself a cabinet of curiosities illustrative of the times he belonged to. And such, in fact,

* "Recollections of the Table-talk of Samuel Rogers, to which is added Porsoniana." London: Moxon. 1856.

he was. If the glass through which you view what he has to show has a slight tinge of green, you have only to make due allowance, and be thankful that there are no bull's eyes. The effect upon the objects is not to distort, but to discolor: things appear as they are in reality, faithful to the shape and outline of truth; the light is at fault; and for this a due correction must be made. Indeed, we have only to look at the man, as he has been seen up to a few years ago—as he may still be seen in the fine portraits executed by the master-hands of his day, to account for and rectify these defects. Observe the feeling and appreciative yet wary eye, the firm but lubricated and flexible lip, the smooth sickliness of skin, the delicate reticulation of wrinkle, the slight sneer of nose, the expansion of the not quite noble forehead, the shrunken chest and the raised shoulder, and you will have no difficulty in reading off the man's character. You will expect to find high refinement, polished taste, shrewd appreciation of character, considerable mental and eminent social powers. Along with these you will not look for very lofty qualities, great disinterestedness, high principle, warm philanthropy, generous devotedness, unshaken constancy. Somewhat of the stoic, a little of the cynic, perhaps, will color his philosophy. His thoughts will be often those of Pascal; but the maxims on which his estimate of others will be based will more nearly approach those of La Rochefoucauld.

Let us turn to a contemporary of his. What a contrast to all this was Sydney Smith! If ever there was a man altogether deficient in the acids which go to the composition of our nature, it was this. He was a perfect dairy of human kindness. Loud, boisterous, almost burlesque in his tone and temperament, he had a heart made of true tender stuff; and we cannot choose but love him. A sound head too. A man of vigorous understanding and of varied learning. A high and gallant gentleman, if not a dignified clergyman (even *that* he could be when he chose); he might have risen to any eminence in a convulsed state of political society. Two mistakes were made in Sydney Smith. He ought *not* to have been a churchman, and he ought to have been a Tory. He was doubly out of his place. People may listen patiently to a sermon from a man in a shooting-coat; but a joke in a cas-

sock is not to be endured. And so also it came ill from the luxurious, institution-loving, constitutional, thoroughly aristocratic Englishman to assume the democrat. It became him as ill as the other. Men were outraged when they saw him don the fustian jacket and hob-nailed shoes; identifying himself with Hodge and Humphry. It was not for *him* to do this, though by others it might be becomingly done. Something there was, indeed, in the perfect fairness of his mind, which led him to hate with an instinctive hatred exclusiveness of privilege and tyrannical demeanor from superiors to their inferiors. All this was revolting to him in theory. But in practice he was the gentleman—the member of the dominant caste—the Norman among Saxons, the lord among his serfs. It was absurd, if it escaped being ridiculous, to see a great, luxurious, laughter-loving gentleman like this, assuming the attitude of an injured partisan or trodden-down farm-laborer, and railing in the very caricature of an incongruous sympathy against the class and conduct he represented and practised. Sydney Smith could not *un-tory* his nature. He was born in the purple and could never dye himself any other color in the tan-pits of whiggism. All the virtues and some of the faults and follies of the aristocrat were his. He had done well to avow and dignify them. With all the celebrity attained by this most learned of drôles and grotesque of wits, but little was known of him which could be quoted apart from a laugh or an anecdote, until his daughter, Lady Holland, gave to the world something which may by courtesy be admitted as a memoir,* calculated to exhibit him in a character more important and personal than that of the “wag who was by.” The outline of an amiable and consistent life makes itself visible through the hedge of anecdote which clings to it like a laughing bloom of roses to a parsonage wall. We can discern the solid and durable masonry of character through the clusters that half conceal it. There is, we are enabled to conclude, order and regularity and goodness and charity and principle and piety within, notwithstanding the flexible and flaunting luxuriance

* “Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith, by his daughter, Lady Holland; with Selection from his letters, edited by Mrs. Austin. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longman. 1855.

without. The affection of a daughter has led us through the rustic porch and introduced us to the true economy of the paternal mansion. And, in doing so, she has pointed with no unbecoming pride to the marks, everywhere apparent, of strong sense and sound judgment, guided by the truest taste, presiding inside the walls abandoned on their exterior to the tendrilled mercies of the least dignified of climbing plants. We had known Peter Plymley well, and had laughed at Sydney Smith's dinner-sayings and after-dinner doings; but we have here learned to know, love, and respect the man with whom our intercourse had previously been a joke: we feel that Smith is no longer a modern Joe Miller; he is a laughing philosopher.

But whom have we here, pacing measuredly after the others? A London exquisite, as we live! "Thomas Raikes, Esquire." A great man? some one will ask. Well, great in some respects; great according to circumstances; great north, north-west; great if you consult his own self-estimate. Great, if to rub familiarly with the great constitutes greatness. Some men have greatness thrust upon them. Some put it on for themselves with their great-coat. There he is, in his habit, as he lived. More carefully got up even than Hamlet's father's ghost. A glossy beaver crowns his respectable trim gray locks. A puffy complacency harmonizes respectable features into the semblance of distinction, while the languid droop of eye and over-swelling of dewlap make disclosures of turtle, truffles, and tokay. Over the manly chest buttons tight the most unwrinkled of coats; while the length of the somewhat shaky limb conveys itself through immaculate tweeds into the polish of indubitable Wellingtons. The man has lived and moved and had his dinners in St. James's street, when he has not lived and moved and had his "dinners" in the Faubourg St. Germain, and we can no more imagine him shouldering through the thoroughfares of life, or breasting its obstacles, than we can by any stretch of fancy divine what might be the aspect of that face released from its stock, or the proportions of that form, denuded of the padding, wadding, screwing, lacing, and strapping which constitute it the faultless model of the George the Fourth era.

Now, considering that it was a feather to know him in his day, it is a confession to own that we never laid eyes upon

Thomas Raikes, Esquire, in the flesh. Nor shall we now; seeing that his stock has been taken finally down, and his frock-coat unbuttoned for ever. We have only seen him in lithograph. He stands, his own frontispiece, in the beginning of a book. Indeed, we do not say that it might not be possible, given the book, to argue up to the lithograph, to reconstruct Thomas Raikes, Esquire, out of his own memoirs. The thing might be done, as far as we see, by any careful Cuvier of literature. But it saves a world of trouble to have him got up and put together for us. It enables us, indeed, to understand much of what he has written; and here and there to correct, modify, reject, or adopt dubious matter by the light of the author's own countenance. We refer from Raikes in word, to Raikes in figure, and make our corrections and verifications accordingly. In short, Thomas Raikes' book begins with himself. None but himself can be his frontispiece. He stands before what he has said, like a champion, ready to defend his own assertions. "I tell a great many stories, and make a great many wonderful disclosures—if you don't believe me, here I am!"

Who was Thomas Raikes! and what is the book about? we fancy we hear some one ask. What! Not know Thomas Raikes? "Not to know him"—you know the rest. But seriously, who was Thomas Raikes? Perhaps the safest reply is to say, that he was nobody. An individual—a person, an identity—a "particulier"—nothing more. He was neither highly born, nor highly educated, nor highly gifted, nor highly fortuneed, nor highly distinguished. Nor was he the reverse of all this. Mediocrity was his essence. He glided through an eventless life, without ruffling its current or his own feathers. He swam down his destined canal, leaving not a ripple and scarcely a wake behind him. What, it may well be asked, then, *can* his book be about? Simply about what he saw, heard, and read; and anybody else circumstanced as he was could write a readable book—and we consider his book *very* readable—on the same subject. Fate threw him into the company of great—occasionally of illustrious personages. The want of bristles in his nature, corresponding to the scrupulous beardlessness of his countenance, enabled him to rub against these personages without making himself disagreeably felt. He was sub-

mitted to without objection or suspicion, as a domestic tabby, which passes its affectionate velvet across our legs without exciting so much as a *soupsou* of tooth or claw. With this sleekness were associated a keen perception, a ready memory, and an industrious pen. He was, through life, and in all society, "among them, takin' notes." Here we have in the two volumes before us,* the first installments of these notes, which will probably run, according to the estimate we are able to make, to a length equalling those of our own genial and journal-making countryman, Thomas Moore.

Nevertheless, Thomas Raikes notes well. We can safely say, if we cannot show it, that he has picked up, at his dinners at Oatlands, and at his suppers in the Rue St. Florentin, crumbs which ought not to have been swept off the table of life into oblivion. And thus we have no hesitation in admitting the less prominent journalizer as the appropriate complement—the *tertium quid*—in this compound of the choicer elements of society in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Truly, among them they do make the "*thé complet*" of their time. Tea! Hot, high-flavored, stinging, gossip-growing, scandal-raising, irresistible tea! who is there who does not own thy potent spell? Here is animated tea—written tea, tea of mighty minds and mighty personages—dangerous, explosive, gunpowder tea, thickened with the cream of society—flavored with the sweets of piquancy—irrigated from the fount of stolen waters—all standing ready, only wanting a stir from our silver spoon to be a beverage fit for those divine objects of our worship—the old maids.

Now, what is to be gathered from this fresh three-fold contribution to our stores of amusing and instructive literature? What is the trefail to produce? Great truths have been taught from the triune leaves ere now. Can we extract small truths from these? We dare not promise it. Carefully have we scanned the volumes lying before us, and conscientiously have we set to work to extract a remunerative amount of instructive material out of them: we have painfully applied the severest tests, chemical, mechanical, logical,

and moral. Yet we are concerned to state that the quantity of actual value which resulted would have passed through a gold-digger's sieve. Thus disappointed, we felt naturally inclined to abandon the task of noticing them altogether. It would be, we felt, both cruel and ungraceful to animadvert with rigor upon this trifling defect in works so favorably received by the public. Why should we set ourselves up in unpopular opposition to the world? Why must we assert ourselves at the risk of becoming gratuitous martyrs? Better be silent and think the more—rather indulge in the luxury of holding our tongue. Besides, there is a satisfaction in being able to know one's self beforehand with the world, in case it should ever come to make the discovery for itself. There is a pride in being able to say, with the poet:

"*Omnia percepi atque animo mecum ante peregi.*"

Fortified with this logic, we had made up our minds to place Rogers, Smith, and Raikes on the shelf side by side, amidst the innumerable multitude of volumes which have passed to their silent sepulchres in our library, when it occurred to us that it might be as well, as we could not instruct the world by means of their pages, to try whether we could not make a few of our friends laugh out of them. It struck us that we had possibly expected too much from these departed worthies. Nay, as our thoughts continued to flow in this vein, we began to suspect that we had made a mistake. We had sunk for ore, where we ought to have bored for water. What right had we to dictate to the poet, the divine, or the dandy, the exact quality of the material he chose to supply to the public? If our adust and melancholic habit prompted us to look for the heavy metal suitable to the workshops of the world, ought we to be offended if there burst up at our feet a gush of brilliant, sparkling, living wit, drenching our morality, and escaping through a thousand channels to reach the haunts and hearts of mankind? We discovered our mistake just in time. The top step of the ladder had been reached, the volumes were on their way to the mausoleum on the highest shelf, when our hand was staid—a relenting smile passed across our face—we came down—the books were restored to the library table—the pen was

* "A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847: comprising Reminiscences of Social and Political Life in London and Paris during that period. London: Longman, Brown, Green & Longmans. 1856.

resumed, and we set to work. By the time this process had been gone through, we had realized to ourselves the fact that while these three works are deficient in most of those qualities which can give sterling value to literature, and an enduring fame to their authors or heroes, wanting in a connected and continuous interest, defective in character if not in tone and taste, to a great extent destitute of curious, novel, and interesting information, and unennobled by original and comprehensive views of men and society, they possess one merit in common, they are interspersed with odd, quaint, comical stories—with flashes of humor, in fact; and, at a sacrifice of our loftier sensibilities, draw from us, in numberless places, in spite of ourselves, a hearty laugh.

And, after all, what a capital, kindly, honest, jolly, glorious good thing a laugh is! What a tonic! What a digester! What a febrifuge! What an exorciser of evil spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast, or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice, and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discovers the gums of infancy or age, the grinders of folly, or the pearls of beauty; whether it racks the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or dimples the visage and moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases, and on all faces, contorting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human form into the happy shaking and quaking of idiocy, and turning the human countenance into something appropriate to Bully Bottom's transformation—under every circumstance, and everywhere, a laugh *is* a glorious thing. Like "a thing of beauty," it is "a joy for ever." There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting—except in the sides, and that goes off. Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You cannot gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one laugher, and one witness, there are forthwith two laughers. And so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when it becomes epidemic! Half a dozen laughs round a table is a sight to see. But visit a popular assembly—a great multitude at a hustings, say, or in a theatre. Go to see Buckstone. Observe, if you can keep yourself clear of the infection, the first approach of the throng towards laughing. The irre-

gular, interrupted, confused disturbance, not quite fully participated in, or thoroughly welcome, but spreading, gathering, growing. See an uneasy commotion, as if people were making room amongst each other for an approaching riot, which demands play of elbow. Behold the color mount, the universal visage widen, the general eye glisten as the wizard weaves his spell—be he clad in that irresistible Noah's Ark, or whatever other garb his supreme potency may please to assume. Watch the agitation increasing, the witchery becoming more and more ecstatically dominant, till to each movement, gesture, word, look, the whole mass responds in obedient and simultaneous thunder, and rocks and roars and raves with awful regularity of pulsation, as the billows of mirth burst and surge upon the shore of reason, threatening to tear it into the abyss of madness. And then, as it dies off from sheer exhaustion, ever and anon, as some uncontrollable sob relieves one overlabored breast, the paroxysm gains fresh strength, and bursts into wild and wondrous abandonment once more.

In the limited societies amid which he moved, no man who ever lived had the power of exciting this short madness which is not anger, more thoroughly than the reverend divine of Combe Florey, Sydney Smith—unless indeed we except a certain William Bankes, who is fabled to have overpowered even him. "When in good spirits," says one who knew him well, "the exuberance of his fancy showed itself in the most fantastic images and most ingenious absurdities, till his hearers and himself were at times fatigued with the merriment they excited." His biographer relates that on some occasions the servants, forgetting all decorum, were obliged to escape to conceal their mirth. After a story—"Oh, Mr. Sydney!" said a young lady, recovering from the general convulsion, 'did you make all that yourself?' 'Yes, Lucy,' throwing himself back in his chair and shaking with laughter, 'all myself, child; all my own thunder. Do you think, when I am about to make a joke, I send for my neighbors C. and G., or consult the clerk and churchwardens upon it? But let us go into the garden;' and, all laughing till we cried, without hats or bonnets, we sallied forth out of his glorified window into the garden." This glimpse shows as much as any elaborate detail the power of the reverend

Canon of St. Paul's over the risible muscles of his auditory. Although refinement was a frequent attribute of that wit, and strong pungent philosophy and common sense occasionally dignified it, broad joke was its characteristic. Broad, blustering, boisterous fun. The roars he excited were partaken of by himself. Nay, he was choragus of the cachinnation. He intoned the laugh of which the multiplied response was involuntary and from the heart. There can be little doubt in the mind of any one who has read much of the literature of modern conversation, that of all the brilliant group of talkers of that day, our countryman Luttrell was the one whose observations were most pointed and whose wit was most sparkling. Rogers himself admits this. But in *humor* Sydney Smith stood alone. The humor was fresh, too—you found the *dew* on it, as his friend Mr. Howard remarked. Out of so little, too! Take the following absurdity for instance:

"Talking of absence: The oddest instance of absence of mind happened to me once in forgetting my own name. I knocked at a door in London; asked, 'Is Mrs. B—— at home?' 'Yes, sir, pray what name shall I say?' I looked in the man's face astonished: what name? what name? ay, that is the question; what is my name? I believe the man thought me mad; but it is literally true, that during the space of two or three minutes I had no more idea who I was than if I had never existed. I did not know whether I was a Dissenter or a layman. I felt as dull as Sternhold and Hopkins. At last, to my great relief, it flashed across me that I was Sydney Smith."

Or a still more utterly absurd anecdote:

"I heard of a clergyman who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike. 'What is to pay?' 'Pay, sir? for what?' asked the turnpike-man. 'Why, for my horse, to be sure.' 'Your horse, sir? what horse? Here is no horse, sir.' 'No horse? God bless me!' said he suddenly, looking down between his legs, 'I thought I was on horseback.'"

Rogers has continued to pick up, in his talk at table (as Boswellized by the Reverend Alexander Dyce,) some crumbs of the Canon of St. Paul's, dropped from the board. "At one time," he says, "when I gave a dinner, I used to have candles placed all round the dining-room, and high up in order to show off the pictures. I asked Smith how he liked that plan. 'Not

at all,' he replied; 'above, there is a blaze of light, and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth.'"

This is quaint. The next is of doubtful merit. His physicians advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." He asked, "Upon whose?"

Poor, dear old Lady Cork! Well do we remember thee as thou satest amongst the young and light-hearted, using, at a hundred, the efforts of a school-girl to be young and light-hearted as they! Not easily shall we forget the little white bundle of satin and muslin out of which a merry little eye peeped and a cheerful little voice piped, surmounted by a white-plumed turban, suggesting to a wag the resemblance to a shuttle-cock, "all *cork* and feathers." Nor will it quickly pass from our memory the start we gave when the little muffle of gauze sprung up, as the move of the ladies for the dining-room took place, and, leaning upon the arm of the loveliest of hostesses, actually gambolled, with infantine and (apparently) irrepressible *abandon*, to the door! Her heart, all the time, was not quite as young as her ways. "'Lady Cork,' says Smith, 'was once so moved by a charity sermon, that she begged me to lend her a guinea for her contribution. I did so. She never repaid me, and spent it on herself.'"

But Smith's professional jokes were, after all, his happiest. We dare to add, in passing, that, as a rule, the Church admits of a better class of conventional and technical wit than the bar. We feel a pang as we say this; for the vengeance of the long robe is before us; and they have a thousand ways of wreaking it—at this side of the grave, too; which makes a difference. But nevertheless, we must be candid. Whether it is that all men are and must necessarily be familiar with a portion of the technicalities which form the staple of clerical wit; or that the very sense of the impropriety, according to the Duchess de Longueville's theory, enhances the charm, we will not decide: the fact is, in our estimation, incontrovertible. Church wit is universally relished and universally understood. Bar wit is only partially understood, and chiefly appreciated by barristers and those attorneys whom they entertain at dinner.

Let Sydney Smith speak for himself. "I had a very odd dream last night," said he; "I dreamed that there were thirty-nine muses and nine articles; and my

head is still quite confused about them." We can imagine its being a little perplexing to the waking divine to have got the idea, in an after-supper nap, that good old Burnet was the God of the Sun, and Apollo bishop of Sarum.

The few scraps we have been able to give, the reader will see, are chiefly gathered at second-hand from Rogers. We have chosen them as the newest. It is only fair to the Canon Residentiary and laughter-loving Rector of Combe Florey, before turning from him, to relate one among the many traits of generosity of heart which so creditably distinguished him, and secured to him the affectionate regard of the great and good wherever he was known. A wag was he; and as a wag will he descend to posterity; but he was also a philosopher. He wrote, and he preached, and he spoke, and he joked, to the purpose. He was, however, better than all this. He was a man of kind, quick, and tender sensibility. And of this, our parting anecdote, characteristic as it is, shall satisfy the reader. We give it in his own words, as it is contained in a letter to his wife.

"I went over yesterday to the Tates at Edmonton. The family consists of three delicate daughters, an aunt, the old lady, and her son, then curate of Edmonton; the old lady was in bed. I found there a physician, an old friend of Tate's, attending them from friendship, who had come from London for that purpose. They were in daily expectation of being turned out from house and curacy. . . . I began by inquiring the character of their servant; then turned the conversation upon their affairs, and expressed a hope the Chapter might ultimately do something for them. I then said: 'It is my duty to state to you (they were all assembled) that I have given away the living at Edmonton, and have written to our Chapter clerk this morning, to mention the person to whom I have given it; and I must also tell you, that I am sure he will appoint his curate. (A general silence and dejection.) It is a very odd coincidence,' I added, 'that the gentleman I selected is a namesake of this family; his name is Tate. Have you any relations of that name?' 'No, we have not.' 'And, by a more singular coincidence, his name is Thomas Tate; in short,' I added, 'there is no use in mincing the matter, you are Vicar of Edmonton.' They all burst into tears. It flung me also into a great agitation of tears, and I wept and groaned for a long time. Then I rose, and said I thought it was very likely to end in their keeping a buggy, at which we all laughed as violently."

There never was a story told which bore on the face of it so palpable a stamp

of truth: the whimsicality of the way in which the disclosure was made; the weeping and groaning of the kind-hearted humorist; the quick revulsion, and finale in the common chord of merriment; all this is genuine, and points to the photographic accuracy of the self-narration.

Hydropathists assert that it is good for the human constitution to box one's self up in a vapor-bath, and when one is nearly suffocated, and the pulse is up to a hundred and twenty, to dart out, and plunge into ice-cold water. And thus it may, by some obscure analogy, be wholesome to start from the general philanthropy and overwhelming jocularity of Sydney Smith, and tumble head-foremost into Rogers. Rogers was a frequent visitor at Otlands, where he often came across Thomas Raikes. Monk Lewis was a great favorite there, it seems. "One day after dinner, as the Duchess was leaving the room, she whispered something into Lewis's ear. He was much affected; his eyes filled with tears. We asked what was the matter. "Oh," replied Lewis, "the Duchess spoke so very kindly to me!" "My dear fellow," said Colonel Armstrong, "pray don't cry; I dare say she didn't mean it."

This is good; and we bear the dash of vinegar, in the case of a man for whom we have little respect. It is otherwise when Byron comes on the table. The "table-talk" then begins to be offensive. The truth is, the revelations of modern literature, as one by one the contemporaries of the great bard die and disclose their secrets, offer a startling result. We find here, as in the case of one still less excusable, the further ramification of a wide-spread system of conventional depreciation, which seems to have existed as secretly as the Holy Vehm of Germany, and to have judged and executed with as little remorse. In Moore's case, there was the concurrent treason—the adulation of the book as it proceeded day by day, balanced off by the daily detraction of the journal. We do not find so much fault with Raikes, who speaks of the poet as a man of the world might be expected to do. But here we discover the heartless half-Halifax, half-Dennis of his day—embellishing his table-talk with habitual sneers and innuendoes pointed against the man who had begun by honorably distinguishing him above his contemporaries, who continued to the last to keep his

breast open to him, and of whom he had volunteered to sing:

"Thy heart methinks,
Was generous, noble—noble in its scorn
Of all things low or little; nothing there
Sordid or servile."

How is all this to be accounted for? In one way—and in one only. Moore and Rogers *felt*, and it galled them—what Scott, more generous, *said*, without feeling galled—"Byron *bet* me." Well, it only swells the noble bard's triumph. Of the cannon of a defeated enemy have the grandest monuments been reared to heroes. These little poisoned arrows are not enough to make a pillar of; but they may dangle as trophies over a tomb which called for an epitaph like Swift's: "Save me from my friends;" for thus might it be paraphrased.

Well: now that we have made a clean breast of it, let us try to think no more about it. We wish from our soul that these pleasant, witty, sparkling fellows had not put it upon us to be seriously angry with them for a single instant. It is not our fault, but theirs. We have already forewarned the reader that as far as Sam Rogers is concerned, somewhat of an envious, disparaging temper runs through all this table-talk of his. Perhaps it does not go farther than an absence of real freshness of feeling, where feeling is most ostentatiously paraded. It is the rouge assuming the place of the blush, that offends. A defect, this, which may, after all, let us charitably hope, be partly traced to the reporter, the Reverend Alexander Dyce, who may possibly—we speak without any disparagement to his own temper or principles—have only caught the pointed and poisoned ends of the poet's discourse on the target of his memory, and allowed the harmless shaft and the downy feather to quiver outside.

Nevertheless, it is certain, absence of heart weakens the wit in Rogers' instance as much as its presence in that of Sydney Smith strikingly enhances it. We do, after all, laugh with a heartier abandonment when a slight touch of emotion ripples the fountain of tears. At the same time there are themes in which the heart has no concern: and here we have no fault to find. How well and shortly put is the following, in which the closing parenthesis forms the point!

"An Englishman and a Frenchman having quarrelled, they were to fight a duel; and, that they might have a better chance of missing one another, they agreed that it should take place in a room perfectly dark. The Englishman groped his way to the hearth, fired up the chimney, and brought down the Frenchman. (Whenever I tell this story in Paris, I make the Frenchman fire up the chimney.)"

Talleyrand ought to have been a man after Rogers' own heart. Nobody said such good things as Talleyrand; yet here we have nothing worth recording, as coming from him. A few ordinary remarks and a strange account of Napoleon in a fit constitute the sum total. By the bye, talking of Napoleon reminds us of an anecdote we remember to have heard many years ago related by a witty Scotch baronet, who had served in a regiment of dragoons in the French war, and who happened to visit Paris in 1802, during the short peace. Every one flocked to pay court to the First Consul. Amongst these were numerous English officers, including militia in abundance. Whoever could make an excuse for a red coat, availed himself of it. A gentleman of some property in the neighborhood of Kingston was amongst these, and appeared, his portly person arrayed in the conspicuous uniform of the Surrey militia. As he passed into the presence, Napoleon, not recognizing the dress, put to him the question, "Quel regiment, monsieur?" The Saxon, whose French was more that of "Stratford atte Bowe" than of Paris, felt suddenly at a loss: and after some hesitation stammered out: "Le regiment de Souris? Monsieur." Le regiment de souris," repeated Napoleon, slightly frowning; but the next moment relaxing into a smile, added: "Ah, apparemment c'est une uniforme de fantasie que vous portez!"

There is something revoltingly characteristic of the man in the frequency with which Talleyrand's thoughts and words turn upon apoplectic fits, sudden palsies, &c. He seems to revel in the convulsions of his friends as much as in those of empires. We all remember the scene at that dinner, where the *gourmet* archbishop had dropped upon his next neighbor's shoulder, and his servant, who was behind his chair, after trying in vain to unclench his master's teeth with a fork, pulled him out of the room to die, while the feast closed over him, and went on. Here we have it, on the same authority, that Napoleon had

a fit at Strasburg, and foamed at the mouth. Raikes gives a choice *bon mot* on the same attractive subject :

"Talleyrand's friend Montrond has been subject of late to epileptic fits, one of which attacked him lately after dinner at Talleyrand's. While he lay on the floor in convulsions, scratching the carpet with his hands, his benign host remarked with a sneer : '*C'est qu'il me paraît, qu'il veut absolument descendre.*'"

It appears that this prince of wits could indeed, like Scarron, jest with visitations of this shocking kind, even in his own person. Lord Stuart de Rothesay related the following anecdote to Raikes :

"The Prince was unwell at Paris, some years ago, but wished to take a journey into the country. Stuart called upon him, and strongly advised him to defer the journey ; which he fortunately did, and in two days afterwards he was seized with a fit, from which he only recovered by severe bleeding. After a few days Stuart paid him another visit, and found him quite well, eating some soup, when Talleyrand said : '*C'est bien heureux que je ne sois pas parti pour la campagne ; je calcule que je serois arrivé à Chartres le jour de ma maladie ; j'aurois de suite envoyé chercher des sangsues chez mon ami l'Evêque ; il est très dévot, il ne m'auroit envoyé que l'extrême onction, et je ne serois pas sûrement ici à manger ma soupe aujourd'hui.*'"

We had hoped to have entered more at our leisure upon Mr. Raikes's volumes, the rather as we wished to make the *amende* for what might appear a too disparaging tone with reference to them, when we first mentioned them. The fact is, they are a great deal better worth reading than one at least of the other books we have been quoting. A fuller insight is given in their pages into the best society of London and Paris twenty years ago, than we remember to have found elsewhere. A diary is scrupulously kept ; and although it is here and there much too frequently eked out by cuttings from the newspapers, there is less of self and more of others than in that of the other journalizer of that day, whose notes have been of late so prominently before the public—we mean Thomas Moore. Thomas Raikes was, as we have said, an undistinguished but regular habitué of the salons and drawing-rooms of London and Paris. In that capacity he saw, heard, read, and wrote diligently. It would be more appropriate to say that he looked, listened, studied, and noted down dili-

gently. He was all eye, ear, and hand ; and, except where his passion for toadyism carried him away, he may be considered as having been a shrewd and competent judge of character. The portion of the journal we have here was written while he lived *en retraite* in Paris. But he seemed all the while to know as much of the *dessous des cartes* of London life as if he was connected with it by the telegraphic wire. How he was blinded by the rays of royalty and aristocracy is abundantly and constantly manifest to any one who reads his book. Those who do not, will be amused by such entries as this. Raikes had just presented the Duke of York with a picture of Louis XV. when a boy. The following was the reply (bad English and all) :

"DEAR RAIKES : I cannot sufficiently thank you for the picture which you have been so good as to send me.

"You do not do it justice in abusing the painting of it ; besides which, I think it extremely curious, and will, I can assure you, be considered by me as a great addition to my collection.

"Ever, my dear Raikes,
Yours most sincerely,
"FREDERICK."

The literary value of this document, as a specimen of the epistolary style, can only be equalled by its worth as a memorial of affection : both may be left to be determined by those who can see with the eyes of Mr. Raikes.

Here is an interesting obituary. It deserves to be placed beside the epitaph of Lady O'Loony.

"Tuesday, 16th April, 1833. A sad, melancholy day. At seven o'clock this morning died my deeply-regretted friend Lord Foley. One short week's illness has carried him to the grave. For twenty-five years have I lived with him in the closest intimacy, and never knew a kinder or more friendly heart than his. The unbounded hospitality of his nature brought him into pecuniary difficulties, which embittered the latter years of his life ; and I very much fear that anxiety of mind contributed to render his last illness fatal. He was of a noble and princely disposition ; a kind, affectionate parent, and a warm friend. He married the sister of the Duke of Linster, and has left eight children. He was lord of the bedchamber, and captain of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners to the present King."

But it will not do to make selections in an invidious spirit. The reader who turns over these volumes will sometimes light upon matter which will interest, amuse,

and instruct him. A good healthy tone of politics pervades the journal. Mr. Raikes was a conservative on principle as well as from personal friendships; and often deals shrewdly with party questions then perplexing the wisest heads in England. But he is best in his *croquis* of character. Nowhere do we find Beau Brummell so freely and delicately sketched as here. He was an intimate of Beau Raikes, who understood his rival thoroughly, yet depicts him with a kindly and unenvious pen. Some of the events recorded are to be found both in the journal and in the Table-Talk. For instance, the Marchioness of Salisbury's death in 1835. Here the wit and the beau exhibit their several peculiarities. Rogers has a *slight suspicion* of humor crossing his pathetic. "Ah!" he exclaims, "the fate of my old acquaintance, Lady Salisbury! The very evening of the day on which the catastrophe occurred, I quitted Hatfield; and I then shook her by the hand—that hand which was so soon to be a cinder!" "Thus," says Raikes, musing after his manner, "perished old Lady Salisbury, whom I have known all my life as one of the leaders of *ton* in the fashionable world. She was a Hill, sister to the late, and aunt to the present, Marquis of Downshire." On one point, however, the man of letters and the man of *ton* differ. "She was one of the beauties of her day," says Raikes. "She never had any pretensions to beauty," says Rogers. Both these men were of an age to have been able to judge for themselves. Rogers was thirteen years younger than Lady Salisbury; Raikes was twenty years younger. She retained her youthful appearance, such as it was, to an advanced age; and both knew her early in their lives. Raikes, after describing her adherence to old customs, informs us that after the disfranchisement of the boroughs, her ladyship went by the *sobriquet* of Old Sarum, "with the exception, that to the last she bid defiance to reform." We have heard from another source, that her pride, which was excessive, indulged itself in unmeasured scorn of the Lamb family. This broke out into furious paroxysms when a member of it became premier. It appears that the ancestors of that house, for one or two generations, had been men of business connected with the property of the Cecils. The Dowager, on one occasion, being asked how the Lambs made their money,

replied with magnificent generalization—"By robbing the Lords Salisbury!"

We must quit these pleasant, if not quite satisfactory pages. In the case of the first published of the works we have glanced at, scarcely more could have been looked for than what has actually been given. It was the misfortune of Sydney Smith to have been, in society, what Barham was in poetic literature, a professed drole, who was expected to act up to his character. A misfortune for themselves in each of these instances, for this reason, that both of the men belonged to a profession which refused to license the legitimate performance of their rôle, and possessed talents that might have insured them a more forward place in their respective walks than they could ever attain by bolting into burlesque. The two canons of St. Paul's thus gravitated by their levity, as Horne Tooke said of himself; but, what was worse, deprived the world, the one of a bold and brilliant philosopher and philanthropist, if not a distinguished divine, the other of a rich and harmonious poet. Taking it for granted, then, that Sydney Smith mistook his part in life—perhaps it might be said forfeited his best claims upon our respect, by relinquishing his true and noblest vocation, it could not reasonably be expected that his biographer, with every pious intention, could produce a full continuous flowing narrative of the father's life. Gracefully as Lady Holland, (or rather Lady Holland's mother, for the memoir was composed principally by her, and at her death came into her daughter's hands for publication,) gracefully and feelingly, we say, as the biographer has performed her task, it is easy to see the disadvantages under which she labored—disadvantages, nevertheless, by which the public are not quite losers to a proportionate extent; since the biographical memoir (taken along with the correspondence) may probably be as *entertaining* in its present form, or formlessness, as it would have been had it been drawn from more uniform materials in a more regular way.

We have already explained—at least hinted—in what way Rogers's reminiscences must be considered defective. They do not, indeed, aspire or pretend to be more than a foretaste of what is to come. The public had a right to expect, nevertheless, that these first pressings of the grape should have had at least the average amount of flavor and strength. Can we

believe that such is the case? If we must, then let us not fret ourselves with impatience for what remains. It will not be tokay. We can afford to wait. But there is one hope. These table-sayings are selections, made by another. Let us not pronounce till we hear what the poet-wit has to say for himself. We have seen what memories of him have lived in the brain of a friend. Let us bide our time, and see what his own "pleasures of memory" have been.

In giving to the world any reminiscences, however, of such men as these, an editor cannot make a mistake. As public characters themselves, their lives and thoughts are public property. No apology is necessary for presenting them to the world, in any commonly respectable garb. The same excuse will not serve in a case such as that of the publication of Mr. Thomas Raikes's diary. There was nothing to call it forth. It might have remained in manuscript, in the hands of his family, and the world could not and would not have complained. And consequently, when it does appear, a more rigid rule of criticism must naturally be applied to it than in the other case. It will be

asked—is it presumption, or is it not, that thus prompts the publication of the private journal of a private gentleman, who lived at a period not yet to be treated as historic? The answer to this question will depend upon the contents of the book—how it is written, what it is about. We have already acquitted the editor of blame on this score. We venture to predict that the public will very generally agree in the verdict. With every disposition to vindicate the negative as well as positive rights of readers as regards the matter submitted to them, we have felt justified in pronouncing that the student of life and manners would have been a loser had this journal been withheld. It forms a pleasant and readable addition to the stock of individual experiences on which a general estimate of the tone and temper and complexion of English and French polite society within the last twenty years will have some day to be made. With all its faults and some short-comings, it enables us to commend, as we do, the zeal of the editor which has forced through these discouraging circumstances into print a private diary not undeserving of public notice.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

STARS AND SPACE.

WHEN the star-shepherds (astronomers) of olden Greece kept nightly watch upon the twinkling flock that strayed or rested in the unmeasured fields of dark immensity, their eyes often turned in wonder upon a stream of "milky" light, that mysteriously engirdled the star-sown space as with a belt or zone. As these early observers possessed a language that was richer than their science, they found a very happy name for this interesting object, although they could not determine anything concerning its nature: they called it *Galaxias kuklos*, or "the Milky

Circle;" and this designation proved to be so appropriate and full of force, that it has remained in favor with star-craftsmen even to the present time. Whenever the living successors of the early astronomers—observers who have gone far towards interpreting the mysteries that so puzzled their predecessors—wish now, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, to allude to this remarkable circle of the nocturnal sky, they still recur to the expressive epithet conferred upon it by the Greeks, and speak of it as the "Milky Way," or "Galaxy."

But the star-craftsmen of modern times, having caught a glimpse of mysterious gleams, do not sit down and wonder at them, as the old star-shepherds did; they, on the contrary, open their eyes to a million times their natural size, and then, with these wonderfully enlarged organs of vision, they look into the mysteries, and detect in their depths meaning and purpose. Sir William Herschel made his eye four feet wide, three-quarters of a century ago, in order that he might scrutinize this milky stream of the sky; and with his organ of vision thus rendered telescopic, or "far-seeing," he discerned in it stars by hundreds of thousands. Upon one memorable occasion, he counted no less than 50,000 stars in a small strip of it not more than thirty times the breadth of the full-moon. In that narrow region, therefore, he saw twelve times as many stars as the unaided eye perceives in the entire heavens. Here, then, is the explanation of the phosphorescence of the Milky Way: it is composed of myriads of stars, withdrawn so far from the eye into the remoteness of space, that the entire light of the collective host is blended into one faint misty gleam, that is almost upon the point of vanishing from unaided human vision, even when contemplated in contrast with the utter blackness of night's deep shadow. A "galaxy" is a mighty star-host, banded together in thickly serried ranks, but so confused with each other in extreme distance, that the several ranks and individuals are alike incapable of being distinguished. It is the "sheen of their spears" alone that glances to the earth.

Of the army of stars that stands guard round man's dwelling-place, some four or five thousand are visible to the naked eye: these are the nearer lines of the wonderful armament, resting within the scope of the short-sighted human organ of vision. But let it be imagined, that whilst man and his ponderous earth hang upon nothing in the void, as they do—balanced by the Almighty hand—these four or five thousand stars are drifted away to join their companions in the milky zone; and, next, let it be further conceived that they do not stop even there, but that they and the milky zone then float onwards, deeper and deeper into the far-stretching realms: then the entire form of light would be gathered up, as it was removed further and further, into smaller and narrower dimensions. From a wide and long stream, it would

first be dwarfed into a narrow patch; then this patch would dwindle into a speck; and at last it would be a filmy something, seen and yet not seen, cheating the sharpest eye, and floating nevertheless as a dream of a vision hardly beyond its reach. If, however, a large telescope were now directed towards this "dream of a vision," it would again become a vision, as large perhaps as a fourpenny piece, and as bright, on the dark field of the midnight sky, as the faintest whiff of curl-cloud that the eye ever discerned on the blue canopy of a summer's day. The stars would all have been absorbed into the "galaxy," and this galaxy would then be seen from without, instead of from within. It would be contemplated as a curious miniature, hung upon the black walls of space, instead of being surveyed as a glorious surrounding panorama. Such, then, is the remote and external aspect of a star-galaxy.

But how, if the deep black walls of space are really hung by a series of such galactic miniatures? How, if the sable curtains that infold the earth are really the draperies of a picture-gallery, in which star-systems are exhibited by hundreds to telescopic gaze? Such really is the case. The magical telescope of the present day not only sees stars by myriads in the Milky Way, but out far beyond, in other directions, it contemplates other wondrous star-groups, completely encompassed by the void, and cut off from each other, as from the star-firmament of man's nocturnal sky, by chasms of absolute desolation and emptiness—*islands without number on the broad ocean of the infinite; archipelagoes of the unfathomable depth, separated by intervals of all but inconceivable vastness.* Not less than *four thousand* such galaxy miniatures have now been marked and numbered in the catalogues of the star-exhibition; all of them forms that are familiarly known, and that can be identified at any instant by the zealous exhibitors who have constituted themselves their enumerators; and more are continually presenting, as telescopes of the highest power are directed to fresh regions of research.

But, although of almost inconceivable extent, the intervals that lie between these shining islands of the void are not immeasurable: an approximate idea of their vastness has been realized by science. The measure, however, that is used in the estimation is of a very novel kind: it starts with

the circumference of the great earth as its standard unit; but it very soon finds that this unit is all too small for the work that is on hand, and so converts this into a term of a much higher order. The terrestrial sphere is 25,000 miles round; it would take a railway carriage, travelling continually at the rate of 100 miles every three hours, one month to encircle it. Such a material vehicle cannot be transported to the nearest star, as there are no railways laid down through space; but there is a messenger that habitually performs this journey, and that gives intelligible indications of the rate of its progress whilst doing so. Light-beams pass from star to star through the intervening chasms, and unite the whole by a net-work of connection. It is by means of such light-beams that information is brought to the earth of the existence of these surrounding bodies. These light-beams flash along in their progress so rapidly, that they go eight times as far again in a second as the railway carriage does in a month. As far as mere speed is concerned, they are able to put a girdle eight times round the earth while a common clock makes a single beat. Can it be ascertained, then, how long the light-beam that comes from the nearest star, to tell of its existence, has to spend upon the journey? because if it can, this may give an elementary expression that will prove to be manageable in yet higher computations. By converting twenty millions of units that are determined by periods of steam-speed, into one unit that is determined by light-speed, a new comprehensive span is obtained, that may certainly be used as a link in a very long chain indeed. Since light goes eight times as far in a second as steam-carriages do in thirty-one days, the speed of light is better than twenty millions of times as great as that of steam.

The sun is 3800 times as far again from the earth as the earth is round. This distance is so great, that it would take a railway carriage, moving at the rate of 100 miles every three hours, 330 years to get through it; but the earth itself, travelling with the speed of better than 68,000 miles per hour, gets through a journey of a like extent—that is, ninety-five millions of miles—in something like two months. The earth sweeps through ninety-five millions of miles in this interval. Suppose, then, some clever surveyor were to take advantage of this movement of the earth,

and were to make an observation upon some remarkable star on two different occasions, when he was in situations of space ninety-five millions of miles asunder, he would then, on the two occasions, look at the star along lines which converged together to meet at the star, but which were separated from each other at their further extremities by a line ninety-five millions of miles long. Now, if the surveyor could find how great or how small the degree of convergence was by which these lines approached each other; or, in other words, if he could make out how far they had to go before they met at the star, he would obviously know how far the star is away. This clever piece of star-surveying has really been successfully performed. The nearest star is at least 200,000 times further away than the sun. In the triangle formed for the purpose of the survey, the two long lines run 200,000 times farther than the length of the base separating them before they meet. The light-beam comes from the sun to the earth in eight minutes and a quarter, but it must consume *three years and a quarter* upon its journey before it can arrive from the nearest star.

But the nearest star is only on the inner confines of the vast star galaxy; the space that it takes the flash of light three years and a quarter to traverse, is nevertheless but a little space, almost swallowed up in the immensity by which it is surrounded. By the application of another principle, Sir William Herschel convinced himself that the most remote stars of the Milky Way are 750 times as far again away as the nearest one. In making this estimate, he gave up *surveying* and its proceedings, as no longer of any avail in the task in hand, and he took to *sounding* the vast depths before him in its place. First, he ascertained, by experiments on the way in which light is weakened by increasing distance, that if the nearest star were withdrawn until ten times its present distance, it would appear like the faintest star that can be discerned by the naked eye. He next satisfied himself, that if the star were yet again withdrawn to seventy-five times that distance, it would still be seen by a telescope, with an aperture eighteen inches across, as a faint star. Then, knowing that he could see myriads of such faint stars in the Milky Way, when he employed a telescope of this dimension in seeking them, he at once arrived at the conclusion, that those stars were seventy-five times

ten times as far again off as the star from which light-beams come in three years and a quarter. These stars consequently twinkle in a region so stupendously remote, that even the flashing light-beams cannot reach the earth from them—when sent upon its telescopic mission of revealing their existence to man—in a less period than 2625 years. The astronomer, looking through his wonderful tube, now sees those stars by means of light that started off from them on its errand of revelation to his eye when Rome and Jerusalem were both in their early glories, and ruled by their kings.

By an extension of the same ingenious reasoning, it has been determined that the external galaxies are themselves many times more distant than the remotest stars of the Milky Way. Sir William Herschel found that a star-group, consisting of 5000 individuals, would have been discerned in the midnight heavens, by the help of his large four-feet wide telescope, as a faint speck of light, if 300,000 times as remote again as the nearest star in the firmament. As, therefore, numbers of such faint specks of light were visible to the glance of this noble instrument, he inferred that those specks were star-galaxies thus far away; that they were really star-groups, so far off that light-beams could only flash from them by a passage of close upon a million of years. The recent discoveries of Lord Rosse have gone a long way to confirm the sagacious deductions of the illustrious astronomer of the eighteenth century. In his still more gigantic instrument, many of Sir William Herschel's faint specks are now seen as glorious masses of stars, clustering round each other as thick as bees in a dense swarm. The leviathan telescope of Lord Rosse, which has accomplished this interesting result, opens its

enormous pupil with something like an 80,000-eye penetrating power, and pierces as far again into remoteness as the great telescope of Sir William Herschel did. Still, it seems only to have carried human vision a comparatively trifling and unimportant step nearer to the bounds of universal space; for there, upon the new horizon which its penetrating glance brings into sight, fresh faint specks of starless light loom, as intractable and irresolvable to its powers as the old ones were before. The veteran philosopher, Baron Humboldt, a very high authority in these matters, after a deliberate consideration of all the circumstances concerned, has placed his belief upon record in the pages of *Cosmos*, that some of these specks reveal themselves to the observer by means of light-beams which started from them millions of years ago. And so again, in all probability, still larger telescopes, that would discern stars in these specks, would still find other specks beyond them which have never yet presented themselves to human vision. Such is the universe which astronomical science now calls upon the intellect of man to recognize; a scheme in which star-systems, each composed of myriads of orbs, are as numerous as the stars themselves are in the glorious firmament of night, and in which these star-systems are distributed through an expanse that flashing light cannot cross in millions of years, although it can circle round the earth, seemingly so vast, eight times in a second! To an intelligence that has been made capable of fathoming these depths, and comprehending these results, the universe really presents itself as "unfinished" or "infinite." "Infinity" properly means that which is not finished or bounded (*infinitus*) within the scope of human investigation or research.

From the Quarterly Review.

T H E H A L D A N E S . *

THIS work, though clumsily executed, and without pretence to literary merit, is yet neither uninteresting nor unedifying. It is a biography of two noble-minded men, whose character we cannot but venerate, even when their actions furnish warning rather than example. It has been said of the saints and worthies of the Old Testament, that whatever were their defects, and however far they fell short of the standard of Christian virtue, yet they were all distinguished by this characteristic—that they lived for God and not for self—they walked by faith and not by sight. The same praise can truly be given to the heroes of this biography, whose piety, indeed, in many important points, belonged rather to the Judaic than to the Evangelic type. It may be that their zeal for God was not altogether according to knowledge; it may be that their religion, though pure, was hardly peaceable; it may be that they did not join to their faith wisdom, nor to wisdom patience, nor to patience charity. They inherited the traditions of the Scottish Puritans, and the milk of human kindness in their bosoms may have been curdled by the acidity of their hereditary creed. But nevertheless, their life and energies were given wholly and unreservedly to God's service. They devoted their labors and their substance to promote the cause which they believed the cause of truth. They lived as they taught, and preached nothing they did not practise. And therefore, a Mammon-serving generation may well profit by their example and venerate their memory.

Robert and James Haldane were the sons of a captain in the East-India Company's merchant-service, who inherited a property, near Stirling, which had been purchased early in the reign of George III., by his uncle, who was also the commander

of an East-Indiaman. The latter having returned from India with a fortune bought the estates of the ancient family of Haldane, and took their name.* He left the estate of Airthrey in Stirlingshire to his above-named nephew James, the father of our heroes.

His two sons were left orphans by the death of their father and mother, at an early age. Upon this circumstance their biographer has the original remark, that—

"The union of parent and child is a bond, of which it has been finely said, that it strengthens with life, acquires vigor from the understanding, and is sealed and made perfect in the community of love. *Once severed, it is a tie too sacred and holy to be renewed.*"—P. 14.

The last assertion is certainly indisputable where (as in the present case) the death of both parents renders the existence of stepfather or stepmother an impossibility.

The boys were educated under the care of their uncle, Captain Duncan, afterwards well known as Admiral Duncan, and raised to the peerage for his services. Under his auspices Robert Haldane (who is the chief subject of the biography before us) entered the navy in 1780, at the age of fifteen.

In the following year he joined the *Foudroyant*, then commanded by Captain Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent; and was engaged in the celebrated midnight action in which that officer took the *Pégase*, a French ship of the line. Robert Haldane distinguished himself by his courage and coolness in the engagement, and was selected by Captain Jervis to accompany the lieutenant who took possession of the French ship after she had struck.

In 1782, while the grand fleet, which

* *The Lives of Robert Haldane of Airthrey, and of his Brother, James Alexander Haldane.* By ALEXANDER HALDANE, Esq. Fourth Edition. London. 1855.

* His former name is not mentioned, but as he was only connected with the old family of Haldane by the half-blood, we infer that he must have changed it. But we shall revert to this subject at the conclusion of our article.

was to relieve Gibraltar, was lying at Spithead, our young midshipman witnessed the loss of the *Royal George*. From the deck of the *Foudroyant* he was watching through a telescope the operation of heeling the great ship over when suddenly she capsized, filled, and sank, with twelve hundred souls on board. The boats of the *Foudroyant* were instantly manned and pushed off to save the drowning multitude, one of them being in the charge of Robert, who distinguished himself by his zeal and activity in rescuing some of the victims of this great catastrophe.

The naval and military power of England had at that epoch reached their nadir; Gibraltar was besieged by the combined armies and navies of France and Spain, and its capitulation was daily expected. The loss of the *Royal George* was felt even as a national calamity, diminishing as it did the strength of that British fleet, which was already unequal in number to the enemy. On the 11th of September, Lord Howe sailed with only thirty-four ships of the line, to relieve a fortress which was blockaded by fifty. A storm partly reduced this disparity of force, and the enemy having put to sea to the westward of the Rock, the British fleet contrived, by a skillful manœuvre, to sail round them, and entered the Bay from the eastward, carrying the convoy safely into Gibraltar, to the inexpressible relief of the starving garrison. In this manœuvre the *Foudroyant* was the leading ship.

During the return of the fleet to England, an incident occurred which tested the character of Robert Haldane. His ship was in full chase of a Spanish first-rate, and carrying a press of canvas, when he was ordered to take his post on the fore-top-gallant mast, and remain on the look-out till recalled. The mast sprung, and as there was no order to come down he expected at every blast to be hurled into the sea. Another midshipman who was with him, thought himself justified in descending to a safer position. But Haldane (like young Casabianca at the battle of the Nile) refused to quit his post, acting on his captain's maxim, 'Never make a difficulty in obeying orders.' He therefore stood fast, with one old seaman beside him, who advised him to lay hold of the lower parts of the ropes, so that when the expected plunge should come there might be a better chance of keeping

hold of the mast with their heads uppermost. At this moment there arose a cry of "a man overboard;" upon which the captain gave orders to shorten sail; and then first discovering the danger of those on the look-out, instantly relieved them from their perilous position.

This was the last adventure in the brief nautical career of our hero; the peace, which immediately followed, put an end to the promise of professional excitement and success, and, at the age of nineteen, he quitted the navy. The next two years he spent in a continental tour; and upon attaining his majority, he married, and settled down on his property as a country gentleman.

But he was not destined to the life of an ordinary squire; and even during the first ten years after he took possession of his estate, though he lived in the country and devoted himself to rural pursuits, his energetic character and vehement force of will found means to display themselves. He took to landscape gardening, and determined to make Airthrey the prettiest park in Scotland. Wood and water were both requisite for this object, and he had neither; but he resolved to get both, and he got them. He excavated an artificial lake, to which he sacrificed many acres of his best pasture, and into this he conducted distant brooks from among the hills. Timber, too, he obtained, with equal determination to triumph over nature, by transplanting full-grown trees of eighty years old to the sites where he chose to have them. He seems to have set the earliest example of this method of transplantation, which Sir Walter Scott and others afterwards successfully adopted. In a letter dated June, 1788, he writes of it as follows:

"The trees I transplanted are full-grown ones of about eighty years old. This is their second year, and they are doing as well as I could wish. Indeed, from the manner in which I transplanted them, I had little fear of their doing well from the first, as the whole root was always taken along with them, which, from its weight, kept them perfectly steady, and afford the same nourishment as before. I measured one of the roots, which is about forty-five feet in circumference."—P. 39.

Besides these greater feats of gardening, he made walks through the glens, built gazaboes on the crags, and finally erected a hermitage, "on the model of the

woodland retreat to which Goldsmith's Angelina is led by the taper's hospitable ray."

"The wicket opening with the latch, the rushy couch, the scrip with herbs and fruit supplied, and all the other sylvan articles of furniture described by the poet were there; whilst on the sides of the adjacent rock, or within the hut itself, were painted, at proper intervals, the invitation to the houseless child of want to accept the "guiltless feast, the blessing, and repose."—P. 38.

Nay, feeling the hermitage incomplete without its tenant, Mr. Haldane actually advertised in the newspapers for a real live hermit, specifying the conditions, which were strictly in accordance with Goldsmith's ballad, including the prohibition of animal food. He received many applications in answer; but there was one condition which proved too unpalatable to be swallowed by any one. This was not the diet, but the solitude enforced; no one was found willing to pledge himself to spend his life without ever quitting the hermit's wood. We mention this anecdote the rather because it shows that, in his youth, Mr. Haldane was not altogether destitute of a sense of humor. From such trifling pursuits, however, he was roused by that trumpet call which woke Europe from its slumber. The French Revolution first called out the whole latent earnestness of his character. In common with most of the ardent and generous minds of his own generation, he hailed the dawn of liberty in France with sanguine enthusiasm. Writing at a later period of his then feelings he says:

"A scene of melioration in the affairs of mankind seemed to open itself to my mind, which I trusted would speedily take place in the world, such as the universal abolition of slavery, of war, and of many other miseries that mankind were exposed to."—P. 79.

These hopes he continued to entertain even after the sanguinary excesses of the Reign of Terror, which, he tells us, he then ascribed "solely to the state of degradation to which the minds of the French had been reduced during the ancient despotic government." He was therefore a determined opponent of the war with France; and he showed his courage and independence by openly maintaining his opinions in opposition to the government at a time when (particularly in Scotland) it required

no little nerve in any man to avow such doctrines, exposing him, as they did, to political suspicion, and social excommunication. Special sensation was excited by a speech which he made at a meeting of the freeholders of the county of Stirling, in July, 1794, held to consider the propriety of arming corps of volunteers. The following is part of a summary of this address, which he afterwards published:

"I then delivered my opinion upon what I conceived the impolicy and injustice of the war. I afterwards described what I considered to be the true character of a person properly called a democrat—as a friend of his country, a lover of peace, and one who cherished the sentiments of general benevolence; and contrasted it with that of persons who held opposite sentiments, who were desirous of hugging their prejudices, and of adapting the maxims of government belonging to the seventeenth to the end of the eighteenth century, a period so much more enlightened. . . . I then declared to the freeholders that I thought they would have been much better employed had they been meeting to consider how all abuses that were generally allowed to be such might be reformed."—Pp. 81, 82.

It is easy to imagine the indignant clamor which must have been excited in Scotland, at that epoch of alarm, against a man of property who openly gloried in the name of democrat.

It was not long, however, before he was led, by the course of events, to abandon his dream of human perfectibility. He saw that the miseries of man lay too deep to be remedied by revolutions; yet this conviction did not cause his enthusiasm to subside into Epicurean indifference. On the contrary, it led him to raise his aspirations to higher objects, to rise from earthly politics to the city of God, and to seek for that perfection in things eternal which he had vainly thought to witness in things temporal. He himself describes the change which was thus wrought in his religious sentiments:

"Before the French Revolution, having nothing to rouse my mind, I lived in the country, almost wholly engaged by country pursuits, little concerned about the general interests or happiness of mankind, but selfishly enjoying the blessings which God in his providence had so bountifully poured upon me. As to religion, I contented myself with that general profession which is so common and so worthless, and that form of godliness which completely denies its power. . . . When politics began to be talked of, I was led to consider every thing anew. I eagerly caught at them, as a pleasing speculation. As a fleeting

phantom they eluded my grasp. But missing the shadow, I caught the substance; and while obliged to abandon these confessedly empty and unsatisfactory pursuits, I obtained in some measure the solid consolations of the Gospel. So that I may say, as Paul concerning the Gentiles of old, *He was found of me who sought Him not.*"—P. 84.

At the same time his biographer informs us that the coldness shown towards him by the gentry on account of his politics, threw him more into the society of some of the best of the Presbyterian clergy, whose conversation made a deep impression upon him; and this impression was increased by intercourse with his younger brother, whose mind had also been awakened at this time to a more intense consciousness of spiritual truth. It should be added that the early instruction received from a pious mother had never been effaced from his recollection, and now the seed which she had sown sprang up and bore fruit abundantly: for Robert Haldane was not a man to do any thing by halves. When once he had determined in his mind that religion was the one thing needful, he did not hesitate or waver between God and Mammon. He chose his service and his master once for all, and abode by his choice to the end.

"Christianity," he said himself, "is every thing or nothing. If it be true, it warrants every sacrifice to promote its influence. If it be false, then let us lay aside the hypocrisy of professing to believe it."

The first manifestation of his zeal was shown by an almost literal compliance with the precept, "sell that thou hast, and follow me." The proximate cause of this determination was the deep impression made upon him by the early accounts of the Serampore mission, which had then recently been established by Carey and a few other apostolic emissaries of the English Baptists. On reading their simple narrative, he says:

"It immediately struck me that I was spending my time to little profit, whilst, from the command of property which, through the goodness of God, I possessed, I might be somewhere extensively useful. . . . I had seen the accounts of the Baptist mission in Bengal, which pointed out both the condition of the natives as destitute of the Gospel, and also the wide, promising field then opened for the exertions of Christians. A strong desire occupied my mind to engage in the honorable service. The object was of such magnitude that, compared with it, the affairs of time appear-

ed to sink into nothing; and no sacrifice seemed too great in order to its attainment."—P. 91.

Animated with such feelings, he determined to sell his estate in Scotland, and devote the proceeds to the establishment of a mission among the Hindoos living under British government. It is probable that in choosing this special object of Christian benevolence, he was influenced partly by the fact that his property had been purchased by money accumulated among these oriental idolators, and perhaps (for such was the popular impression concerning all large fortunes made in India during the last century) wrung from the wretched natives by oppression and cruelty. It might have seemed to him, therefore, that, in devoting the price of his estate to their spiritual benefit, he was in some measure redeeming the past, as well as consecrating the future.

However this may be, he decided on devoting his life and substance to the evangelization of India, and after taking six months to deliberate, lest he should act precipitately, he parted with his estate of Airthrey for this holy purpose. His design was to embark, accompanied by a band of brother missionaries, together with all the means and appliances necessary for translating and printing versions of the Scriptures. To this end he engaged the services of Mr. Ritchie, a printer in Edinburgh, with a staff of assistants, to act as catechists and schoolmasters; and he selected three eminent and pious clergymen of the Scottish Kirk, Dr. Innes, Mr. Bogue, and Mr. Ewing, to share his labors among the heathen, and especially to devote their literary and theological attainments to the task of translation. Upon each of these ministerial coadjutors he undertook to settle 3500*l.*, as a compensation for the sacrifice of their professional prospects. Besides this, he was to defray all the expenses of the outfit, voyage, and establishment of the missionaries. And to secure the mission from the consequences of his own death, he proposed to invest a further sum of 25,000*l.* in the names of trustees. Benares, the holy city of Brahminism, he chose with characteristic boldness as the scene of his future labors.

But before finally embarking his fortune in this noble enterprise, he determined to obtain the sanction of the Indian Government. For this purpose he ad-

dressed himself to Mr. Dundas, then President of the Board of Control; and likewise, in conjunction with his clerical co-adjutors, petitioned the Court of Directors for their license. The latter petition, by a strange oversight, is not given in this biography; but it was no doubt identical in substance with their second petition to the same body, presented after the failure of the first, which runs as follows:

"If we obtain leave from your Honorable Court, we propose to go out to Bengal with our families, to take a few persons with us as catechists, and to settle in a part of the country which may be found most convenient, both on account of a healthful situation and for furnishing opportunities of communicating instruction to the natives. When we have made ourselves masters of the language, we design to employ our time in conveying the knowledge of Christianity to the Hindoos and Mahometans by translating the sacred Scriptures for their use, by conversation, and by erecting schools to be kept by the catechists for teaching the children the first principles of religion. Such is our object, and we have sufficient funds for its support.

"The favor we ask of you, gentlemen, is leave to go out to Bengal, and protection there while we demean ourselves as peaceable subjects of the government and good members of the community."—P. 108.

It now seems strange that there could be a possibility of the refusal of such a petition. But in those days there was nothing so dreaded and abhorred by the Mammon-loving merchants who swayed the destinies of India as an attempt to Christianize their unhappy subjects. The danger of upsetting their government by offending the superstition of the natives was their favorite bugbear. And every copper-colored nabob who returned from the banks of the Ganges was a new and eager witness to prove the madness of interfering with the monopoly of Juggernaut. Just before this period (in 1793), when the new charter was granted to the Company, Mr. Wilberforce had carried in the House of Commons a resolution asserting the duty of "promoting, by all just and lawful means, the religious improvement of the natives." He had also obtained the insertion of clauses in the charter for establishing schoolmasters and chaplains throughout India. But the Court of Directors protested, and the clauses were struck out on the third reading of the Bill. There was, therefore, from the first, but little chance that the

Directors would sanction such a project as Mr. Haldane's by any official consent; although they might, perhaps, have given it their tacit toleration if he had gone without asking their leave. Accordingly, he received from the Board, in due time, the following answer to his petition:

"GENTLEMEN: The Court of Directors of the East-India Company have had under consideration your letter of the 29th ult., requesting permission to proceed to India with your families, and reside in the Company's territories, for the purpose of instructing the natives of India in the knowledge of the Christian religion. And I have received the Court's commands to acquaint you, that, however convinced they may be of the sincerity of your motives, and the zeal with which you appear to be actuated in sacrificing your personal convenience to the religious and moral purposes described in your letter, yet the Court have weighty and substantial reasons which induce them to decline a compliance with your request. I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"W. RAMBAY, Secretary.

"To Robert Haldane, Esq.

"The Rev. D. Bogue.

"The Rev. G. Ewing."—(P. 107.)

This was exactly such an answer as might have been expected, and only worthy of a confederation of traders who, regarding the world as 'one big market, without the least relation to moral and religious influences, were resolved to govern a mighty empire on the lowest principles of commercial speculation. They had truly, as they said, "weighty and substantial reasons" for defending the shrine of Juggernaut; the same reasons which made Demetrius the silversmith so eager to maintain the idolatry of Diana—the true and only object of adoration in both cases being the great god Mammon, "whom all Asia and the world worship-peth."

Under these circumstances, and after a second application had met with a second refusal, Robert Haldane gave up his design. He might, no doubt, have gone out, as the Baptist missionaries had already done, without the official consent of the Company. This course might have been expected from his uncompromising character, and was recommended to him by some of his advisers. His reasons for not adopting it are not explained in the biography before us; but whatever they were, we may be very sure that they were not such as are suggested by his biographer, who seems utterly incapable of comprehending

the unworldly character and aims of those whose actions he records. Mr. Haldane, he tells us,—

"was not disposed thus to peril his property, his time, or his character, on such a foolish errand (!). It was one thing for a few *obscure* but noble-hearted men, like him who was sneered at as 'the consecrated cobbler' [Dr. Carey], to *steal into a Danish settlement at Serampore* and begin those translations of the Bible which have already shaken the superstition of India to its foundations. It was quite another *for a man of position to devote a fortune to an object,*" &c.—P. 97.

On behalf of Robert Haldane's memory, we repudiate the attribution to him of any such low-minded self-exaltation. We are very sure that he did not plume himself on his "*position*" or his "*fortune*," or shrink from sharing the risks and humiliations of Carey and his companions. His motives for receding from the enterprise were probably in part that he was unwilling to subject his mission to the risk of destruction by the active opposition of the Indian Government, which might, perhaps, have been provoked by the great scale on which he proposed to operate. But the principal cause of his abandonment of missionary labor abroad is to be found in the fact, that during the discussion of and preparation for this undertaking his attention had been called to the need which existed for missionary labor at home. He began to doubt whether, in deserting Scotland for India, he might not be forsaking a certain for an uncertain field of usefulness. And he took the refusal of the Indian Directors as a Providential intimation that he was called to labor for the spiritual benefit of his fellow-countrymen.

To understand this alteration in his views, we must give some explanation of the state of the Scottish Church as it existed at the end of the last century—a period which has been called the *midnight of the Kirk*. The *Moderate* party, as they were termed, had then supreme rule in the Assembly. Their leaders were more than half suspected of infidelity; and the bulk of the party were applying in practice the principles of their chiefs. The ordinary class of ministers are thus described, with the fidelity of an eye-witness, by their brother-presbyter, Dr. Hamilton of Strathblane, in his autobiography:

"The parishes were occupied by the pupils of such divines as Simpson, Baillie, and Wight.

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Many of them were genuine Socinians. Many of them were ignorant of theology as a system, and utterly careless about the merits of any creed or confession. They seemed miserable in the discharge of every ministerial duty; they eagerly seized on the services of any stray preacher who came within their reach. When they preached, their sermons generally turned on honesty, good neighborhood, and kindness. To deliver a Gospel sermon, or preach to the hearts and consciences of dying sinners, was as completely beyond their power as to speak in the language of angels. And while their discourses were destitute of every thing which a dying sinner needs, they were at the same time the most feeble, empty, and insipid things that every disgraced the venerated name of sermons. The coldness and indifference of the minister, while they proclaimed his own aversion to his employment, were seldom lost on the people. The congregations rarely amounted to a tenth of the parishioners; and one half of this small number were generally, during the half-hour's soporific harangue, fast asleep. They were free from hypocrisy; they had no more religion in private than in public. They were loud and obstreperous in declaiming against enthusiasm and fanaticism, faith and religious zeal. Their family worship was often confined to the Sabbath; or if observed through the week, rarely extended to more than a prayer of five or three minutes. But though frightfully impatient of every thing which bore the semblance of seriousness and sober reflection, the elevation of brow, the expansion of feature, the glistening of the eye, the fluency and warmth of speech, at convivial parties, showed that their heart and soul were there; and that the pleasures of the table, and the hilarity of the light-hearted and the gay, constituted their paradise, and furnished them with the perfection of their joy."—P. 122.

The above description is illustrated by the account of a clerical dinner given by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, to which Mr. Haldane was invited about this time. He went, hoping for spiritual, or at least rational conversation. Instead of this, the company were treated to bacchanalian songs, the wit of which consisted in absurd allusions to their own ministerial functions. The burden of one song was the prescription of "a bumper of Nottingham ale" to be taken in the pulpit at the different stages of a Presbyterian discourse; which would certainly have given a most unfair advantage to the preacher over his audience.

Another illustration of *Moderatism* is supplied by the account of a tour which the brothers took in England in their school days under the care of Dr. Adam, the head-master of the High School at Edinburgh, and Dr. Macknight, the well-known commentator on Scripture. So

long as their route lay through Scotland the travellers attended divine service on the Sunday. But—

"When they had crossed the Border, and arrived in an Episcopalian country, Dr. Macknight persuaded his learned friend that, being out of the bounds of Presbytery, and under no obligation to countenance prelatical worship, it would be very absurd to allow their journeying plans to be deranged by the intervention of the Sabbath. This convenient doctrine at first surprised, but at last proved very palatable to the young travellers. For a time Dr. Adam felt very much ashamed when they entered a town or village when the church-going bells were calling the people to the services of the sanctuary. But these scruples were soon overcome by the doughty commentator."—P. 21.

Mr. Haldane's biographer observes, in explanation, with much truth, that at this period—

"The infidelity of David Hume, Adam Smith, and their coadjutors, first infecting the universities, had gradually insinuated its poison into the ministrations of the Church. Some had altogether thrown off the mask, like the eminent Professor Playfair. . . . Other ministers, with more inconsistency, exhibited the same infidelity, while they still ate the bread of orthodoxy. Dr. M'Gill, of Ayr, had published a Socinian work, . . . yet even he was absolved by the Assembly. . . . Dr. Robertson, the friend of Hume and Adam Smith, was not without reason more than half suspected; while Dr. Blair's moral sermons had shown how, in Scotland as well as in England, the professed ministers of Christ could become (in the words of Bishop Horsley) little better than 'the apes of Epictetus.'"—P. 122.

The readers of the Life of Dr. Chalmers will remember how he bears testimony to the existence of the same state of things, and acknowledges that he was himself an unbeliever when he was first ordained to the ministerial office.

Robert Haldane was at first, as we have seen, brought into contact with clergymen of a very different stamp from those of the dominant faction—men like Dr. Innes of Stirling, who preached the genuine doctrines of the Westminster divines, and enforced their preaching by their example. But as he gradually learnt that such ministers formed only a small minority of their order, and as further experience showed him how much there was of spiritual destitution and heathenish brutality among the people, he became convinced that his native country opened before him a field of labor no less important than that of India.

This impression must have been much strengthened by the debate on Christian missions which took place in the General Assembly in 1796, at the very time when Mr. Haldane was occupied with the preparations for his own departure, and only a few months before the Indian government rejected his petition. A resolution had been proposed by the religious party in the Synod, to the effect "that it is the duty of Christians to carry the Gospel to the heathen world." This resolution was opposed by the "*Moderate*" party, and actually rejected by a large majority. Its opponents based their resistance partly on the alleged uselessness of converting barbarians, partly on the duty of providing for domestic before foreign needs. "Why not look at home?" they asked. "Why send missionaries to foreign parts, when there is so much ignorance, unbelief, and immorality, at your own doors?" The appeal was not lost upon Robert Haldane, who felt its urgency the more, from his conviction that those who made it had no intention of exerting themselves to supply the needs, the existence of which they hypocritically put forward as an evasion. In the year after this debate took place he began, in concert with his brother James, to give practical effect to his new views of duty. Together they founded in Edinburgh the "Society for Propagating the Gospel at Home," with the object of sending out, at Robert's expense, itinerant preachers, catechists, and schoolmasters, to Christianize the population wherever it should be found most destitute of religious teaching.

Such a step necessarily involved a breach of the discipline of the Scotch establishment, and, of course, excited violent opposition. But neither of the brothers had any strong feeling of the evils of religious separation, and they at once emancipated themselves from the yoke of Presbytery; and without waiting for ordination, travelled through the length and breadth of Scotland preaching the Gospel. Their zeal and earnestness were contagious, and they were listened to by crowded audiences wherever they went. The result of this was the formation of several independent congregations, who seceded from the communion of the Kirk. For these worshippers Robert Haldane built "tabernacles" in many places, and provided ministers and endowments. In order to furnish a succession of such pastors, he established

theological seminaries at Dundee, Glasgow, and other places, and there maintained between sixty and eighty students, entirely at his own expense, according to a graduated scale for each married and unmarried student. Besides this, he printed for circulation many thousands of religious tracts, and distributed many hundreds of Bibles and Testaments, at a time when the London Tract Society and the Bible Society did not as yet exist.

Nor did all this profuseness exhaust his generosity. While engaged in the maintenance of so many expensive institutions at home, he no sooner heard that money was wanted for religious objects abroad than his purse was instantly opened. Thus, when he heard that the Serampore translation of the Scriptures was languishing for want of funds, he at once sent a hundred pounds to its conductors. And again, on learning that a plan for educating thirty African children in England was abandoned on pecuniary grounds, he wrote to Mr. Z. Macaulay, then the governor of Sierra Leone, guaranteeing six thousand pounds, for the cost of bringing over, educating, and sending back the children, and requesting him to select them, and send them without delay to Edinburgh.

Ultimately Mr. Haldane withdrew from this latter scheme, on finding that its originators were not willing to intrust him with the education of the young Africans; but this does not detract from the munificence of his offer, to which he had always annexed the condition of exercising personal superintendence over the children. The disagreement, however, which took place between himself and some of his religious friends upon the subject, illustrates the love of power which was one of his chief faults. In fact, like most other men of strong character and great force of will, he was apt to be overbearing, and could not go on long with any object in which he was denied his own way. Thus it happened that almost every scheme in which he was engaged in concert with others ended in some quarrel. And hence, after spending ten years of his life in organizing, managing, and maintaining the extensive congregational secession which we have mentioned, he at last retired from his work disheartened, leaving the "New Connection," as it was called, in a state of hopeless disruption.

We will not weary our readers with any detail of the causes of this disunion,

or the minute points of theology and discipline on which the New Connection split. A principal cause of its dissolution was a difference of opinion between Mr. Haldane and one of his chief allies, a Mr. Ewing, the pastor of the Glasgow congregation, upon certain questions of ecclesiastical order. Finding that they could not agree, Mr. Haldane deemed it his duty to withdraw from Mr. Ewing the maintenance which he had hitherto allowed him. This called forth a most acrimonious pamphlet from the dismissed minister, to which Mr. Haldane replied; whereupon followed rejoinders and sur-rejoinders, to the amount of, we are afraid to say how many hundred pages. Mr. Ewing seems to have been, or, at any rate, to have put himself in the wrong, and was even ungrateful enough to charge his munificent patron with covetousness. Mr. Haldane was himself a very bitter and unsparing controversialist; yet it is gratifying to find that a sense of the Christian duty of forgiveness prevailed over his naturally proud and overbearing temper, even when he had such just cause of provocation. The following letter to Mr. Ewing, written some years after the rupture, is a touching example of the power of Christianity in softening his stern spirit:

"MY DEAR SIR: Having had, the other night, a pleasing dream respecting an interview which I thought I enjoyed with you, and which recalled all that tenderness of affection I once had for you, I cannot let the feeling it excited pass without sending you these lines. Life is too short for such a prolonged contention. A great portion of yours and mine has passed since the unseemly strife began. Peace be with you."

"I would not, however, desire to place so important a matter merely on the foundation of feeling; but it appears to me, considering the complication of circumstances which were, and perhaps still are, viewed by us in different lights, and the long period which has elapsed since we met, that while to each of us there are strong grounds for searching of heart, all real or supposed offences may now be mutually set aside, and give place to peace and cordial good-will. . . . Being at such a distance, it is uncertain whether we shall ever meet on earth. May we enjoy a blessed eternity in His presence. I am, my dear Sir, yours,

"ROBERT HALDANE."—P. 349.

It was in the year 1810 that Robert Haldane retired from the public labors to which he had devoted the ten best years of his life. Since the sale of his estate he had lived in Edinburgh, except when he was engaged in the inspection of the nu-

merous institutions which he had established in other parts of Scotland. At first, as we have said, he had itinerated as a preacher; but the weakness of his lungs, and the rupture of a blood-vessel, obliged him soon to desist from this employment. His work had consisted in establishing Sunday-schools, building chapels, superintending the education of preachers, catechists, and Scripture-readers, and sending out nearly three hundred home and foreign missionaries. In fact, he was discharging in his own person the functions of those societies which have since been established for the sending forth of Bibles, tracts, and missionaries, and other similar purposes. And upon these objects he had, between the years 1798 and 1810, expended no less than 70,000*l*.

This munificent expenditure, however, had not exhausted his large fortune. And now, when he made up his mind to retire from labors whose results had disappointed him, he was able to purchase another estate of considerable size and value, named Auchingray, in Lanarkshire. Here he principally spent the next six years of his life, occupied in his old employments of fencing, draining, planting, and gardening; and all this with so much success, that a property which he found a barren and treeless wilderness, he left a waving forest, studded with slated cottages and new farm-houses.

Such employments, however, were now but the relaxations of his leisure, not the serious business of his life; for, though disheartened by what appeared, comparatively speaking, the fruitlessness of his own labors, he had not abandoned his religion. He now gave himself up to religious meditation and theological study. For the latter, indeed, he was, strictly speaking, disqualified, by his ignorance of the learned languages. But this was a disqualification which he did not himself appreciate; and he seems to have carefully and conscientiously studied the chief English works upon the interpretation of Scripture and the evidences of Christianity. On the latter subject he himself compiled a work at this period, which was published in 1816, and has had some popularity in Scotland. In addition to these private labors, he conducted public worship on Sundays in a chapel which he built close to his own residence, where he expounded Scripture to the neighboring peasants. His doctrine

proved so palatable as to draw from the adjacent churches a considerable proportion of their congregations. A *Moderate* minister in the vicinity asked one of his truant sheep what there was in Mr. Haldane's preaching that took away so many people to hear him. "Deed, sir," replied the sturdy Scot, "I'm thinking it's just the contrary to your preaching."

After six years spent in this way, Mr. Haldane's energetic spirit began to tire of repose; and in 1816, the continent being once more open to Englishmen, he started upon a missionary tour in Europe. His first object was to propagate his views of the Gospel among the Roman Catholics of France; but when he reached Paris, he found, to his surprise, that the French Protestants themselves were farther from Christianity than their Catholic brethren. Even their pastors were either Deists or Socinians; and the seats of French Protestant theology, Geneva and Montauban, were the seminaries of infidelity.

This intelligence caused an alteration in his plans; he resolved to attempt the conversion not of the Catholics, but of the Protestants. And in order to do this more effectually, he would establish himself at the fountain-head, whence whatever influence he might gain would necessarily diffuse itself far and wide. Acting on this plan, he first took up his residence at Geneva, and at once commenced a crusade against the Socinian professors of theology at that university.

It was a singular coincidence that, after his long warfare with the "Moderates" of Scotland, he should now be engaged in a similar struggle with the "Moderates" of Geneva, defending in either case the traditional theology of Knox and Calvin against their degenerate representatives. His present undertaking, however, would have seemed to every one far less likely to succeed than his former efforts; indeed, the very conception of it must have struck the world at first sight as Quixotic, when we take into account the character and aspect of the man, and the nature of those youthful students of theology whom he sought to rescue from the toils of their heterodox teachers. If we picture him to ourselves as he is described by some of his converts—an elderly gentleman, with stiff Scotch manners, powdered hair and pigtail, and an English Bible in his hand, striving, by the aid of an interpreter, to gain the attention of a set of lively young

Frenchmen whom he could not even address in their own language—who would suppose that such an attempt could have had any issue, save to provoke mockery and derision? Yet such is the persuasive influence of earnest zeal, so great is the convincing power of personal holiness, that in a few months the foreign teacher was surrounded with a crowd of attached converts, who continue the disciples of his doctrine to the present hour, and gratefully look up to him as their father in the faith.

He commenced operations by inviting all the students who were so disposed, to discuss matters of religion with him in his apartments. "*Voilà le berceau de la seconde réformation de Genève,*" exclaimed the celebrated Merle d'Aubigné, not long ago, pointing to the house in which Mr. Haldane had lodged. Here, in a saloon upon the ground-floor, were placed seats for about thirty students, who sat around a long table, with good store of Bibles in the centre. Curiosity attracted an audience at first: the remarkable character of the man, and the unmistakable depth of his piety, so strongly contrasting with the lazy irreligion of their professional instructors, riveted their attention and won their hearts.

The following is a description of the scene by Mr. F. Monod, then a student, now, like his more celebrated brother, a distinguished preacher among the French Protestants:

"Even after this lapse of years, I still see presented to my mind's eye Mr. Haldane's tall and manly figure, surrounded by the students; his English Bible in his hand, wielding as his only weapon that word which is the sword of the Spirit, satisfying every objection, removing every difficulty, answering every question by a prompt reference to various passages. He never wasted his time in arguing against our so-called reasonings, but at once pointed with his finger to the Bible, adding the simple words, "*Look here. How readest thou? There it stands, written with the finger of God.*" He was, in the full sense of the words, a living Concordance. . . . I reckon it as one of the greatest privileges of my now advancing life to have been his interpreter, being almost the only one who knew English well enough to be thus honored and employed. . . . What struck me most," he adds, "and what struck us all, was Mr. Haldane's solemnity of manner. It was evident that he was in earnest about our souls, and about the souls of all who might be placed under our pastoral care; and such feelings were new to all of us."—P. 402, 403.

It was a most happy circumstance that

Mr. Haldane chose Geneva instead of Germany for the field of his battle against Protestant infidelity. Had he challenged all comers at Berlin or Tübingen, it may be feared that he would have encountered champions far more deeply conversant with the language of Scripture than himself. But the Socinian professors of Geneva were shallow and flippant sciolists, as utterly unacquainted with scriptural exegesis as Mr. Haldane himself, and destitute of that knowledge of the vernacular Bible which he so eminently possessed. Consequently he had not merely the moral advantage over them of zeal over sloth, and piety over irreligion, but likewise an intellectual superiority, inasmuch as he had studied the subject in dispute earnestly and honestly, while they had neglected the study of it altogether.

Their careless indolence may be appreciated by the following statement of Mr. Monod:

"During the four years I attended the theological teachers of Geneva, I did not, as part of my studies, read one single chapter of the word of God, except a few Psalms and chapters exclusively with a view to learning Hebrew; and I did not receive one single lesson of exegesis of the Old or New Testaments."—P. 401.

With young men of candid minds, thus wholly ignorant of Scripture, Mr. Haldane had an easy task. They had been trained in the shallowest school of Socinianism—a school which professed to acknowledge the authority of the New Testament, and explained away its plainest teaching by the most palpable evasions. It was not difficult to expose their sophistries, or to show that a theology which denied the divinity of our Lord, the influences of the Holy Spirit, and the corruption of man, was very different from the theology of the apostles. It is true that if Mr. Haldane's hearers had been more conversant with the original of that English Bible upon which he lectured, they might in their turn have proved that the dogmas of the Westminster Assembly, which he taught them as divine, were not much nearer to the views of St. Paul than those of the Genevese professors. But their ignorance disqualified them for any such critical examination of his assertions, and his affectionate zeal and fervent exhortations carried them along wheresoever he led. Thus they saw Scripture only through his spectacles, and embraced his

narrow system of traditional Calvinism as a complete interpretation of God's revelation to man.

His success may well have filled him with astonishment and thankfulness. The students thronged to hear him, in spite of the vehement opposition of their tutors, who vainly attempted to withdraw them from the seducing influence of this "Mormier Anglais." The professor of theology, M. Chenevière, an ardent disciple of Socinus, attempted to awe them into obedience, by pacing backwards and forwards under the trees of the boulevards, in front of Mr. Haldane's door, at the hour of meeting, and noting down the names of those who entered. But such opposition only added a zest to the pleasure of their new pursuit, by enlisting on its side the juvenile love of independence. The final result was, that Mr. Haldane's views of religion were embraced by the ablest of the theological students, some of whom have since attained a European reputation. The best known are Merle d'Aubigné, who, at the time of Mr. Haldane's arrival, was president of a Socinian association, Gonthier, Monod, and Malan, the last of whom, soon after Mr. Haldane's departure, was deprived of his ministerial and academic offices by the ecclesiastical authorities of the canton, as a punishment for preaching the divinity of our Lord—an act of persecution which greatly strengthened the party it was designed to intimidate.

These striking results were effected by Mr. Haldane's labors at Geneva in a single year. At the end of that time he believed his work there to be accomplished, and proceeded to Montauban, the chief seminary in France for the education of Protestant pastors. Here he spent two years, but without the same remarkable success which had attended his Swiss mission. Meanwhile, he had left behind him, at Geneva, a successor, who carried on his crusade against the unfortunate divinity-professors with still keener relish. This was no other than the now celebrated Mr. Henry Drummond, concerning whose early life and adventures there are some curious anecdotes in the work before us. We give the following account of his arrival at Geneva, partly because it derives an interest from him who is the subject of it, partly because it amusingly illustrates some peculiarities of the author of this biography.

"The occasion of Mr. Drummond's arrival at Geneva had in it something providential. Early satiated with the empty frivolities of the fashionable world, and pressed by the address of our Lord to the rich young man, he had first broken up his hunting establishment, and finally sold his magnificent house and beautiful estate of the Grange in Hampshire. His plans of usefulness were, however, indistinct, and he was going with *Lady Harriet* to visit the Holy Land. As the nephew of the First Lord of the Admiralty, he had been accommodated with a passage on board the *Tagus* frigate, whose captain was the now well-known Admiral Deans Dundas, whose pious mother (a sister of the late Lord Amesbury) was a frequent hearer of Mr. J. Haldane. . . . Standing on deck beside the captain, just as they were going to dinner, Mr. Drummond's quick eye perceived at a distance a ripple on the waters. He remarked it to Captain Dundas, when in an instant orders were given to take in sail and trim the ship. The ripple indicated the approach of one of those sudden storms for which the Mediterranean has been famed from the day when the Apostle Paul was caught in the euroclydon. In this instance it was the means of sending Mr. H. Drummond to Geneva. The ship took refuge in the port of Genoa before nightfall, and *Lady Harriet* begged with tears that they might land. At Genoa Mr. Drummond accidentally heard of Mr. Haldane's doings, and the commotion at Geneva. His resolution was taken. He came to Geneva, and introduced himself to Mr. Haldane two days before he left the city. . . . Mr. Drummond's great wealth and boundless liberality made him to the persecuted ministers a wall of defence against the bigoted zeal of the Consistory. Taking up his abode at the beautiful hotel of Secheron, near the lake, but outside the walls of the town, his hospitable apartments were open to all who chose to visit him. The Company [that is, the Academical Council] had hoped that, in getting rid of Mr. Haldane, they were going to enjoy an easy victory. But the gallant zeal, the untiring energy, the splendid generosity of Mr. Drummond, filled them with despair. They appointed a deputation to go to Secheron and remonstrate. . . . This deputation, consisting of Messieurs Pictet and Chenevière, found Mr. Drummond in the garden, in conversation with a friend. M. Chenevière, with a manner more resembling that of a dancing-master than a professor of divinity, pompously demanded if he were going to teach the same doctrines as Mr. Haldane. Mr. Drummond, with consummate address, baffled the impertinent inquirer, by requesting an exposition of Mr. Haldane's doctrines. In the sequel, the deputation returned in a rage. A violent letter of remonstrance was met by a reply, which added fuel to the flame. In a Geneva newspaper, it is described as a letter in which Mr. Drummond dared to treat the venerable company as heretics and blasphemers. Mr. Drummond was summoned to appear before the Council of State; and after an interview, intended to intimidate, in which he was required to withdraw his letter, he removed his quarters from Secheron into the French territory,

where, at a villa in sight of the irate Company and their supporters, he remained at a time when his countenance and support were of the greatest consequence to the Christians suffering under their Arian persecutors."—P. 428.

From his foreign warfare Mr. Haldane returned triumphant to Scotland, but not to repose. The excitement of theological controversy had gradually become necessary to him, and he now took the earliest opportunity of plunging into a new contest, which lasted for the twelve following years. This time it was not against infidels or Socinians that he made his onslaught, but against his own familiar friends and co-religionists. The occasion of the strife was as follows: The Bible Society, which was founded at the beginning of the century for the circulation of the Scriptures, was instituted on the most comprehensive principles, and admitted all sects of Christians among its members. It had adopted a fundamental rule, forbidding the circulation of any notes or other extraneous matter in addition to the Bible itself. But, in order to enable it to circulate the Scriptures among the Roman Catholics, it had printed the Apocrypha in several of its editions, the apocryphal books being reckoned canonical by the Church of Rome. This conciliatory practice, however, was contrary to the strict letter of its law, and was highly offensive to Mr. Haldane; the more so, because it enabled some of the "servants of the Beast" (so he called the Romanists) to join the Society, which at that time reckoned even Roman Catholic priests among its members. He, therefore, organized a fierce agitation against the publication of the Apocrypha; his war-cry being "the sin of adulterating the word of God." His vehement invectives were answered by the leaders and friends of the Bible Society, against whom he rained a storm of pamphlets in reply. His opponents numbered among them many of the chiefs of the "Evangelical" party, some of whom had hitherto been his chosen brethren in the faith. On the other hand, his chief ally was a Scotch divine of the name of Thompson, with whom he had formerly been engaged in pamphleteering hostilities. The advent of the latter to the fray is described with truly epic grandeur by Mr. Haldane's biographer as follows:

"It was at this crisis that the Rev. Dr. Andrew Thompson for the first time appeared in the field,

in a cause worthy of all the energies of his colossal mind. His gigantic intellect, his unflinching courage, his elastic spirits, his buoyant humor, his indomitable industry, his vigorous pen, his powerful eloquence, and his wonderful capacity for business, entitled him to rank among the first men of his age."—P. 495.

Alas for human greatness! We fear that this "colossal mind," this "gigantic intellect," has long been forgotten by our readers south of the Tweed. And yet we now find that he was "among the first men of his age." Truly saith the poet:

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."*

Animated by the support of this doughty champion, Mr. Haldane dealt redoubled blows against the foe, and raised a perfect tempest in the religious world by the fury of his assault. The pertinacity of his temper and the fluency of his pen may be estimated from the fact that he published no less than fifteen separate pamphlets upon this controversy alone. The magnitude of its dimensions in his eyes, and the keenness with which he snuffed the battle from afar, may be seen by the following characteristic letter to one of his supporters:

"I trust that Mr. White will not faint in this business, and become weary of well doing. Remind him of the magnitude of the question, which refers to the purity of the divine word, and the expulsion of that dreadful abomination the Apocrypha—a question which now shakes all Europe, and which was never before agitated on its true merits, or to such an extent. Never in his life, it is probable, will he have such another opportunity of glorifying God. So far from sinking under the persecution and evil speaking which he has to encounter, he should take fresh courage from them, like the apostle Paul, and, like him, fight the good fight of faith. Let him by no means give up attending the committee, but watch more earnestly and sedulously than ever. Let all of us remember the words of God, and not incur the rebuke, *If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small; if thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? . . . Most gladly, then, let him rejoice in these tribulations. Be not afraid of their faces, for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith Jehovah.* Could the enemy desire any thing better than that the servants of God should flee from their post like Jonah, and succumb in such a struggle?"—P. 509.

As we read the above, might we not fancy that it was written by Balfour of Bur-

* Taylor's "Philip van Artevelde."

ley as a testimony against the Prelatists, or by David Deans as a screed anent Erastianism? In truth, Mr. Haldane was a kind of mean proportional between those two worthies, uniting the agricultural pursuits of the latter with the martial propensities of the former. Among those whom he here reckons as the enemies of God were included such men as Owen and Brandram (the Secretaries of the Bible Society), Daniel Wilson (now the Bishop of Calcutta), and even Simeon of Cambridge. Such were the lengths to which he was carried by the intemperate eagerness of his zeal.

Yet we must not forget that, with all this bitterness, there was no mixture of personal malignity. He had really persuaded himself that it was an awful sin to print the Apocrypha under the same covers with the Bible. Nay, he believed that if, as a member of the Bible Society, he failed to protest against this sin, he would incur the curse pronounced against those who add any thing to the word of God. And the intensity of his feelings was much increased, when, in the progress of the controversy, questions were mooted touching the nature of inspiration and the authority of the canon. On the former point especially he was a most superstitious alarmist. He had a microscopic eye for the slightest deviations from the narrow path prescribed by his idolatry of the letter. He trembled at every investigation which seemed to threaten the palladium of his faith, the doctrine of "verbal inspiration." He believed the inspired writers to have done nothing more than hold the pen with which the finger of God wrote every word of Scripture. Hence an acknowledgment of the smallest discrepancy in chronology, or the slightest variation in narrative, seemed to him equivalent to the denial of revelation and the destruction of Christianity. In short, he was one of those who, in the words of Bishop Hall, "make every point of heraldry in the sacred genealogies matter of no less than life and death to the soul." The only parallel we have ever met which fully illustrates his views on this question was supplied by the teacher of a school, who, whenever a pupil misplaced a syllable in a text of scripture, or omitted the word *Selah* in saying a Psalm, used to compel the offender to recite the anathema in Rev. 22: 18, 19, beginning, "*If any man shall take away*

from the words of the book." Mr. Haldane's ignorance of the original languages of Scripture, and of the researches of modern criticism, rendered it possible for him to hold a theory which, by all men even moderately acquainted with such subjects, is now abandoned as untenable. And the same ignorance explains and excuses his presumption in putting forth what his biographer calls a "systematic treatise" on the "Inspiration of the Scriptures." Indeed, this was less astounding than his previous exploit in publishing a voluminous and elaborate "Commentary on the Romans," while utterly unacquainted both with Greek and with exegesis. We are told, however, by way of palliation, that he got all that required scholarship done for him by some assistants whom he employed.

His Apocryphal agitation was in great measure successful, at least so far as to compel the Bible Society to desist from any further "adulteration of the Scriptures;" but he did not consider that a sufficient acknowledgment was made of the Society's previous transgressions, and finally renounced connection with it. By the time that this wearisome controversy had worn itself out, he was already advanced in age. The repose of his remaining years was only broken by a dropping fire of occasional pamphlets against societies or individuals whom he detected in any right-hand transgression or left-hand deflection.

At length the time came when the energies of his vigorous constitution were exhausted, and he sank into a state of languor, which in a few months ended fatally. The following death-bed scene occurred on the day when his doctor had announced to him his hopelessness of recovery. It is a striking example of that system of interpretation so characteristic of his school, which wrests the plainest texts into forced accordance with a theory of rigid and unbending dogmatism:

"He had told no one of the doctor's announcement, and he did not notice it now; but his manner was grave, and his countenance evinced the intensity of his self-searching meditations. He began at once: "I have been thinking of our Lord's words to his disciples, *He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me*; and the parallel passage, Rev. 3: 20, (which he also repeated). Now, I have been asking myself what must my answer be, if tried by this test. Have I kept his commandments? Have

"I kept his sayings?" And with emphasis he exclaimed, "I bless the Lord that through his grace, I can say *Yes*; that I *have* his commandments, and have *kept* them." He explained that the *commandment* is to believe in *Jesus Christ*; and the Lord had been pleased to give him grace to believe."—P. 582.

Yet, whatever we may think of his premises, no Christian will doubt the justice of his conclusion. His life had been devoted to the cause of God to the best of his ability, and according to the measure of his knowledge; and his death might well be peaceful, for he fell asleep in Christ. The last words he was heard to utter were several times repeated at intervals: "For ever with the Lord"—"for ever"—"for ever."

In estimating his religious character, we must not forget the national influences under which it was formed. We must regard him as faithfully endeavoring, amid the complications of modern life, to carry out the stern creed of a Scottish Covenanter. He was led to assail the Bible Society and anathematize the Apocrypha by the same conscientious intolerance which would, in an earlier generation, have led him to hang papists and burn witches. To do him justice, we must look at his life through the medium in which he himself regarded it. If we do this we shall see him a noble type of strict adherence to duty, united to the personal devoutness of one who had his conversation in heaven. He lived by faith, and overcame the world. His life was a perpetual rebuke to the sordid spirit of our age, free from its paltry motives, its low aims, its grovelling ambition. And his faults, such as they were, sprang not from a baseness of the soul, but from a weakness of the understanding.

We have not left ourselves much space for an account of the other hero of this work, James Haldane, the younger brother of Robert. But there is the less need to enlarge upon his career, because he was in almost every point a fac simile of his elder brother, only with less force of character.

His early life was spent in the merchant service of the East-India Company, which he entered as a midshipman at sixteen, and he gradually rose to be captain of an Indiaman, as his father and great-uncle had been before him. This circumstance evidently not a little troubles his son, the author of the work before us, who exhib-

its great alarm lest his readers should think such an employment derogatory to the aristocratic pretensions of his heroes. He therefore takes pains to inform us how far superior the East-India merchant-service was in those days to its present state. "Many of the captains," he says, "were the younger sons of the nobility; some of them were baronets; most of them were either connected with the landed aristocracy or the great merchants, and frequently indulged in expensive habits, which rendered them rather objects of jealousy to the juniors in the Royal Navy."—(P. 44.) And again: "It was then unusual for an officer of any East-India ship to travel with less than four horses."—(P. 49.)

James Haldane made several voyages to the East-Indies, and showed himself a bold and skillful seaman. Before he left the service he had an opportunity of proving his coolness and courage on a remarkable occasion, when he quelled the mutiny of the Dutton Indiaman at Spithead, in 1794. The following account of this occurrence is given by his biographer:

"In paying off certain men at Portsmouth from the Dutton such a spirit was evinced as induced the captain to apply for assistance to H. M. ship the *Regulus*. The men complained that owing to their detention, their stores were exhausted, and they demanded an additional advance of pay. It was refused, and hence the mutiny. On the evening of the 19th March, Lieutenant Lucas of the *Regulus*, with his boat's crew, came on board to demand four of the ringleaders, when the greatest part of the crew hastily got up the round shot on deck, threatening they would sink the first boat that came alongside. The crew emboldened and increasing in fury, the Lieutenant thought it prudent to leave the ship, as did also the captain, under the impression that their absence might assist in restoring peace and quietness. The crew, however, becoming outrageous, were going to hoist out the boats. The *Carnatic*, Indiaman, hearing the confusion, fired several alarm-guns, and armed boats from the other ships were now advancing. By this time, the crew of the Dutton, being in a most serious state of mutiny, had begun to arm themselves with shot, iron bars, &c., and at last made a determined attack on the quarter-deck. The officers, having lost their command, were firing pistol-shots overhead, when one seaman, getting over the booms, received a wound, of which he died six days after."

"It has been said the mutineers threatened to carry the ship into a French port. But at this moment far more serious apprehension was felt lest the men should gain access to the powder-magazine, and madly end the strife by their own death, and that of all on board. One of the two

medical men had serious thoughts of throwing himself into the water to escape the risk. It was at this critical moment that Capt. Haldane, of the Melville Castle, appeared at the side of the vessel. His approach was the signal for renewed and angry tumults—the shouts of the officers, ‘Come on board, come on board!’ were drowned by the cries of the mutineers, ‘Keep off, or we’ll sink you!’ The scene was appalling; and to venture into the midst of the angry crew seemed an act of daring almost amounting to rashness. Ordering his men to veer round by the stern, in a few moments Capt. Haldane was on the quarter-deck. His first object was to restore to the officers composure and presence of mind. He peremptorily refused to head an immediate attack on the mutineers, but very calmly reasoning with the men, sword in hand, telling them that they had no business there, and asking them what they hoped to effect in the presence of twenty sail of the line, the quarter-deck was soon cleared. But observing there was still much confusion, and inquiring where the chief danger lay, he was down immediately at the very point of alarm. Two of the crew, intoxicated with spirits, and more hardy than the rest, were at the door of the powder-magazine, threatening with horrid oaths, that whatever it should prove, heaven or hell, they would blow up the ship. One of them was in the act of wrenching off the iron bars from the doors, whilst the other had a shovelful of live coals ready to throw in. Capt. Haldane, instantly putting a pistol to the breast of the man with the iron bar, told him that if he stirred he was a dead man. Calling at the same time for the irons of the ship, as if disobedience were out of the question, he saw them placed first on this man, and then on the other. The rest of the ringleaders were also secured, when the crew, finding that they were overpowered, and receiving the assurance that none should be removed that night, became quiet, and the Captain returned to the Melville Castle. Next day the chief mutineers were put on board the *Regulus*, and the rest of the crew went to their duty peaceably.”—Pp. 62-64.

Soon after this event, Mr. Haldane retired from his profession into private life, having shortly before married. He lived at first chiefly in his brother's house, and it was at this period that both the brothers experienced that decided change in their religious principles of which we have previously spoken. That this change was no mere brain-sick fancy or sentimental delusion is sufficiently proved by its permanence and its fruits. Thenceforward they gave up their former habits and pursuits, and renounced in great measure their social stations and domestic comforts, in order to devote themselves to promoting by fifty years of labor the spiritual good of others. And the moving spring and original cause of all this energy they derived from that change of feeling which

they deemed to have been their conversion to God.

We have already seen that both brothers began their religious career by itinerating through Scotland as home missionaries. James Haldane's first tour was in 1797, when he travelled through the west of Scotland, with a view to establish Sunday-schools and distribute tracts. At first he had no intention of undertaking regular ministerial duties; but the popularity of the occasional addresses which he delivered was so great as to induce him ultimately to devote his life to the work of preaching. In 1799 he was ordained at Edinburgh as pastor of a congregation of seceders from the Kirk, which assembled in the “tabernacle” in that city; and there he continued to officiate for above fifty years. His labors during all that time were entirely gratuitous, his private fortune enabling him to dispense with any salary. For some years, however, he continued to itinerate through Scotland, as a field preacher, in the summer months. In this capacity he had an opportunity of making himself thoroughly acquainted with the religious necessities of his country, and witnessed many curious scenes. The following is an interesting illustration of the primitive simplicity of Highland manners fifty years ago:

“On a sacramental occasion, he had been present in a parish church where there was a pause, and none of the people seemed disposed to approach the communion tables. On a sudden he heard the crack of sticks, and looking round, saw one descend on the bald head of a Highlander behind him. It was the ruling elders driving the poor people forward to the tables, much in the same manner as they were accustomed to pen their cattle in the market.”—P. 260.

The field-preaching of the Messrs. Haldane and their associates at first excited a good deal of local opposition from magistrates and clergy, which the sailor-parson encountered and overcame with nautical boldness and resolution. Once, while his attendant was announcing the intended field-preaching to the congregation as they were going out of church, he was interrupted by the minister of the parish, in a style savoring rather of Ireland than of Scotland. Standing with a heavy-loaded whip in his hand, the reverend gentleman exclaimed: “If you repeat that notice, with one stroke of my whip I’ll send you into the eternal world!” On another occasion, Mr. Haldane and his colleague

were actually arrested by a magistrate's warrant, and sent twenty miles over the country under a guard of soldiers to the sheriff of Argyll.

"To the sheriff they were very unwelcome visitors. He was an old man, and having been apprised of their coming, was by no means disposed to commit himself to the violent proceedings of the anti-preaching chiefs. He put several questions, which were satisfactorily answered; and after consulting with a gentleman who sat with him as his adviser, he said: 'But have you taken the oaths to Government?' They replied that they had not, but that they were most willing to do so. The sheriff said that he had not a copy of the oaths, and that they must therefore go to Inverary for the purpose. A merchant from Glasgow, who had joined the itinerants, quoted the words of the Toleration Act, to show that, if required to take the oaths, they were to be administered *before the nearest magistrate*. 'Now (said Mr. J. Haldane) you are the nearest magistrate. We are peaceable, loyal subjects, transgressing no law, and prepared to do all the law requires. But to Inverary we will not go except as your prisoners, and on your responsibility.' The sheriff had wished to make the affair a drawn battle, and to screen the magistrates from blame. But Mr. J. H. felt the importance of avoiding all compromise, and of bringing the question to issue. The sheriff was therefore obliged to give way; and, after once more consulting with his friend, briefly said: Gentlemen, you are at liberty.'"—P. 264.

The result of this failure was to establish the lawfulness of field-preaching, and no further legal opposition was made to the proceedings of our itinerant. He spent the half century which followed in the unvaried routine of his pastoral duties, and the even tenor of his useful life was but little disturbed by the storms which raged around him. The walls of his tabernacle were shaken not by assault from without, but by revolt within. The little church soon became the schism of a schism. It was plunged into dissension by such momentous questions as, whether the mutual exhortation of the brethren by means of public speaking were or were not a binding duty; whether a plurality of elders were or were not imperative; whether collections should be made from all the congregation, or from the communicants alone; whether the Lord's supper should be observed twice a year, once a month, or once a week; whether it were lawful for Baptists and Pædobaptists to communicate together. On some of these points of controversy a rupture took place, and the tabernacle was split in twain. But James Haldane peacefully

continued his ministrations to a diminished flock, and the true devotedness of his character and the zeal of his preaching gave him through life a great and constantly increasing influence over his fellow-townsmen.

In theological opinions and ecclesiastical controversies he ranged himself uniformly on the side of his elder brother, between whom and himself a warm and unbroken affection existed through life, cemented not merely by the *eadem velle eadem nolle*, but by the *idem sentire de civitate Dei*. They took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends. Such perfect intellectual and moral harmony between two brothers, engaged for fifty years in the same pursuits, and living in constant contact, is so rare and beautiful a spectacle, that it might well call forth the admiring sympathy of all who knew them. "There they are," exclaimed their friend Mr. Murray, as he saw them walking together in their old age, "There they are! the two brothers that have always dwelt together in unity!" The younger survived the elder eight years, and died at the age of eighty, in 1851.

We turn with reluctance from the lives of these high-minded and venerable men to notice the contrast to their unworldly spirit exhibited by the tone of their biographer. Few things are more painful to a serious mind than to observe the tendency so often exhibited by every type of earnestness to degenerate in the second generation. Truths which were spirit and life to the parents become stereotyped formulas in the mouths of the children. The regenerating creed is metamorphosed into a dead shibboleth; and a flimsy veil of cant vainly strives to hide the moral deterioration. The work which we are reviewing is a practical illustration of this remark. The most offensive feature of English worldliness, that servile worship of wealth, rank and title which is our national disgrace, is here found in unseemly conjunction and ludicrous contrast with the most devout religious phraseology and the most exalted pretensions to spirituality. We have already given some examples of this in the course of the above narrative. We may add the following specimens, taken at random from the volume:

"There were along with them, [the Haldanes,] attending the High School, . . . the Earl of

Rossmore, General Sir W. Erskine, two Vande-
leurs (one of whom became a *titled* general, the
other an Irish judge), also *Lord Decies*, eldest son
of the Archbishop of Tuam," &c.—P. 17.

"Dr. Erskine rose with a dignity worthy of the
descendant of Lord Cardross."—P. 125.

"Dr. Stuart was a lineal descendant of the good
Regent Murray, and at one time stood third in
prospective succession to the Earldom."—P. 139.

"In December Mrs. J. Haldane lost her mother.
.... Her father, [that is, Mrs. J. H.'s grandfather,]
Mr. Abercromby of Tulliebody, was distinguished
for his strong sagacity. . . . He had four sons
and four daughters. . . . Of these daughters,
Elizabeth married her cousin, Major Joaff, the
grandson of General Abercromby, and great-grand-
son and heir of line to George, second Lord Banff,
and heir-general to the third and fourth barons,
who died without issue. Two other daughters were
married, the one to Colonel Edmonstone of New-
ton, the other to Mr. Bruce of Kennet, whose
family claim the male heirship of the royal house of
Bruce, but who was himself better known by his
title of Lord Kennett."—P. 379.

What possible interest can the readers
of Mr. Haldane's life be supposed to take
in learning who were the great-grand-
fathers of the husbands of his wife's
grandfather's four daughters? Or again,
how can it edify them to know that Dr.
Thompson (the man of "colossal mind"
formerly mentioned), when on a visit to
Mr. Simons, the rector of Paul's Cray,
"accompanied a niece of Lord Bexley's
on the organ"?—the said lady never ap-
pearing in the book elsewhere, and the iso-
lated fact above mentioned having no
connection with any thing which precedes
or follows it.

But still more absurd and objectionable
are the pretentious claims to aristocratic
birth and connection made on behalf of
the single-minded heroes of the biography,
by the parade of titles and pedigrees
which prove illusory upon examination,
and keep the word of promise to the ear,
but break it to the sense.

Thus the mother of Messrs. Haldane's
mother, whose real name was Mrs.
Duncan, is in this book always called
"their grandmother Lady Lundie," on
the alleged ground that this title was "by
the courtesy of Scotland then allowed to
the wife of a minor baron," [that is, a lord
of a manor.] If this justification be worth
any thing, the title should at any rate have
been *Leddy Lundie*.

Again, there is a pedigree of the Hal-
danes given with great pomp and prolixity
at the beginning of the volume, where
it occupies the first nine pages. In it are

duly recorded the exploits of Aylmer de
Haldane of Gleneagles, in 1296, who
signed the Ragman's Roll, and swore
fealty to Edward I. at the same time with
the more celebrated ancestor of Sir
Arthur Wardour; of Sir John Haldane,
master of the household to King James
III. in 1450; of another Haldane of Glen-
eagles who fell at the rout of Dunbar;
and so on. Ninety-nine readers out of
every hundred of course suppose that
these mediæval barons were the ancestors
of Robert and James Haldane, whose
uncle Robert possessed the old family es-
tate. But on minutely examining the
statement in page 7, we find that this
uncle Robert only *purchased* Gleneagles
with a fortune which he made in India;
and that he was not one of the old stock
of Haldanes at all, but only connected
with it by the half-blood. In other words,
his mother, whose child he was *by some
other husband*, had formerly been married
to a Haldane. The only parallel to this
pedigree which we know is that of the
"Newbiggen family" given by Theodore
Hook in one of his novels, which runs as
follows:—

"This ancient and honorable family is descended
from Hugo de Hoagues, one of the followers of
King William the Conqueror, who married on 19th
August, 1058, Hermengilda, Duchess of Coutance,
daughter of Reginald D'Evreux, by Margaret,
great niece of the Emperor Charlemagne.

"Stephen de Hoagues, of Tenterden, married,
March 6, 1108, Emma, daughter of Sir Tristram
Dummer, by Florence, daughter and co-heiress of
Robert Chittenden, who was afterwards knighted
by King Henry I., in memory of the great ser-
vices he had rendered to his late Queen Matilda.

"Stephen had seventeen children by his wife,
nine of whom survived him. He died April 1,
1151, having been married forty-three years."
[After several generations, the estates passed by
marriage into the family of *Nethersole*.]

"In the reign of George II., the family of *Nethersole*
were possessed of considerable landed
property in Gloucestershire, of which county Mr.
Isaac Nethersole was foreman of the grand jury in
the year 1759. His daughter *Anne*, by Margaret
Alicia, first cousin to the Honorable Patrick
O'Callaghan of Sculdaddery, in the county of
Tipperary, married, June 9, 1754, Sir T. Walk-
ingham, knight and alderman of the city of Lon-
don, who had by her

"*Thomas*, died young.

"*Anne*, born May, 1762, married, December
21, 1778, John Hogmore, of Dilbury, in the coun-
ty of Gloster, who dying, bequeathed his paternal
estates to his nephew, George Bamford Hogmore,
Esq., from whom a portion of them descended by
purchase to the present owner, *Isaac John New-*

biggen of Bumbleford, Esq., now the representative of that ancient family.¹²⁸

It must be remembered, however, that none of these pretentious absurdities are chargeable upon Robert or James Haldane, the heroes of the biography. On the contrary, they appear to have both been men of genuine simplicity of character, and perfectly free from all such unreal assumption and ignoble vanity. Indeed they abandoned, of their own free choice, a higher for a lower social position; and the younger brother especially, in adopting the profession of a dissenting minister in Scotland, manifested a contempt for the prejudices of society and an absolute superiority to all such paltry considerations of personal aggrandizement.

Notwithstanding these grievous blemishes in its execution, we are glad to see that the work before us has had considerable popularity, and has already reached a fourth edition; for we regard it as a most hopeful sign of the times that religious biographies and manuals of devotion, however ill written, invariably command a larger circulation than any other species of literature. Thus even the enormous sale of the first two volumes of Mr. Macaulay's history was eclipsed by that of an insignificant devotional treatise, which was published at the same time. Thus the second-rate compilations of Bickersteth brought him in (as we learn from his life)

an income of 800*l.* a year. Thus the sickly sentimentalities of Mr. X. are printed by thousands annually, and the realms darkened by the dreary verbosity of Mr. Z. would already girdle the earth.† These facts are doubly cheering, because the very mediocrity of such authors proves that their works are bought for the sake of their religion, and for that alone; whereas the innumerable editions of such books as Keble's "Christian Year," Cecil's "Remains," or Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," may be explained in part by their literary as well as by their devotional merit. But hopes of religious benefit could alone lead any one to purchase the writings of Bickersteth and his compeers. Hence the great circulation of their works proves incontestably that the reading classes of England are sound at heart, and that, in spite of all which Mr. Carlyle tell us to the contrary, faith is not yet dead, nor Christianity obsolete. It is true that beneath those classes which furnish the readers of books like these, there is a lower stratum of operatives and artisans, many of whom are almost wholly given up to infidelity. But the unbelief of these poor laborers springs not from superiority of culture, but from ignorance. And it is surely not too much to hope that, as they rise in education to the level of the ranks immediately above them, so they will also rise to the level of their faith.

From the Edinburgh Review.

RUSKINISM.†

It has been noted by physicians that such epidemics as plague or falling sick-

ness, or nervous distemperature, on every new recurrence, seize hold of some class of

* "Jack Brag," by Theodore Hook, vol. iii.

† The popularity of a certain class of devotional works may be illustrated by the fact that a friend of ours complained (with perhaps a pardonable amount of exaggeration) that his wife and he between them had received among their wedding presents 119 copies of "Bridges on the 119th Psalm."

‡ *Modern Painters*. By JOHN RUSKIN. Vol. I., containing Parts 1 and 2. Fifth Edition, revised.

1851. Vol. II., containing Part 3, Sections 1 and 2. Third Edition, revised. 1851. Vol. III., containing Part 4. 1856.

Pre-Raphaelitism. 1851.

Notes on some of the Principal Pictures Exhibited in the Rooms of the Royal Academy. By JOHN RUSKIN. Third Edition. 1855.

Giotto and his Works in Padua. Part 1. (Printed for the Arundel Society.) 1854.

susceptible persons not attacked by them when disease last made its round; but, during one visitation the malady will be more fatal than during another, by reason of this very change in the victims of the infection. The remark holds good if applied to literature. Convulsions there must be, so long as the poet's imagination is liable to disorders, so long as the professor's brain is accessible to vanity. But when the convulsionary spirit passes from those who create to those who teach, the malady assumes its most malignant form, and engenders evils which it may take a century to eradicate. A "Werter," a "Nouvelle Héloïse," or any other morbid romance, does its immediate work of harm by exciting the passions; but its influence may at any moment be superseded by some such simple and healthy writer as Scott, more able than Goethe or Rousseau to enthral millions, without quickening a single unwholesome appetite. Longer-lived may be the influence of the pulpit, when fanaticism by way of faith, and dogmatism in place of research, are recommended by theatrical gestures and declamatory periods. False taste in poetry or in art is bad; but false deduction in history and false doctrine in criticism, are the worst of all. So far as painting is concerned, we seem to be passing through such a period of false and superficial pedantry under the disguise of superior attainments and infallible authority. The right of imagination to confound terms and of self-will to fling out new definitions has been asserted with a rhapsodical fluency which has taken modest persons by storm. They have been stunned into submission while the teacher of principles has maintained that a series of contradictory paradoxes comprised the one saving consistency which is to regenerate art. They have been bidden to prove their humility by a total surrender of the functions of memory. But the frenzy has reached—possibly, has passed—its crisis; and Mr. Ruskin must forgive us if we deal with his vaticinations as if they were amenable to the laws of common sense, and proceed to examine some of his claims to be a master in Israel.

This third volume of "Modern Painters," if viewed in context with its writer's former works, shows the extent to which excessive pretensions and imperfect acquirements have bewildered and corrupted a mind rich in ingenious knowledge of

detail, and gifted with rhetorical powers which ought, if better guided, to have done service to the study and the philosophy of art. If we examine how far, in Mr. Ruskin's writings, desire for display has superseded the love of truth, the task is entered on, not because it is agreeable, but because it is seasonable. After having made a fame, by hanging on to the skirts of a famous artist, after deluding those craving for novelty into the belief that a dashing style must imply precious discoveries, after having met the humor of the time, by preaching the religion of architecture with a freedom in the use of sacred names and sacred things from which a more reverential man would have shrunk, after having served as an eloquent though too flattering guide to the treasures of Venice, after having enriched the citizens of this Scottish metropolis with recipes how to amend the architecture of our city by patching Palladian squares, streets, and crescents with Gothic windows, balconies, and pinnacles, after having lectured to decorators on the beauty and virtue of painting illegible letters on sign-boards and shop-fronts, the wisdom of Mr. Ruskin has of late begun to cry in the streets. He attempts to erect the most extravagant paradoxes into new canons of taste; and the virulence of his personalities is only exceeded by the eccentricity of his judgment. He now periodically enters the exhibition-room as an overseer, summoning gallery-loungers to stand and deliver their sympathies, calling on bad painters to tremble, and assailing those whom he dislikes with menaces and insults. Thus in the third edition of his *Royal Academy vade mecum* for 1855, after having referred to a former vituperation of a picture by Mr. Roberts:

"I have great personal regard for Mr. Roberts," says our oracle, "but it may be well to state at once, that whenever I blame a painting, I do so as gently as is consistent with just explanation of its principal defects. I never say half of what I could say in its disfavor; and it will hereafter be found, that when once I have felt it my duty to attack a picture, the worst policy which the friends of the artist can possibly adopt will be to defend it." (*Notes*, 3d ed. p. 36.)*

* Mr. Roberts and Mr. MacIver are, it seems, the peculiar objects of Mr. Ruskin's aversion; and he is said to have addressed to these gentlemen a formal sentence of his supreme disapprobation. Yet in the first volume of "Modern Painters," p. 116, we read, "Works of David Roberts, their fidelity and grace;"

Absurd and impertinent as this language is, especially when addressed to artists who do not owe their fame to Mr. Ruskin's favor, it is worth while to inquire what right he has to use it. It may be conceded that few English writers have devoted themselves to the literature of art, who have been more richly gifted by nature than Mr. Ruskin. He has that warmth of admiration which is eminently quickening to the spirits of colder pilgrims; he has that brightness of imagination which enables him to seize what is subtle in intention, and to comprehend what is noble in design. He commands an expressive style, fluent, versatile, and sonorous in no common degree. He can allow for the varying relations which exist betwixt art and society. Mr. Ruskin, too, has wrought industriously, travelled far, seen much, collected largely. These are precious attributes and qualifications; yet rarely has the value of such gifts been more completely neutralized than in the case of the author of "Modern Painters." Rarely has vanity so overweening in stature, so unblushing in front, so magisterial in language, risen up between a writer and his public. That the praise of others has encouraged this tone proves the weakness of the apostle, as much as the credulity of his auditory. There is much of folly and of fashion in all similar epidemics of admiration; but there is something, also, more generous than mere folly. The persons of quality who swooned and fainted on the pulpit-stair at Hatton Garden while Irving held forth during what Dr. Chalmers called "his exhausting services," must not bear the whole blame of Irving's aberrations and eccentricities. There lurked in the preacher's mind—there must lurk in the minds of all belonging to the school to which he belonged, and to which Mr. Ruskin belongs, including poets, critics, or social reformers—a morbid avidity for immediate effect, for immediate recognition, for immediate adulation, which becomes absolutely poisonous, and poisonous to none more than the professors or preachers themselves, since it destroys in them not only the will, but even the power of being truthful.

It is necessary, to avoid the imputation of unjust severity, to recapitulate some

and MacIose is certainly the artist in the whole Royal Academy who has carried to its highest pitch that finish which Mr. Ruskin admires in the Pre-Raphaelite school.

facts of our author's past career. Mr. Ruskin, after having made himself favorably known as a writer of fugitive verse, was tempted into his first emission of prose in the hope, he says, "of compelling the English public to do honor to an English painter of genius," who had not received his just dues. There may be generosity in such a case of officious advocacy, if the advocate does not, by way of advertising his own tropes and metaphors, take up a cause which stands in no need of it. But, strange as it may seem to Mr. Ruskin, Turner had his English appreciators and his English public previous to the year 1846. There were persons who delighted not in Turner's oil paintings only, but in his drawings, which our author eulogizes with such commendable warmth. There were already such connoisseurs as Lord Egremont, Mr. Fawkes, and Mr. Munro, eager to appreciate the best specimens of that painter's varied and original genius. There was already a circle of enthusiasts prompt to form itself round every new specimen of Turner's extraordinary powers, and even to palliate the freaks and aberrations of his prismatic brush. It was not as a discoverer, but as a representative of the tastes and wishes of these partisans, we imagine, that Mr. Ruskin began to harangue. But the teacher on such subjects could only collect crowds by the singularity of his own contortions, by the daring vehemence of his paradoxes, and by the abuse of all pilgrims who, either from old faith or new conviction, bowed at any other altar. Accordingly, the landscape-painters, from whom Turner had derived many of his models, and learned many of his secrets, the Vanderveldes, Salvators, and Claudes, were branded by Mr. Ruskin as idiots, ruffians, liars; and the preacher, snatching up Truth and Nature as his watchwords, but forgetting that these also imply Love, Charity, and Reverence, rushed into the arena, Malay fashion, thrusting here, smiting there, foaming at the mouth, to establish his professional sanctity; yet resting adroitly, by fits and starts, to utter some old truth that sounded like a new revelation, or to relieve himself after his bursts of rant by some outpouring of genuine poetry. Gorgeous and delicious descriptions of Nature, high-flown appeals to conscience, religious faith and duty (as though these had been standards not dreamed of by any modern save our

author) seduced some readers, awed others. The timid held their breath; the imaginative were warmed; the thoughtful deferred pronouncing sentence on the doctrines of one claiming so high a mission, so new an inspiration. Meanwhile Turner continued to paint away, more puzzled than pleased, it is said, by the antics of his adorer; whether to paint more wisely or more wildly as age came on, we will not here inquire. It does not come within our province to examine one by one the claims advanced by Mr. Ruskin for Turner, as compared with other landscape artists, on the strength of which he has awarded to that painter a pedestal by the side of our Bacons and Shakespeares—the highest minds and the most versatile and vigorous poets of England. But one remark must be offered. Completeness is necessary to a work of art, though indication justifies a man in styling himself an artist. By completeness we do not mean subscription to certain forms of arrangement, to certain niceties of finish; but we cannot count as a picture the work which has been considered by its painter as a field for experiment, and thrown aside when that experiment had been tested. It matters little whether the experiment be that made by a Reynolds, when he painted with liquor from a South Sea shell in the hope of finding something like the *murex* of the Tyrians, to obtain a new flesh tint; or whether it be the attempt of a Turner to fix on his canvas those evanescent atmospheric effects which defy all attempts to perpetuate them, as invincibly as the voice of a mountain echo defies the best-skilled musician—or as the breath of rose and orange flowers which greets the traveller through the dusk of a summer night as he drops down on the Lake of Como eludes the art of the most magical chemist. To experiment there is no limit; to art there are many limits placed by circumstance, by finite mortal power. By the labors of the experimentalists are won extensions of these limits, few and far between—enlargements of the boundaries established by the schools of past ages. Yet the most courageous experimentalists, though they may be among the greatest poets, are not after all the greatest artists. They are too bold, too breathless; they are, after a time, too willing to devote themselves to experiment for experiment's sake. They are too apt to count upon the appreciat-

ing power of those whom they have trained up step by step to relish a manner, and to neglect that juster and less mannered section of the public which arrives direct at a real work of art, and cares little for that which can be only rightly enjoyed from some prescribed point of view, or after a recondite explanation of the painter's intentions. In the pursuit of novelty they lose that simplicity which is the purest gift of the artist and the highest merit of art. Some such want of clearness, some such inefficiency of execution wholly to bear out the intention, are all chargeable against Turner by those who have not penetrated the peculiar qualities of his style and educated themselves to admire it. But intolerance or indifference on the part of the English public, in regard to his great genius, there has been none. Our collectors, our gallery-haunters, have not ignored the previous existence of practical or poetical landscape art, in order to glorify the discoveries or vagaries of one given man; but the English world of connoisseurs was not "blinded to the presence of a great spirit among them till the hour of its departure" (which Mr. Ruskin declares to be historical fact). Mr. Turner not only lived to see his fame rise above vulgar criticism, but in the course of a long life, he realized a large fortune by his works. There was no cruel neglect of Turner before Mr. Ruskin rose to protect him; there was much toleration for his visions and eccentricities. This was extended to him long before Turner had a champion; and although Turner may owe something to so fervent a disciple as Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Ruskin owes a great deal more to the celebrity he has contrived to borrow from so great an artist as Turner.

After this fashion has been the progress of Mr. Ruskin as a writer on art. His next device was to transfer to the newest eccentricity of the day—that of what are called the Pre-Raphaelites—the devotion he had hitherto paid to a painter who was not only their superior but their opposite. But the real direction and consequence of such efforts cannot be for ever disguised by the most adroit master of rhapsody, let him be ever so able to amuse his readers, and to keep them from thinking. When the excitement of novelty has subsided, even the most stupid of those who have been commanded to believe will find a spirit of inquiry stir, and the faculties of

comparison awaken. And thus students of Painting will not, because it is Mr. Ruskin's pleasure, receive Turner's scenic effects, and the finish of the Pre-Raphaelites as the growth of the same tree, as illustrations of the same system. They will not consent to denounce all Greek architecture as base, disgusting, utterly to be scouted from earth, with all its dependencies and descendants, when they recollect that it was on Greek forms that the mediæval builders based their edifices, and from Greek fragments and materials that they drew their first examples of decoration. They will ask how far it is just that a censor, who in some cases adduces every exception as an example, every blemish as a beauty, and every irregularity as a sign of enterprise, in others shall denounce the smallest deficiencies as damnatory of those who exhibit them. They may inquire, for instance, how an arbiter of taste, who finds the festoon and garland decorations of the Palladian architecture abominable because they are not natural, can delight in the pillars supporting porches and resting on the backs of couchant animals, which flank so many a mediæval door-way. Nor will honest persons rest till they have endeavored to ascertain how far all these contradictory prejudices can be reconciled; how far they are based on a burning desire to surprise and to overrule—how far on the love of truth, how far on the knowledge of it. We have no doubt as to the result of such inquiries. The strange assumption and inaccuracy of Mr. Ruskin as an oracle of art will become clearly evident even to those who recognize his industry in collecting detail, his ingenuity in finding a reason for every thing that it suits his whim to invent, and the poetry of language with which he embellishes what he attempts to describe.

But all who desire to be taught have a right to claim from those who profess to teach them, besides the name of truth, something of its nature—truth in research—truth in definition—truth in reasoning—truth in interpretation. That these things go far to make up truth in belief, few of those who are the most profoundly impressed with mortal fallibility will dispute. Hence, in proportion as the cry of truth is raised by the empiric to justify paradox, to excuse license, to accredit insolence, in so much is the wrong done cruel. But the offence is common, and profitable.

VOL. XXXVIII.—NO. III.

The most unscrupulous persons are the noisiest in assuring mankind of their scrupulosity. Who are so hypocritical as those whose lips overflow with the profession of sincerity? Who are so inexact as the dogmatists, who, *not* having satisfied themselves by warrantable means, choose that no subsequent inquirer shall be able to ascertain on what *data* they rest their conclusions? No one has ever exposed his claims to truthfulness to a sterner examination than Mr. Ruskin; since rarely has the serviceable cry been raised more loudly than by him, whether to authenticate the examples he has collected, to recommend the principles he expounds, or to praise the artists whom he delights to honor. "He will not" (he says) "put forth an example of Raphael's tree-work without having copied the trees leaf for leaf."* He will not defend the irregularities on the *façade* of Pisa Cathedral, without having precisely counted the arches in each arcade. He does not specify merely the colored marbles which harmoniously incrust a Murano archivolt, but he calls attention to the very spots in some of the fragments. The speciousness of such professed accuracy is calculated to inspire confidence, and to discourage all counter-examination. Yet those who rely on Mr. Ruskin's precision of detail will receive severe shocks when they come to test it precisely. We have ourselves detected more than one gross misrepresentation in the recondite and remote examples which he is much given to quote. If any one, for example, examine, with these "Lectures" in hand, the bracket from the front of Lyons Cathedral, engraved (plate ix. fig. 15) for the Edinburgh "Discourses on Architecture and Painting," and there elaborately descanted on, he will find that the lecturer sketched that quaint morsel of stone-work through a glass as delusive as the veriest lilac or orange pane which bears the name of Mr. Ruskin's peculiar aversion—Claude Lorraine. Or, again, let the student of architectural detail search in the portal of Bourges Cathedral for the hawthorn-wreath more than once referred to by Mr. Ruskin as a lovely specimen of rural realism applied to the purposes of devotional art. He may search long before he finds what stands to Mr. Ruskin for hawthorn, and will turn away from his discovery,

* Modern Painters, vol. iii. p. 320.

when he has made it, astounded at the imagination of the writer who has wrought up an example so unimportant and so questionable into a type of disproportionate value and beauty. Or (to offer a last example) let him take Mr. Ruskin's rapturous exposition of the Mosaic olive-tree (*vide* "Stones of Venice," vol. ii. p. 178) and compare it with the lecturer's contemptuous mention of such Greek patterns as represent the wave of the sea, the flowers of the honeysuckle, or the leaves of the acanthus. We are satisfied that the stilted exaggeration of such praise, and the injustice of such blame, will strike the student as among the artifices of partisanship, which amount, in every sense of the word, to *partial* abandonment of veracity and a total want of candor.

We could work out these comparisons much further in following Mr. Ruskin as a collector of examples, most perversely swayed by sympathy and antipathy, did we propose to do more than to invite those who put implicit faith in his accuracy, to test for themselves whether these things be true. But let us turn from example to precept. If Mr. Ruskin's assumptions and deductions, as set down in his third volume of "Modern Painters," be studied attentively, if we read his apologetic defence of Giotto's carelessness in landscape in the *brochure* issued by the Arundel Society, it will be seen that he has used the pen not merely to flatter the eye in a favorite outline—not merely to entice the student to excuse that which was by circumstance barbarous, as if it were by purpose reverential—but also to frame definitions, which may be adroitly turned to any purpose. The following *dicta* (so far as we comprehend them) are sound in themselves, but fallacious to a point of hypocrisy if by their aid we try Mr. Ruskin's criticism on the sinners whose pictures it suits him to blacken, in order that he may burnish the reputation of those whom he has chosen for his saints. Speaking of Giotto:

"When we know a little more of art in general," says Mr. Ruskin, "we shall begin to suspect that a man of Giotto's power of mind, did not altogether suppose his clusters of formal trees, or diminutive masses of architecture, to be perfect representations of the woods of Judea, or of the streets of Jerusalem; we shall begin to understand that there is a symbolical art which addresses the imagination as well as a realist art which supersedes it."—(*Giotto and his Works in Padua*, p. 33.)

Now surely, this liberal saying might be brought to bear on the works of more professed landscape artists than Giotto, by any one really possessing the catholic spirit of toleration. Had Mr. Ruskin allowed it to guide him among Salvator Rosa's rocky coasts and gloomy wildernesses—to cast the light of its charity on Claude's Arcadian compositions, he would not have been so rancorous in abuse of the banditti painter, so lofty in contempt of the artist who (we are quoting Mr. Ruskin again) first set the sun in heaven, pictorially.

Here is a second passage concerning truth in art, by aid of which any thing may be rejected, or every thing accepted, according as the truth-lover is in a critical or credulous humor.

"There are some truths," says Mr. Ruskin, "easily obtained, which give a deceptive resemblance to nature: others, only to be obtained with difficulty, which cause no deception, but give inner and deep resemblance."—(*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 131.)

The convenience of this theory of inner and deep resemblance need scarcely be pointed out, since it invests the seer with full power to pierce where others cannot enter—to decide where simpler observers doubt, to assume or lay aside authority in proportion as his tendencies are peaceful or warlike.

Many more such elastic definitions of truth will be found under the section "Sincerity," in the chapter "On the real Nature of Greatness of Style" (*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 36-7, &c.), by a skillful application of which the most glaring infidelity might receive canonization, and the deepest ignorance pass for wisdom. Having recommended them to the attention of those who imagine that language was given for the purpose of clear expression and not of concealment, let us proceed to illustrate Mr. Ruskin's appreciation of truthfulness in performance, as exhibited by his favorites among the painters. Such truth, it will be remembered, is claimed by him as the crown of glory for those minute finishers who have banded together by similarities of humor into the school called Pre-Raphaelite. To hear these persons extolled for their literal veracity has always amazed us, even while recollecting the lengths to which advocacy will go in favor of a theory, and the courage with which a sophist can prove

affectation to be simplicity and simplicity affectation, should he take up the defence or the attack of *della Cruscanism*. The energy and minuteness with which the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood have mastered and recorded certain individual details has not yet taught them truth in arrangement, truth in form, truth in color, let Mr. Ruskin declare the reverse as loudly as he will. Is it the truth of Mr. Millais' pictures which has caused the Exhibition loungers to pause before them—these to scoff—those to pray? Or is it the truth of some solitary expression, some accessory decoration so preternaturally wrought out as to atone by its special virtue for half a hundred absurdities? The fact is, that these artists mistake a puerile and servile fidelity to certain minute details for that broader character of truth which affects the whole mind of the spectator; and as all details are in nature infinite, for one object which is delineated with distressing precision, a hundred others are slurred over or distorted. Yet these analytical principles of criticism are rigorously and not very fairly applied by Mr. Ruskin. Thus Mr. Maclise is to be cruelly flagellated because he has slighted seven circular golden ornaments in the Duke's robe, in his picture of the wrestling scene from "As you Like it" (*vide* Exhibition Notes, &c., p. 9); Mr. Herbert is to be reproached for the "profile of firwood" given to his "Cordelia," and for the mistaken lights in the four jewels of his "Lear's Coronet;" but in the works of the Pre-Raphaelites, blue flesh-tints, bad drawing, and the miserable conceits of the monkish painters are to be admired, because they happen to be the objects of his predilection. We do not undervalue the talents of Mr. Millais and Mr. Hunt, but the service rendered to them by Mr. Ruskin is of a questionable character, since he has labored to confirm them in their peculiar defects, and to render them supremely ridiculous in the eyes of the public.

There is such a thing as color-blindness. Every one has heard the story of the excellent Quaker philosopher who believed that he was bearing testimony to the saving grace of drab, when he was in fact clad in a scarlet coat. By some such natural infirmity in Mr. Ruskin, if we may speak with disrespect of any of his faculties, we can alone account for his repeated abuse of the Palladian style of architecture as gray, melancholy, and not ad-

mitting of color. It is true that Buonrotti's dome of St. Peter's exists, it is true any one could appeal to the myriad or Jesuit churches, gorgeous with all that parti-colored marble can do, and gold, crimson and purple decoration, to remind us that the matter is not as Mr. Ruskin has stated it; but what are these examples against his authority.

When he speaks of a modern landscape painter, whom he wishes to demolish, because of his over-neatness, in order to extol Turner's slovenliness as sublime, he becomes poetical in the deification of dirt.

"And this, by the way," (says Mr. Ruskin, *à propos* of Mr. Stanfield,) "ought to be noted respecting modern painters in general, that they have not a proper sense of the value of dirt. Cottage children never appear but in freshly got up caps and aprons, and white-handed beggars excite compassion in unexceptionable rags. In reality, almost all the colors of things associated with human life, derive something of their expression and value from the tones of impurity."—(*Modern Painters*, revised ed., p. 120.)

But when it suits Mr. Ruskin to prate concerning "the nature of Gothic," in order that he may destroy all art and all artists that are not Gothic, Byzantine, or Pre-Raphaelite, he changes his tone, and reverses his sentence. Listen to him when, in "The Stones of Venice," it suits his humor to make an end of Murillo as a painter of beggar-boys:

"But observe another point in the lower figure of the Dulwich Gallery picture. It lies so that the sole of the foot is turned towards the spectator, not because it would have lain less easily in another attitude, but that the painter may draw, and exhibit the gray dust ingrained in the foot. Do not call this the painting of nature—it is mere delight in foulness. The lesson, if there be any, in the picture, is not one whit the stronger. We all know that a beggar's bare foot cannot be clean; there is no need to thrust its degradation into the sight, as if no human imagination were vigorous enough for its conception."—(Vol. ii. p. 193.)

Another example of self-contradiction we shall give, even more emphatic than these amazing theories of cleanness and uncleanness, since it refers to a branch of art at which Mr. Ruskin has labored unceasingly, especially since it has pleased him to advocate the Pre-Raphaelites, because of their affinity to the monkish misal painters in their love of gay colors. In this third volume of "Modern Painters,"

he denounces our times as sad, though the sadness is "noble sadness," as compared with the times of old, when the monks were such brave colorists. This sadness, he says, we moderns evince by our love of grave, and melancholy, and mixed hues, of bad grays, dirty ash colors, and the like. What, then, are we to make of such a definition of good color as the following?—

"The fact is, that, of all God's gifts to the sight of man, color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn. We cannot speak rashly of gay color and sad color, for color cannot at once be good and gay."—(*Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. p. 145.)

It would seem impossible to exceed these examples of childish inconsistency; but Mr. Ruskin enables us to do so. It will be remembered by all who are familiar with the first volume of his "Modern Painters," that among the chapters most admired as profound, convincing, and novel, was one in which Turner's superior knowledge of the regions of the air, and his familiarity with cloud, mist, and other atmospheric phenomena, were signalized as an advance on the practice of the elder painters. Mr. Ruskin has, however, recently entangled himself in the love of "luminousness," and pure color: he defends semi-savage instinct, as possessing the only true system of coloring; and to abuse the times we are living in, he condemns the increased tendency of modern landscape-painters to look upwards, as follows:

"The aspects of sunset and sunrise," he says, "with all their attendant phenomena of cloud and mist, are watchfully delineated; and in ordinary daylight landscape, the sky is considered of so much importance, that a principal mass of foliage, or a whole foreground, is unhesitatingly thrown into shade, merely to bring out the form of a white cloud. So that if a general and characteristic name were needed for modern landscape art none better could be invented than the service of clouds. And this name would, *unfortunately*, be characteristic of our art in more ways than one."—(*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 254-5.)

Surely to nothing in modern art can the above definition be more "*unfortunate*" than to Mr. Ruskin's credit as the teacher of a new creed. In the first volume of "Modern Painters," pages were devoted by him to Turner's drawing of Coventry, "as a further example of this

fine suggestion of irregularity and fitness, through very constant parallelism of duration, both in rain and clouds." Ten years ago he could delight in such admirable affects as "the rolling cloud," "the twisted rain," "the gusty changefulness of the wind," "flickering sunshine," "fleeting shadow," "gushing water," "*silent flakes of the highest cirrus*," &c. But now, in his third volume, Mr. Ruskin tells us that such love of cloud-painting is "*unfortunate*," he preaches that all "sincere and modest art" (amongst us) is profane, "Pre-Raphaelitism excepted;" profane because our darkness of heart, want of faith, "profanity of temper," are shown in a strong tendency to "deny the sacred element of color—in our sombreness, sadness, preference of mist," devotion to the "service of clouds," and the like!

But not merely does Mr. Ruskin contradict in one volume the definitions which he has laid down in some former book: he will be found, in one and the same chapter, giving himself a license beyond the bounds of common sophistry. Let us recommend to all who are curious to see how far absurdity will venture, to study the ninth chapter of this third volume of "Modern Painters," which is devoted to "Finish." In opening this subject our author innocently admits, that "the reader must be almost tired of hearing about truth;" and, possibly for this very reason, in the sequel, a double-refined dose of fallacy is served up to him.

If we turn back to a few high-flown passages in the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," we shall find the oracle recommending to the workman, among the sacrifices which the latter is called on to make, some such exercise of his craft as the following:

"Cut one or two shafts out of a porphyry, whose preciousness those only know who would desire it to be so used; add another month's labor to the undercutting of a few capitals, whose delicacy will not be seen nor loved by one beholder out of ten thousand; see that the simplest masonry of the edifice be perfect and substantial and to those who regard such things, their virtues will be clear and impressive." (*Seven Lamps: Lamp of Sacrifice*, p. 17.)

Now let the workman see what light the writer of this third volume of "Modern Painters" will throw upon his delicacy of undercutting, and his perfection of masonry:

"There are many little things which to do admirably is to waste both time and cost. . . . So far as finish is bestowed for purposes of polish, there is much to be said against it: this first, and very strongly, that the qualities aimed at in common finishing, namely, smoothness, delicacy, or fineness, cannot in reality exist, in a degree worth admiring in any thing done by human hands. . . . God alone can finish; and the more intelligent the human mind becomes, the more infiniteness of interval is felt between human and divine work in this respect. So that it is not a little absurd to weary ourselves in struggling towards a point which we can never reach, and to exhaust our strength in vain endeavors to produce qualities which exist inimitably and inexhaustibly in the commonest things round us." (*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 116-17.)

That the porphyry-cutter, who was invited to sacrifice labor for sacrifice's sake, may not be utterly disheartened by hearing his struggles after the perfection and delicacy now called "absurd," our lecturer, having, in paragraph "five," of the same chapter, declared that there is one only Finisher, God, goes on in paragraph "seven" to say, "assuredly there is a meritorious finish;"—and by way of exemplification flies off into the old series of comparisons betwixt Claude and Turner.

This time Mr. Ruskin accuses the French painter of folly and falsity in the drawing of his trees, because "the trunks of trees fork, and fork mostly into two arms at a time . . . but under as stern anatomical law as the limbs of an animal."—(P. 123.) To this law Mr. Ruskin goes on to say Claude was disobedient, and abuses him as "singularly wrong" in his boughs and stems, denouncing them because they "are stiff and yet have no strength; curved, and yet have no flexibility; monotonous, and yet disorderly; unnatural, and yet uninventive." This diatribe is accompanied by a sheet of examples. But in the face of his diagrams Mr. Ruskin must be called upon to prove, first, the "stern anatomical law" appealed to; secondly, that these very specimens outrage it. If so, Nature is full of such outrages; and, as usual, Mr. Ruskin will at once furnish us with a peremptory contradiction of this assertion. When he says that "the trunks and boughs of trees are under as stern anatomical law as the limbs of an animal," he must be understood to mean, that any deviation from the rectilinear proportions of the skeleton are alike offensive in vegetable and in an-

imal nature; and to exemplify this paradox, a diagram of a distorted human form is introduced to illustrate the growth of Claude's trees. But in the very next page all this is reversed.

"Study this bit of Turner's work, note the subtle curvatures within the narrowest limits, and, when it branches, the unexpected, out-of-the-way things it does, just what nobody would have thought of its doing; shooting out like a letter Y with a nearly straight branch, and then correcting its stiffness with a zigzag behind. In what I have to say about trees, I shall need to dwell much on this character of unexpectedness. A bough is never drawn rightly if it is not wayward."—(*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 124.)

So that in one passage, trees are described as under "the same stern anatomical laws as the limbs of an animal," but in the next lines "waywardness" and "unexpectedness" are the indispensable characteristics of the treatment of vegetable forms by a great artist.

As we proceed in this singular chapter, more curious still are the licenses of definition which we have to master. Mr. Ruskin here, as elsewhere (especially in his architectural lucubrations), insists on the necessity of all the work which is nearest to the eye being the most delicate, forgetting that if the eye be fixed by such delicacy, there is small chance of its passing beyond the obtrusive detail to take in the entire scene, of which that detail is merely an accessory portion. In what manner does our lecturer recommend the truth of this canon to be tested? "If you will lie down on your breast on the next bank you come to (which is bringing it close enough, I should think, to give it all the force it is capable of), you will see clusters of leaves and grass close to your face." No doubt we may; and Mr. Ruskin favors us with a delicate drawing of leaves and grass (some of the latter, by the way, with its roots uppermost), to prove that the popular notion of "making foregrounds 'vigorous,' 'marked,' 'forcible,' 'and so on,'" is a lie, the propagation and acceptance of which is "wonderful." But unless we are to look on painted landscapes as a snail, a field-mouse, or a ground-lark does—though by lying down on our breasts we may learn what spathe and stem and straw are like,—we shall learn little for a painter's use. What is more (and this will sufficiently show the wanton incoherence of Mr. Ruskin's use of language), after having

thus solemnly spoken of such minute and close study of insulated details as a true test of "finish," he cites as foremost among the finishers the very two men whose pictures beyond almost any that exist will bear no near intimacy, "no lying down on the breast" close to their shells or pebbles, or thistle-tufts in the foreground—Titian and Tintoret; many of whose effects can only be seized from that arbitrary distance which the scene-painter calculates with mathematical nicety to make up for want of finish. That "scenic" and "minute" can bear the same meaning will seem inconceivable to those who have not studied the novel shades of English employed by Mr. Ruskin. But, supposing outline and picture admitted to be one and the same thing—supposing that a Covent Garden background and a Petitot enamel can be tried by the same rule, the student's faith in Mr. Ruskin's definitions is called to undergo yet more severe trials. The desire for perfection denounced by our Oracle as "base," because too audacious in its emulation of the one "only Finisher," must be further reconciled with such a saying as this, "*that no truly great man can be named in the Arts, but it is that of one who finished to his utmost.*"—(*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 127.) And Francia, Angelico, Durer, Hemling, Perugino, are to be extolled, because there is "the same striving in all to such utmost perfection as their knowledge and hand could reach."—(P. 128.) Mr. Ruskin trusts much to the modesty or to the forgetfulness of his readers; but he has trusted too much. Few of them can have forgotten that this author, who bids us admire the borage blossoms, painted petal by petal, in Titian's "Supper at Emmaus," and the snail-shells in the "Entombment," was but the other day the impassioned advocate of Turner, who, in the foreground of most of his recent landscapes, neglected delicacy of finish altogether.

Closely akin to this arrogance, which enables the lecturer to define as he pleases, in order that he may defend what he pleases, is the abuse of interpretation, as applied by him to what others have said or done. Incorrectness of observation, incoherence of system, are but (as it were) two leaves of the trefoil. To adopt Mr. Ruskin's own jargon—"by stern anatomical law" the third leaf must be injustice in imputation; and this has been

rarely if ever carried further than in this series of books. Let us illustrate Mr. Ruskin's real power of dealing with great works of art by his appreciation of Raphael—for we can discover nothing more decisive of his true value as a critic. According to Mr. Ruskin, Raphael thought of the Madonna somewhat after the following fashion:

"He could think of the Madonna now very calmly, with no desire to pour out the treasures of earth at her feet, or crown her brow with the golden shafts of heaven. He could think of her as an available subject for the display of transparent shadows, skillful tints, and scientific foreshortenings; as a fair woman, forming, if well painted, a pleasant piece of furniture for the corner of a boudoir, and best imagined by a combination of the beauties of the prettiest *contadinas*. He could think of her, in her last maternal agony, with academical discrimination; sketch in first her skeleton, invest her, in serene science, with the muscles of misery and the fibres of sorrow; then cast the grace of antique drapery over the nakedness of her desolation, and fulfill, with studious lustre of tears and delicately painted pallor, the perfect type of the "Mater Dolorosa."—(*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 52.)

It is impossible to apply the above description to the *Madonna di San Sisto*, to the *Madonna di Foligno*, without a quick protest of indignation. But the feeling need be but momentary. There is something in the coxcomby of Mr. Ruskin's allotment to Raphael of some pretty qualities and painstaking disposition—taken in conjunction with what he says of the "kicking gracefulness" of the accessory figures in Raphael's "Transfiguration"—which disarms us by the excess of its conceit. The Dogmatists and the Dellacruscans, after all, have much in common—the same exquisite self-satisfaction, the same delight in adjectives and epithets; the same happy assurance, that in their lips jargon becomes poetry, and flat assertion accepted truth.

In point of fact, Mr. Ruskin appears to us to be utterly incapable of comprehending either the greatness of conception or the refinement and ingenuity of execution, which mark the highest productions of the great painters. His mind is so unfortunately constituted that he analyses to the last excess what is intended to produce effect as a whole, though he generalizes in the same sweeping and extravagant manner when he is dealing with particulars. Let us take, for example, his

observations on that admirable and affecting work of Raphael, the "Charge to Peter," which even in the gallery of the cartoons is conspicuous above all its fellows for sublime and supernatural effect. Mr. Ruskin's description of that solemn scene amounts to this, that a couple of fishermen are tumbling over their nets on the beach of the Sea of Galilee, and that the others join them in the presence of our Lord and "eat their broiled fish as he bids."

"And then to Peter, all dripping still, shivering and amazed, staring at Christ in the sun on the other side of the coal fire, thinking a little, perhaps, of what happened by another coal fire, when it was colder, and having had no word once changed with him by his Master since that look of his; to him, so amazed, comes the question, 'Simon, lovest thou me?' Try to feel that a little, and think of it till it is true to you; and then take up that infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy—Raphael's cartoon of the Charge to Peter. Note first the bold fallacy—the putting *all* the apostles there, a mere lie to serve the papal heresy of the Petric supremacy, by putting them all in the background while Peter receives the charge, and making them all witnesses to it. Note the handsomely curled hair and neatly tied sandals of the men who had been out all night in the sea-mists and on the slimy decks. Note their convenient dresses for going a-fishing, with trains that lie a yard along the ground, and goodly fringes—all made to match an apostolic fishing costume. Note how Peter especially (whose chief glory was in his wet coat *girt* about him and naked limbs), is enveloped in folds and fringes, so as to kneel and hold his keys with grace. No fire of coals at all, nor lonely mountain shore, but a pleasant Italian landscape, full of villas and churches, and a flock of sheep to be pointed at; and the whole group of apostles, not round Christ, as they would have been naturally, but straggling away in a line that they may all be shown.

"The simple truth is, that the moment we look at the picture we feel our belief of the whole thing taken away. There is visibly no possibility of that group ever having existed, in any place or on any occasion. It is all a mere mythic absurdity, and faded concoction of fringes, muscular arms, and curly head of Greek philosophers.—(*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 54.)

As this is Mr. Ruskin's verdict on one of the finest works of Raphael, we are content to leave the worth of his writings to be weighed against the worth of that picture. That one or the other deserves the charge of "infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy," we have no doubt; but that one is *not* the work of Raphael. In the absence of any higher or better feelings in Mr. Ruskin, a little humility might

have spared us the pain of quoting a passage which is an outrage on the public taste; but to all such feelings it would be vain in this case to appeal. The charge of Christ to Peter, painted by a Catholic artist for the head of the Catholic Church, represents of course the divine commission to which that Church lays claim. But it also breathes the sublime spirit of that interview in which the Saviour, after his resurrection, assumed a more than human majesty and authority. The scene Raphael depicted was not that of a party of fishermen eating broiled fish on the beach of Galilee, but the solemn foundation of the Church itself, at once real and allegorical, and the parting charge of Christ to his disciples. It has been finely remarked by Mrs. Jameson, in speaking of the cartoons, that in them *the sense of power supercedes the appearance of effort*. But the sense of power is wanting in Mr. Ruskin; and whilst he mouths and gesticulates in presence of works which command the devout admiration of mankind, he is apparently unconscious that the deficiency he indicates is not in them but in himself.

Nor is it only the painters denounced by Mr. Ruskin, on whom he turns the "lamp" of his imputation and interpretation—he is still more weighty, still more marvellous, still more unerring, when he tells us how the poets whom he worships made their poems, entering into the chambers of imagery belonging to the mighty dead, instructing us why they left what they did leave there untouched, and what we are to think of all they have given us. In these chapters Mr. Ruskin has attempted to apply to literary criticism the principles which have led him to such unexpected conclusions in examining the works of the great painters; and we suspect that if the whole truth were told he is of opinion that as the art of landscape-painting began with the late Mr. Turner, so the art of fine writing began with Mr. Carlyle and himself, for he respectfully informs us that Mr. Carlyle is above all men the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of the author of these disquisitions. When, however, he asserts that all minute observation and relish of the aspects of Nature, such as bear on landscape painting, is a modern invention (which he assumes, with a simple patronage of Dante, Homer, Shakspere, that is edifying), he goes too far, in reasoning from his own particular habits to the general tastes and tendencies of

thoughtful and poetical men. That the Greek may have been Epicurean in his preference for landscape, "when subservient to human comfort, to the foot, to the taste, to the smell," is possible. That the mediæval "priest or layman, lover, or monk," may have restricted his intercourse with Nature within the seven divisions so tersely laid down by Mr. Ruskin, is also conceivable. Easy and fascinating, however, as is this manner of pronouncing on the sympathies, desires, and dreams of man belonging to the elder world, it can only be indulged in with some caution. Although expatiation and minute description are modern practices, such things as a love, a passion for, an intimacy with, Nature have existed and have been cherished among those who neither trained the recording hand nor commanded the discriminating tongue. Other eyes than those of Superstition may, in the old days, have watched the piled clouds of evening, and regarded them for their own beauty's sake, not as portents foretelling battles red with blood, or pestilence covering the land as with a pall. The monk may have frequented his small inclosure of garden with other thoughts beyond those of the simples and herbs which eked out his fare, and furnished him with his healing balsams. Indeed, Mr. Ruskin himself (skilled at advocating both sides of an argument) devotes one of his most elaborate chapters to explain that the writers of old who described Nature are not to be read by the dictionary of their own academies, but by the divining sense of a skilled reader.

His commentary on Dante, contained in chap. xiv. (of this third volume of "Modern Painters"), exhibits sophism in its most elaborate form of self-complacency. What, for instance, as published by a teacher of art, and an illustrator of art from the poets, can be more irresistible than a couple of passages such as the following? In the first we shall find that the poet of the "Divina Commedia" is complimented as having shown the accuracy of daguerreotype in depicting a grotesque precisely as Mr. Ruskin knows such a grotesque existed and behaved. No poet, our author has asserted, can describe with any felicity unless he draws "either from the bodily life or the life of faith."

"For instance," continues the passage, "Dante's Centaur, Chiron, dividing his beard with his ar-

row before he can speak, is a thing that no mortal would ever have thought of, if he had not actually seen the Centaur do it. They might have composed handsome bodies of men and horses, in all possible ways, through a whole life of pseudo-idealism, and yet never dreamed of any such thing. But the real living Centaur actually trotted across Dante's brain, and he saw him do it."—(*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 85.)

The hyperbolic nonsense of this compliment is worthy of the best period of the *Concettisti*; and only to be surpassed by the bombast elsewhere used by Mr. Ruskin to describe that "supernatural lion of Tintoret" (in his picture of the Doge Loredano before the Madonna), with the *plumes of his mighty wings clashed together in cloud-like repose*; or by the pedantry of Mr. Ruskin's speculations on the nature and properties of griffins, true and false. But the modern seer has yet more of the mighty Florentine's secrets in his intimate keeping. If we proceed a few chapters further, we shall find that if Dante was actual in showing us how a trotting Centaur can behave, he laid on his colors very awkwardly when attempting to describe Nature. After running riot among the reasons of the Mediævalists for their choice in coloring—not forgetting a thrust at *Renaissance* architects for having brought into art meal-color and ash-color, "with all their woes"—Mr. Ruskin proceeds as follows:

"Both colors, gray and brown, were to them (the mediævals) hues of distress, despair, and mortification—hence always adopted for the dresses of monks: only the word "brown" bore in their color-vocabulary a still gloomier sense than with us. I was for some time embarrassed by Dante's use of it with respect to dark skies and water. Thus, in describing a simple twilight, not a Hades twilight, but an ordinary fair evening (Inf. ii. 1), he says, the "brown" air took the animals of earth away from their fatigues; the waves under Charon's boat are "brown" (Inf. iii. 117); and Lethe, which is perfectly clear and yet dark, is "bruna-bruna," "brown, exceeding brown." Now, clearly in all these cases, no warmth is meant to be mingled in the color. Dante had never seen one of our bog-streams, with its porter-colored foam; and there can be no doubt that in calling Lethe brown, he means it was dark slate gray, inclining to black; as for instance, our clear Cumberland lakes, which, looked straight down upon where they are deep, seem to be lakes of ink. I am sure this is the color he means; So when he was talking of twilight, his eye for color was far too good to let him call it brown in our sense. Twilight is not brown, but purple, golden, or dark gray: and this last was what

Dante meant But one day, just when I was puzzling myself about this, I happened to be sitting by one of our best living modern colorists, watching him at his work, when he said, suddenly, or by mere accident, after we had been talking of other things, "Do you know I have found that there is no brown in nature?" What we call brown is always a variety of either orange or purple. It never can be represented by umber, unless altered by contrast."—(*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 240–41.)

We recollect few exercises of auto-cracy more pleasant than the above. It is consolatory, however, to be assured that Dante knew what purple was, though he talked of brown. It would be pleasanter still to hear Mr. Ruskin and the great "living colorist," his friend, explain the tones of certain pictures by Rembrandt, or by our author's idol, Tintoret, according to this new arrangement and expurgation of the palette. We do not apprehend that any difficulty would be felt—any discrepancy owned—any shame testified on the occasion. Mr. Ruskin has always some trick at hand to save his own idols from utter destruction.

The interpreter of art may proclaim himself infallible, while interpreting every other claim to infallibility as evil, mundane, pagan, and prideful. It is in some such fit of wanton immodesty, that our oracle, in completion of his defence of incompleteness in this "third volume," exhibits to the worshippers of art the utter worthlessness of all teaching, invites them, with the authority of one who has lectured, to believe in no lecturer. It is curious, after all this jargon concerning "purple," and "brown," and "orange," and "slate-gray," to find Mr. Ruskin pointing out that it is an actual necessity, in order to obtain power of coloring, that a nation should be "half savage." He asserts that "nobody can color anywhere, except the Hindoos and Chinese;" and records his assurance that "in a little while, people will find out their mistake, and give up talking about rules of color, and then everybody will color again, as easily as they now talk." Was it needful to write a library of precepts only to arrive at such a precept as this?

As a last illustration of the spirit in which this book "of many things" is written, of the truth which may be expected from its author, of the soundness of his judgment as a critic, and of his self-respect as a collector diligent in quali-

fying himself for his task, let us advert to his dealings with what may be called the collateral branches of his subject. Mr. Ruskin treats of the relations of art with civilization and society, and its reflection in literature, in the 16th and 17th chapters of this third volume, those devoted to "Modern Landscape," and to "the Moral of Landscape." That one who has fathomed the secrets of the ancient authors should also be able anew to judge and appraise the moderns, can be no mystery or cause of surprise. That a lecturer on art, who points out the uselessness of all lecturing to the artist, who would have the student fling to the winds all such academical discoveries as perspective and *chiaro oscuro*, who delivers his testimony in favor of bright colors, which can only reach their perfection when the colorist is in a state of savagery, should also hold peculiar ideas in morals, and politics, and civilization, was but to be expected. These "Latter-day Prophets" deal with no question by halves. Thus we find Mr. Ruskin launching off into the old diatribe against modern inventions and modern society, with a huge disdain of fact and possibility. The progress of the human intellect (a divine gift intrusted to man for man's improvement) is denounced, as a cheating and feverish delusion; and our author declares that the highest faculties of the human creature should be devoted uninterruptedly to watch the corn grow or the blossoms set, to "draw hard breath over ploughshare and spade." Long before this new school of believers in barbarism sprung up, the skeptics, tired of all established religions, were in the habit of expressing their discontent by satirizing every sign of progress and civilization. Long before Mr. Ruskin began to rhapsodize in favor of his stripes of primitive scarlet and blue, the painted savage was set up by many a French *bel esprit* and *philosophe* as a living example of wisdom, experience, and virtue, deserving the worship of rational and educated creatures. To denounce what never can be undone, to preach what never can be done, is one of the most stale resources of the fanatic; but it denotes a mind unsettled in its convictions, unstable in its principles, and falling from paradox to paradox into the abyss of skepticism and infidelity. For, as if resolute to destroy all such respect for his sincerity as may linger in some corner of the hearts of those who have

been enchanted by sonorous periods and bold assertions, in the seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of this "third volume," Mr. Ruskin does his best to discredit all minute observation of Nature as a humor characteristic of modern times, as false, morbid, and belonging to a time of unbelief and to a race of blasphemers!

Few essays by a man in whom trust has been reposed, and in whom genius must be recognized, are more amazing than Mr. Ruskin's lucubrations on the authors whom he refers to as having written concerning Nature, or than his classification of those among whom the passion for Nature was intense or subordinate. Walter Scott, we are told, was sorrowful, skeptical as an author, "inherently and consistently sad;" a politician whose love of liberty was at the root of all his Jacobite tendencies in politics; a man who believed in "destiny" (which Mr. Ruskin defines to be "not a matter of faith at all, but of sight"). But the love of Nature was *intense* in Anne Radclyffe (whose moon that rose twice in the same night has been a stock joke for these twenty years past;) it is intense in M. Eugene Sue, who is credited with having produced a beautiful pastoral scene in "Les Mystères de Paris," having *Fleur de Marie* for its shepherdess; whereas in Milton, despite of his "L'Allegro," despite of his "Lycidas," despite of his "Paradise Lost," the love of Nature is described as "*subordinate*."

We shall not follow Mr. Ruskin through the pages of æsthetic autobiography by which he has illustrated the "Moral of Landscape," from the day when this infant prodigy was taken by his nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag on Derwent-water, to the time when Scott's *Monastery* became his favorite book, and he lived "with a general presence of White Lady everywhere." These particulars will no doubt be of permanent interest to those who may hereafter examine the life of so remarkable an individual. Nor can we charge ourselves with an analysis of the

political rhapsody which terminates this volume, though we are told in Mr. Ruskin's finest language, that "the helmed and sworded skeleton that rakes with its white fingers the sands of the Black Sea beach into grave heap after grave heap, washed by everlasting surf of tears, has been to our countrymen an angel of other things than agony" (p. 335): and that "the scarlet of the blood which has sealed this covenant will be poured along the clouds of a new Aurora, glorious in that eastern heaven; for every sob of wrecked breaker round those Pontic precipices, the floods shall clap their hands between the guarded mounts of the Prince Angel." (P. 339.) To these elevated regions it is impossible for us to pursue Mr. Ruskin, and as for the "guarded mounts of the Prince Angel," we have not a conception where they are, unless this singular expression conveys an allusion to St. Michael's Mount, which is now turned into a prison or a madhouse.

We have already bestowed on this volume more space than its merits deserve, but its gross and glaring extravagancies and defects constitute a strong claim to notice. It is the worst book of a bad series of books, mischievous to art, mischievous to literature, but mischievous above all to those young and eager minds, animated by the love of art and of literature, which may mistake this declamatory trash for substantial or stimulating food. We are the less disposed to acquit Mr. Ruskin because he is not altogether without faculties which might have made him a useful and an elegant writer. His style, when it is not too inflated, is generally perspicuous, and sometimes forcible; his perceptions are acute; he is not devoid of industry or even of taste. But all these qualities are perverted and destroyed by the entire absence of masculine judgment, by the failure of the logical faculty, and by a strange propensity to mistake the illusions of his own fancy or his own vanity for the laws of reality and the principles of truth.

From Fraser's Magazine.

REMARKABLE CRIMINAL TRIALS.*

THIS collection of criminal trials has already reached its second series, and its twenty-third volume. So long as human nature is subject to the workings of violent passions, or until some remedy be found by religion, philosophy, or philanthropy to check the natural tendency of man to criminal excess, we do not see why the collection should ever come to an end.

The editors are Dr. J. C. Hitzig, a criminal judge of considerable repute, and Dr. W. Haring, who began life as a jurist, but deserted the thorny career of the law for the more flowery paths of literature: he is better known as a novelist, under the pseudonyme of Willibald Alexis. Dr. Hitzig died during the progress of the work, and we fancy we can trace in the volumes published since his death, the predominance of the romantic over the judicial element.

The title, we need scarce remind our readers, is taken from the name of Guyot de Pitaval, the author of the *Causes Célèbres*, from which, as well as from Feuerbach's work, the most striking materials have been selected; interspersed with cases taken from the criminal records of ancient and modern times in France, England, Germany and Spain.

Dr. Hitzig was in England, and present at the trial of Courvoisier; he expresses his admiration at the manner in which irrelevant matter is excluded in an English court of justice. From some observations, however, on the trial of Abraham Thornton—the last case on record where wager of battle was demanded—his colleague seems to think that this eliminating process is occasionally carried to an excess in this country. In England, a strong

light is thrown upon the conduct of the accused just before the occurrence of the crime for which he is arraigned. Dr. Haring would be better pleased if, as in Germany, the inquiry took a larger scope, and was extended to the criminal's former life. It is obvious that, although an English trial affords admirable mental exercise, it does not present the same features of dramatic or psychological interest as a criminal suit in Germany or in France. We will not, however, detain our readers with a discussion on the relative merits of English or German procedure, but will at once proceed to the book.

The first case we will select is that of Bernhard Hartung. In the original German it occupies 154 pages, but we have considerably condensed the details. Hartung was born on 18th Sept., 1819, at Burg, in Prussia; and was sent, at the age of fifteen, to England, to learn the trade of a merchant. He then went to Magdeburg, where, some years afterwards, he married his first wife, Emma Büniger. He entered into various unsuccessful speculations. In 1849 his first wife died of the cholera; and in 1850 he married his second wife, Marie Branconnier, who died in the same year, and to whom we shall have to revert. He subsequently married a third wife, who survived him.

In 1852, Hartung was living in Magdeburg, and was considered by his fellow-citizens a man of decent fortune, and of more than average ability. Great was the consternation in Magdeburg when it was reported that he had poisoned his aunt; it was then rumored that his second wife, besides various other people, had been poisoned by him. As he was supposed to be rich, his crime was put down to the instigations of the Evil One.

Those, however, who had a more intimate knowledge of his affairs, ceased to wonder. They knew that Hartung was a distressed man, and his crime was taken

* *Der Neue Pitaval: eine Sammlung der interessantesten Criminal Geschichten aller Länder aus Alterer und Neuerer Zeit* (The New Pitaval: a Collection of the most interesting Criminal Trials of all Countries, in Ancient and Modern Times). Leipzig: 1842-55.

at once out of the category of romance, and sank into the class of commonplace murders; and yet there were circumstances that invest Hartung's case with no ordinary interest.

On the evening of the 21st January, 1852, Bernhard Hartung returned home later than usual. He had been to several of his friends for pecuniary assistance. So low was he reduced that he had even asked his partner for a loan of ten thalers—about thirty shillings—and had been refused. He was therefore in urgent want of money, when, on returning home, he found his aunt, a certain Emma Schröder, sitting with his wife.

The two women welcomed him with playful allusions to the lateness of the hour. The aunt, a woman of an excitable and lively temperament, related to him how the children had kept her a long time listening to their prattle, and ended by saying: "As I was going to leave them, I told them to lie down and go to sleep: they answered me, 'Papa has not yet been to see us, or to hear us say our prayers.'" The aunt then heard them say their little prayers one after another.

During this conversation, Hartung's eye wandered round the room; and on his wife suggesting that they should have some supper, he said he must go out again, which he did, after eating one mouthful: he promised to return instantly.

Before the women expected it he returned, and not empty-handed; he brought back some open tartlets, of which dainty Emma Schröder was extremely fond.

He laughingly asked his wife to give him two dessert plates, and placed one plate, with a tartlet in it, on the right, nearly opposite his aunt's seat, the other he placed not far from where his wife was going to sit. Each took the plate nearest to her; Hartung stood watching the pleased look with which the two women ate the tartlets. Meanwhile he took another tartlet out of his pocket, of which he ate the greater part, leaving a bit for his wife. He incidentally mentioned to them the precarious position of the confectioner where he had bought the tartlets, who was ruined for the want of a few hundred thalers. The conversation then turned to music, and his aunt, who gave lessons in singing, spoke of some new songs which she could sing. She sat down, at Hartung's request, to the piano, and played a piece of music, while Hartung turned

the leaves for her. He then sat down to the piano, and played from recollection something which his aunt had just played, his aunt approvingly standing by, and praising him for his musical talent. They became more interested in the music; Hartung's wife sat neglected on the sofa, and a feeling of melancholy came over her, which at last found relief in tears. Hartung rushed to comfort her, and on asking why she was crying, whether he had annoyed or hurt her, she said that she was thinking of the unhappy confectioner, ruined for the want of a few hundred thalers. Little did she think of the results which the want of a few hundred thalers would produce in her husband's case.

Meanwhile, what with music, talking, crying, and administering comfort, the hours fled rapidly, and at ten the aunt rose to go, promising to come again the next day. Hartung was going to accompany his aunt down stairs, but she stopped him, saying he was heated with playing, and he saw her go with a perfectly impassive face.

Shortly after midnight his aunt, Emma Schröder, was awakened by terrible cramps and spasms, which lasted till morning, when she sank into a state of torpor. When the doctor came, he gave no hopes. Hartung was sent for, but did not answer the summons, as she had often been subject to similar spasms, which had passed. He went quietly to his office. But on messages coming in rapid succession, that she was worse, he hurried to her, towards three o'clock in the evening, when it was just too late: she was dead. Hartung rushed into the room, and threw himself, overpowered with grief, on the bed where she lay. After his first paroxysms of grief were passed, he asked the probable cause of her illness. Some one remarked that the deceased had attributed it to the tartlet, and had said she was poisoned. Hartung did not change a muscle, but attributed her remark to delirium, and so thought all the bystanders.

Hartung inquired after the state of his aunt's money, and on receiving the key of her secretaire, he said he would take what she had, and place it with a banker, for division among her heirs.

Hartung found some small sum, scarcely sufficient for the expenses of the funeral. He looked for papers, and took all the articles of trifling value with him in a parcel.

He hurried the funeral, chiefly, as he said, for the sake of the other people in the house, but added: "I had rather that she were buried on Saturday, otherwise I shall spoil all my Sunday." She accordingly was buried on Saturday. At first people wondered at the suddenness of the poor woman's death, and the speedy burial; but the illness was pronounced to be indigestion, and after a few days no one thought any more about her.

The Sunday following her burial he employed in looking over her papers, and dividing her property between the heirs. He inserted also a notice in the Magdeburg paper, that all who owed Emma Schröder any money were to address themselves to him. This made public his connection with the deceased, suggested a motive for her death; it was remarked as curious that Bernhard Hartung was unlucky with his relations—they died quickly.

Thus suspicion was again roused. Hartung's character underwent scrutiny; facts came out which made it possible that the smallest sum of money was necessary to him. It was said, too, that the doctor who had attended his two previous wives—who were supposed to have died of cholera, which was prevalent at that time in Magdeburg—had observed strange symptoms in the death of these two women, which he was ready to detail before a criminal court.

In consequence of these rumors, Bernhard Hartung was put under arrest on the 28th of January, 1852.

His only remark on being taken was: "I wish I had known it early this morning"—in other words, he would have fled to America.

At his first examination—a process somewhat analogous to our coroner's inquest—he displayed a degree of self-possession and calmness that usually only accompanies innocence. He repelled every imputation as wicked slander; he claimed his release as a right; his business would suffer, more especially as his partner was then absent. His behavior produced the desired effect. The police magistrate before whom the case was brought almost doubted the man's guilt, his perfect calmness carried with it such an appearance of truth.

The case came then before the examining judge (*untersuchungsrichter*). At the second hearing, Hartung was in excellent heart: he was convinced that his manner

and his unspotted reputation would have the same effect upon the examining judge as it had in the first instance upon the police magistrate, namely, that it would produce a conviction that he was innocent, and must be discharged from want of proof; he had not taken into account the moral influence which a skillful examining judge can bring to bear upon the accused.

It was evening, and two candles placed on the green table gave just sufficient light to distinguish objects.

Hartung had no personal knowledge of the judge. They bowed to each other, and the judge, while explaining why he was brought there, fixed his eye upon Hartung. The clear, simple manner in which the grounds of suspicion against Hartung were arrayed before him—suspicions which Hartung had flattered himself he had allayed—staggered him. This did not escape the judge, who placed before him in a few words the only means by which he could free himself from the pangs of conscience: he should make a clean breast of it, and thus effect his peace with God and man. Hartung evidently wavered under the influence of an entirely new sensation. He could no longer sustain his old theatrical bearing: it seemed to him as if giant proofs of guilt were within the grasp of the man who spoke as calmly and as surely of his guilt as if he actually had his confession in his pocket. This emotion on the part of Hartung was increased when he learnt the name of his judge—one who had made himself famous by the success with which, by his cross-examinations, he had extorted the truth from unwilling criminals. That this man should cross his path, staggered Hartung, alarmed and torn by various conflicting emotions. Hartung asked for a private audience; after some delay, the judge's assistant quitted the table, and on the judge asking the accused whether he was guilty or not guilty, Hartung placed his hand upon his forehead, and answered, "Partly so." This answer not satisfying the judge, Hartung, with strong emotion, replied, "Yes! yes! I am guilty!" The judge took advantage of Hartung's state of mind to ask him why he had committed this murder; whether from hatred, from personal or pecuniary motives. Hartung hesitated, but confessed that he wanted the money, which came to him as next heir. Having said so much that was true, he then made a ram-

bling statement to the effect that he had heard his aunt was going to marry some one, and that if there were children he should lose the inheritance—the whole story being an invention through which the judge seems to have seen; he pinned him to the fact that pressing pecuniary embarrassment drove him to crime—a conviction which Hartung contended against in every way. Rather than confess to poverty, he was content to cover the deceased woman with ridicule by accusing Emma Schröder, a woman of forty-two, of having a love affair with a young man half her age.

Hartung then described to the judge, by his desire, what took place on the evening of the 21st January. He stated that when he found his aunt sitting with his wife that evening, he had gone out with the express intention of getting some open tartlets, and of filling the fruity portion of the one for his aunt with arsenic. His project had completely succeeded. She had taken the tartlet next to her, and had remarked upon its odd taste. The arsenic he kept in a paper behind a large trunk; when he returned from purchasing the tartlets, he powdered one of them with the poison. To the question "what would he have done had his wife taken the poisoned tartlet?" he said that in that case he had a third tartlet ready, and would have found some excuse for changing one for the other.

There was nothing to throw any doubt upon this confession, although the prisoner subsequently retracted it.

The body of Emma Schröder was exhumed. It was a sunny morning in February; the deceased was unchanged; all trace of pain had disappeared from the face; she looked like one in a gentle sleep. Some one had placed a monthly rose in her cold hand; the rose likewise was as fresh as if just plucked from the stem. The rose was carefully laid on one side while the body was opened, and was as carefully replaced when it was again lowered into the grave.

Hartung was conducted to the coffin in which lay the cold figure of his victim; he was asked if that was his aunt, Emma Schröder; he had the nerve to look steadily at the corpse, and to answer in the affirmative with a firm voice.

Undoubted traces of arsenic were found in the intestines; there was no further need of inquiry in this case. More-

over, on diligent search being made in Hartung's house, preparations containing arsenic were found; but, besides, enough pure arsenic was found hidden behind a bookcase, to poison half a village. Hartung strenuously denied any knowledge of this large quantity of arsenic. He persisted in maintaining that he had used all the arsenic he had in the house on poisoning his aunt.

At the close of the second examination the judge asked Hartung whether he was not guilty of other crimes, and was disposed to confess them. But he denied his guilt with an oath. The court was as little satisfied with this declaration as was the general public.

Meanwhile the number of his victims had increased from hour to hour; nothing could be too gross for belief: every one who had died within several years was put down to Hartung's account.

Among the victims in his own family, the public reckoned his mother, his grandmother, his stepmother, his first and second wife. From among these the court selected his second wife, Marie Brancnionier, as a subject of inquiry.

When the judge told Hartung that there was every reason to suspect him guilty of the death of his first and second wife, Hartung, who had recovered his self-possession, declared with great pathos that he was innocent. On the judge detailing the grounds of his suspicion, Hartung exclaimed: "I will stake the salvation of my children if any other crime can be laid to my charge." The vehemence of this asseveration stopped the judge, who did not attempt then to press the charge further.

We must now go back a few years in our story.

In the year 1850, Hartung's second wife, Marie Brancnionier, a fresh, lively girl of twenty, the daughter of a doctor, was still living. Very much against her will, Hartung persuaded her to insure her life in a Lubec Life Insurance Office. This insurance, however, was never completed. He then managed to get his wife's name inserted, instead of his own, in a policy he held in a Hamburg Life Insurance Office, called "the Hammonia," for which office he acted as agent.

The cholera, of which there had been a few cases, now began to be rife in Magdeburg.

Hartung's pecuniary matters seemed to

be more prosperous than they had hitherto been. His position in the town of Magdeburg was secured. He had a nice house, made much parade about a new business he had started in gutta-percha, and was very active getting policies for "the Hammonia." Nevertheless it would not do, the pressure for money was great. It was with difficulty that his wife obtained a sum of three hundred and seventy-five thalers from her mother. This sum staved off immediate difficulties, but did not materially better his circumstances.

The next thing he did was to get his wife, who was a minor, declared of age. No one saw the object of this step, as she had no fortune. He then left her with her mother, and returned to Magdeburg.

He had scarcely gone before symptoms of cholera appeared, but her strong young nature triumphed over the insidious disease, and she returned in a few days quite well to her husband's house.

Meanwhile, Hartung had effected the substitution he wished, of his wife's name for his own in the Hammonia Insurance Office at Hamburg, and he felt secure now. Should any misfortune happen, no one, he thought, could contest with him the five thousand marks for which he had insured her life.

Hartung himself was suddenly attacked with symptoms of the prevailing epidemic; he showed the greatest fear, took every sort of palliative, and at last was persuaded by his anxious wife to go to bed, where he was nursed by her with the greatest care. She never left him; her own hands prepared the gruel, which she then took to him.

On her coming out of his room, and being asked to sit down to dinner, she said: "I am not hungry—I have had some of Hartung's gruel."

A few hours afterwards she sickened suddenly, and suffered fearfully. She died, and with her died an unborn babe.

Nothing could exceed the panic about the cholera that this death caused in Magdeburg. No one had the slightest suspicion of Hartung. How could any one imagine a sick man poisoning her who had watched him at the peril of her own life! The sympathy for his loss was universal.

Meanwhile Hartung recovered; and his first occupation was to put all the necessary papers in order. The very next day after his wife's death he was seen with the

policy in his hands. Some one came in to condole with him. "How lucky," said he, "it is that I have not yet got the policy of the Lubeck Insurance Office; people might otherwise talk about it." He then took his friend in to see the dead body of his wife, and actually detailed the whole history of her sickening and of her subsequent most painful death. On the following day she was buried.

The doctor's certificate gave Asiatic cholera as the cause of death, but the directors of the Hammonia Insurance Office had their suspicions. It struck the company as curious that Hartung had so suddenly exchanged his wife's name for his own; and an angry correspondence ensued between the company and their agent on the subject. However, a portion of the insurance was paid in August, and the remainder shortly afterwards.

Hartung now sold his house and his gutta-percha business, and started as a bookseller. This being settled, he determined to marry again, for the third time. He now married Alwine Schütze, and settled again in Magdeburg; but his affairs were again embarrassed; money was essential. This time he selected his aunt for his victim.

To return, however, to Marie Branconnier. Her body was exhumed in April, 1852, in the presence of the Criminal Commission and of the doctors, among whom was the doctor who had attended the unhappy girl's death-bed, and had expended all his resources in vainly attempting to stay the progress of an evil that baffled all medical skill. It was of the deepest importance for him to attain conviction on a point that he had before surmised. He at once identified the body before him as that of Marie Branconnier.

The results of the chemical examinations were similar to those in Emma Schröder's case; they found sufficient arsenic in the woman's body to account for death. In this case the proof was not absolute, as in that of his aunt, but the chain of evidence was sufficiently complete. When Hartung was told that arsenic had been found in the body of his second wife, he manifested no emotion. He had had time to recover his self-possession. He incidentally remarked that his wife had known that he had arsenic in his possession. If he intended by this to suggest that she might have destroyed herself, he did not urge this any further—the character of the

young girl was against such a surmise.

At length he said: "I quite understand that the judges will find me guilty. They will condemn me, and I wish it to be so. If I knew that matters would be shortened thereby, I would at once say I did the deed."

On the 3d March, 1853, the case was brought before the Magdeburg jury. The court was crowded, and a breathless silence prevailed when the President asked Hartung whether he was guilty of the crime laid to his charge. The prisoner answered, without hesitation, and with matchless calmness: "Not guilty."

The spectators were prepared for much, but such an announcement they did not expect.

When asked how this statement could be reconciled with the confession he had made with respect to his aunt, he entered into a rambling detail of his whole previous life. How he was born to bad luck, that every thing he undertook failed, and he was not responsible for his actions. Then he said that the prospect of a long imprisonment had induced him to urge any excuse that might hasten the examination, and thus place him in a position to prove his innocence. He suggested that his aunt might have poisoned herself through carelessness. He then went on to say she had tried several means to make herself look younger and prettier: her constant illness during the latter years of her life had its origin in this.

He likewise denied that he had poisoned his second wife, Marie Branconnier. He urged that if he wished to kill her, he would have chosen some better time. He would have waited till the policy on her life had been completed in the Lubeck Insurance Company. He also would surely have waited till her child had been born, as there would have been this advantage, the child, as heir, would have secured to him the whole of its mother's property.

Meanwhile a letter was put in and read which had been found shortly before the assizes, hidden in the prisoner's bed. One passage was to this effect: "My request is this: I wish to call you to bear witness that my wife once said to me, 'I had rather destroy myself than survive to see my husband bankrupt.'" Hartung acknowledged having written this letter, but said it was done to try the honesty of one Hundt, his fellow-prisoner.

The counsel for the prosecution and the prisoner's advocate were now heard, and after a clear summing up of the judge, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty as regarding Emma Schröder. In the case of Marie Branconnier the jury was not so certain.

During the whole of the trial, Hartung had preserved his usual self-possession, and he stood equally unmoved when the judge pronounced sentence of death upon him for the murder of his aunt, Emma Schröder; he was acquitted on the charge of the murder of his wife.

In prison Hartung occupied his leisure in writing his last will and testament, and a memoir of his life, remarkable for its sickly sentimentality. He says a curse hung over him from his very youth, and that his father had died telling him that he would never be fortunate. But besides this memoir he composed aphorisms, and an opera on the subject of Gretna-green marriages.

In prison, Dr. Freiderich Crusius, the chaplain of this jail, had access to Hartung, and at length, with difficulty, succeeded in inducing Hartung to make a confession of guilt.

"Late in the evening (says Dr. Crusius, in his published account of Hartung's last days*) I went again to the prison, as it is my custom to visit those condemned to death several times a day during the last days of their life. . . . After I had been some time alone with the criminal, the jail inspector came in, and an unbroken cross fire was kept up upon the bulwark of lies of the prisoner's hardened heart—for a long time in vain. The contest lasted two whole hours. The jail inspector related how he had held in his hands the bones of Hartung's unborn child. God then suggested to me an idea which might bring about the most important results. When I remembered what Hartung had said on the subject of the suicide of his wife, I sprang up from my seat near the criminal, stood opposite to him, seized his shoulder with my left hand, and exclaimed with a loud voice:

"You lie, Hartung, your wife did not poison herself; one shortly about to become a mother cannot poison herself. No, of a

* Der Kaufmann Otto Bernhard Hartung, oder die letzten Lebensstage eines Giftmischers. Magdeburg. 1854.

surety she did not poison herself. You are her murderer.'

"With the other hand I seized his right hand, and urged him to confess. He then began to tremble, and a blush stole over his face.

"To-morrow," said he, 'I will confess.'

"Nay, Hartung, to-day; you did poison your wife.'

"His heart was then oppressed, and the confession, that he it was who did it, was wrung from his lips."

Hartung had appealed, but in vain, to the king. He expiated his crimes on the scaffold on the 7th December, 1853.

Hartung is described as a small, thin man, with a pleasant appearance, his face rather long, and his forehead high, the eyes grayish, and somewhat concealed behind dark eyebrows. There was, however, a sinister look of mingled cunning and contempt, that betrayed itself in the play of the mouth.

As a contrast to the cowardly poisoner for mere money, we will now present our readers with a case more like romance. we make no excuse for giving it much more in full. !

Between the years 1820 and 1830 the district of Schaumburg, in Electoral Hesse, was infested by a band of very active thieves, and several burglaries, as well as minor thefts, were committed. The stolen goods were mostly such as could be readily disposed of in ordinary trade, and this gave rise to the suspicion that the thieves acted in concert with some person in trade, a suspicion which was subsequently confirmed by investigation.

Sophia Eleanor, the wife of Joseph Scheurer, a blacksmith in the town of Obernkirchen, carried on a very thriving trade as general dealer and broker; things prospered with her, and she had the reputation of being well to do in the world. It is hard to conceive how, under such circumstances, a woman of seventy could be tempted to resort to unlawful means of gain; but covetousness drove her to the most odious courses in pursuit of money, and in securing her ill-gotten wealth.

She had no want of customers, but liked to deal almost exclusively in things which cost her little or nothing; and as she was either too honest, too old, or too indolent to steal with her own hands, she bought chiefly of those who could not venture to

put their own price on things, but were forced to be content with any thing she chose to offer; and, at last, she not only received stolen goods, but incited others to steal and bring her their booty.

She contrived to enlist three thoughtless, daring young men of the neighborhood in her service, and bespoke from them any thing for which she had a demand at the time—provisions, clothes, furniture, and the like, for which she fixed the price. These were Johan Heinrich Seidenfaden, a shoemaker at Kolshagen, in the district of Obernkirchen; George Frederick Moller, a blacksmith; and Caspar Funk, also a smith, both of the town of Obernkirchen itself.

Seidenfaden, the natural son of a Hessian hussar, the wildest of the three, was about thirty in the year 1825. When only seventeen, he had robbed his master of seventeen louis d'ors, and, after a year's imprisonment, had led a disorderly kind of life, by turns a peddler, a messenger, and a day-laborer. He had married in the year 1820, and had children, but had at various times been punished for attempted rape, for poaching, and other minor offences.

Moller, the blacksmith, was in character and in fortune the counterpart of Seidenfaden. He, too, was the natural son of a Hessian hussar, had learned just as little at school, and had equally little love for honest industry or sense of religion. He, too, had been deserted by his father, and so neglected by a profligate mother, that, as a boy, he was clothed in rags, and had to subsist by begging. In the eleventh and thirteenth years of his age he had been whipped for thieving, after which he learned the trade of a blacksmith, and then became a soldier in the service of Curhessen. After twice undergoing punishment as a deserter, he was drummed out of the service for an assault on civilians. Moreover, he had been sentenced to hard labor for poaching, and some other disgraceful offences, but had since married, and was the father of several children.

With regard to the third confederate, Caspar Funk, all that appears is, that he was very like the other two, but as it would seem, less skillful or less lucky.

The police had long had an eye on these men; indeed, an investigation had already been set on foot against Seiden-

faden, and his apprehension was about to be decreed when Funk was arrested in the act of breaking into a house in the town of Sachsenhagen, during the course of the year 1826. He, however, contrived to escape across the Hanoverian frontier, and got work with a smith at Alfeld. At the end of a fortnight, however, he was re-arrested, on a requisition from the court of Obernkirchen, and was to be carried back thither by gendarmes. During the journey, however, he contrived to break out of prison in the village of Elze, and his quickness of foot and thorough knowledge of the country rendered all pursuit vain.

He had the audacity to steal back at dusk into his mother's house at Obernkirchen. She implored him to run away instantly, as he was not safe there for one moment, having been inquired for already. He succeeded in joining his two confederates unperceived, but they, too, advised him to be off at once, for fear of getting them all into trouble; they told him to hide himself somewhere in the neighborhood until they could take measures for his safety.

About two miles from Obernkirchen is a tract of forest called Brückeberg; near this place is a lonely hill-side called the "Firs," far from any road, and crossed by an almost impassable footpath, which is scarcely ever traversed by any human being. To this spot Funk fled, and hid himself, to wait for better times. He dug a hole in the earth as a shelter against cold and pursuit, and staid there for nine days, scantily supplied with food by Seidenfaden and Moller, who stole cautiously to his hiding-place; but he could not endure the confinement of his den, and made nocturnal expeditions in search of food or other booty; and on the tenth day, when the two confederates went to receive the commands of their patroness, Mrs. Scheurer, she overwhelmed them with reproaches, and asked what they meant by letting Funk wander about the neighborhood, as he would be sure to get them all into trouble by his imprudence and his tongue. She became more and more violent, and at last declared that the man who was able to ruin them all must be put out of the way, and rendered harmless. The two men agreed, or at all events did not contradict her. Mrs. Scheurer then promised to give five dollars and a quart of brandy to the man who should "make away" with Funk—at least,

so Moller and Seidenfaden afterwards declared.

What is quite certain is that they shared Mrs. Scheurer's fears, and that they combined, whether in so many words or by a sort of tacit understanding seems doubtful, to put Caspar Funk out of the way, in order to secure themselves against treachery or indiscretion on his part.

One night, accordingly, they stole privately to Brückeberg, carrying a pickaxe, a spade, some bread, bacon, and the brandy which Mrs. Scheurer had given them. The moon shone brightly as they came beneath the firs and whistled, as a signal to Caspar, who immediately joined them. It appears that they remained standing at the usual place of meeting, and that Funk then led them to his hiding-place for the first time, on their telling him that they had come to help him to make his hole deeper and warmer. If such was the case, it would seem that a certain distrust already existed among the confederates, which, however, vanished on Caspar's part when he saw the food and drink which he needed so much, and the tools which he was told were destined to make his dwelling-place more comfortable. He little knew that the brandy was intended to stupefy, and the tools to bury him.

On reaching the hole, they all three set to work with pick and shovel by turns, until they were tired. They then sat down to refresh themselves, and gave their poor starved and frozen comrade so large a share of the quart of brandy that he got drunk, lay down beside the hole, and fell asleep. As he lay there on his back, his skull was fractured with the axe, and he died without uttering a sound. Whose hand wielded the axe is still somewhat doubtful, although the examining judge concluded that it was Moller's. Be that as it may, the murderer, whichever it was, now called upon his comrade to help him to conceal the traces of the deed. Day was already breaking, and the confederates set to work to bury the murdered man in his own lurking-place. With considerable difficulty they got the body in, filled up the hole with earth, and covered it, as well as they were able in the time, with turf and dry brushwood to hide the freshly turned-up earth.

The disappearance of Funk, a thief, for whose apprehension rewards were offered,

created no surprise in the minds of the authorities or the police; none but a few of his own wild associates had any misgivings as to his possible fate. One day, however, more than a year after, in August, 1826, a stone-breaker, named Keil, had been working in the quarry of Brückeburg with Moller, and returned with him at evening to Obernkirchen, where they both lived. As they went along the footpath through the forest, which was their shortest way home, Keil said that he should much like to know what had become of Caspar. The question probably was not altogether accidental, for it came out in the end that Keil was in some degree implicated in the transaction, or at least that the accomplices had intended him to bear a part in it, as they had great confidence in him. Moller answered, with a sly look: "What will you give me if I tell you?" Keil rejoined: "I would not mind giving any man a dollar who would tell me the truth." They soon struck a bargain, by which he was to give a dollar and a half, and then to learn what he wanted to know.

Moller hereupon led him in among the fir trees beside the path, until they reached a small mound. On it he stopped, and said: "As true as that I stand here, Caspar lies buried under the earth beneath my feet since more than a year." Although Keil bound himself to secrecy by every sort of oath, Moller could not be induced to tell him the name of the murderer.

Spite of all his oaths and protestations, Keil did not keep the secret. In the same manner that Moller had betrayed the affair to him, he betrayed to the gendarme Kalb of Obernkirchen, that he knew something about it, and Kalb got all he knew out of him without even paying him for it.

The gendarme, as in duty bound, at once gave information to the court, and on the 19th January, 1827, Keil, Seidenfaden and Moller were arrested. Being charged with the murder of Caspar Funk, they were put in chains, and sent to the prison in which persons under examination are confined. The authorities did not scruple to proceed in this manner, inasmuch as there existed grounds for suspicion of so many other offences against the two latter, that they would have been arrested even without Kalb's information.

The stone-cutter, Keil, at once made a complete confession, but could tell no more than has been seen above.

On the same day, the members of the court proceeded to the fir trees on the Brückeburg, conducted by Keil, and followed by Moller and Seidenfaden, chained hand and foot, and guarded by a body of gendarmerie. Keil pointed out a spot on the slope of the hill as the one which Moller had shown him. Moller was silent, and the deep snow rendered it impossible to dig there. An attempt made next day was equally abortive; and, moreover, Keil seemed uncertain as to whether he had found the right place, or been misled by the different look of a forest in winter and summer. The authorities appear to have entertained some suspicion that Keil was trifling with them.

It was not till the third day that any result was obtained. On the 23d of January, while they were in the fir wood, Seidenfaden offered to show them the right place. He led them to the most hidden part of the wood, and said that here they would find what they were looking for. After the snow had been removed, they dug to a depth of nearly four feet in the earth, and found a corpse, partly decomposed. The hole which had become Caspar's grave must have been an inconvenient dwelling for him when he lived; though deep and broad enough, it was too short to have allowed him to lie at full length. The corpse was found lying on the side, with the knees bent and the back resting against a stone. The front of the skull was shattered; several parts of the clothing were well preserved, such as a checked neckcloth, braces made of list, trousers, shoes, and stockings.

Seidenfaden and Moller recognized the corpse as that of Caspar Funk. Moller trembled with fear and agitation, while Seidenfaden retained his composure. The sight did not appear to make any lasting impression on either of them.

The corpse was removed to Obernkirchen, in order to undergo the proper examination. It was carefully compared with the signalement of Funk, with which it exactly corresponded, spite of the decomposition it had undergone in more than a year. The physicians attached to the court pronounced the lesion of the skull to have been absolutely fatal, supposing it were inflicted on a living man, as it must have destroyed the brain and injured the blood-vessels. The blow, they said, must have been inflicted with a heavy blunt instrument, as there was no trace of

any cut. According to the declaration of the two principal accused, Funk had been killed with an axe which they even identified when shown to them. A comparison of the back of this axe with the shattered skull led to no result, partly because the opening was larger and differently shaped from what that would have produced, and partly because the physicians were forced to admit that the same injury might have been produced by repeated blows with even a much smaller instrument.

Moller was the first to make a confession. Before the body was found, he had requested an audience, and declared that if he was suspected of having murdered Funk, injustice was done him; that Seidenfaden had told him that it was he who had done it at the instigation of some person who had promised him a quart of brandy and five dollars for the job; that Seidenfaden had shown him the spot where the body was buried some time ago, and that that was how he came to be able to conduct Keil to it.

To this statement Moller adhered until the moment when he saw the corpse taken out of the earth. A sudden change then came over him; he seemed to become aware of what awaited him, lamented over his wife and children, and cried: "It will cost me my head!"

Moller and Seidenfaden now vied with each other in making confessions, which, though still far from the truth, threw sufficient light on the manner in which the crime was committed. From both statements it appeared that Mrs. Scheurer, of Obernkirchen, had not only concealed their thefts, and received the stolen goods, but had also planned and instigated the recently discovered murder. She and her husband were at once apprehended, and the criminal proceedings commenced against five persons—Moller, Seidenfaden, Keil, and the Scheurers, man and wife.

Both Moller and Seidenfaden confessed that a murder had been committed on the person of Caspar Funk, and their accounts of the attendant circumstances coincided in most of the details, only each accused the other of being the actual murderer, and each said that he had only accompanied the other, and lent a helping hand to bury the corpse; this, however, occurs in thousands of criminal cases.

Moller's statement, to which he adhered to the last, was to the following effect:

Mrs. Scheurer had previously induced him to commit various robberies, and then, when Funk lay hid in the hole on the Brückeberg, urged him to make away with the fellow for fear he should blab and get them all into trouble. She also promised that she would give a quart of brandy and five dollars to whoever would do the job. Of course he had declined her offer repeatedly. One morning, however, Seidenfaden came to him with a bottle of brandy, and said that Mrs. Scheurer had given it to him in order to make Funk drunk, and then to kill him. That evening they agreed to knock Funk on the head with an axe early next morning. Next day, however, Moller had changed his mind, and refused to go, saying that he was not well, but Seidenfaden persuaded him to go merely in order to help him. Moller at last agreed, but the execution of the project was put off till the following morning. They then consulted together, and settled how to do the deed, but not who was to do it.

Next morning at five o'clock, Moller took his axe, and went to fetch Seidenfaden, who carried the axe and the brandy, and who whistled for Funk when they reached the fir trees. Funk appeared, and led them to his hole, where they all sat down and refreshed themselves with food and drink before going to work. Funk ate very heartily, and then went hard to work at his hole, Seidenfaden taking it in turn to help him. Moller did not work, but lay down on the ground and covered himself with the other man's clothes, because he had an ague fit. When the hole was cleared out, Funk also threw himself on the ground, and fell asleep directly, overcome by so much brandy; he lay on his back.

Seidenfaden, who had been roaming about the forest, now came back, snatched up the axe, which lay on the ground, and struck Funk two or three times on the forehead with it. Funk never stirred again. Seidenfaden now called on Moller to help him to bury the dead man, and they took up the body each by one arm and one leg, and carried it into the hole; it lay on the right side, and, to prevent it from rolling over, Moller threw in a stone at the back to prop it up. After covering it with earth, turf, and brushwood, they returned to Obernkirchen, and went to Mrs. Scheurer's house, but did not find her at home. They therefore told her

husband that Funk was dead and could not peach upon any one. Mrs. Scheurer said that they had done quite right, and added: "I only hope you buried him deep enough, so that the pigs may not grub him up again."

A fortnight after, Seidenfaden asked Mrs. Scheurer, in Moller's presence, for the five dollars, but got no answer, nor did Moller believe he had ever had the money; as for him, he had never thought of asking for any thing.

Such was Moller's account of the matter. Seidenfaden's, as we have already said, was as nearly as possible the same, only that their parts in the performance were inverted. As usual in the confessions of criminals, each admitted, either from shame or from fear, no more than he was forced.

According to him, Mrs. Scheurer was the instigator of the deed, and Moller the first to adopt the plan. But Seidenfaden likewise implicated the stone-cutter Keil. He stated that the first suggestion of getting rid of Caspar was made to him in the presence of both Moller and Keil, and that there was a talk of throwing the victim into the quarry. Seidenfaden refused to enter into the scheme, and Moller and Keil would not undertake it by themselves. Moller and Mrs. Scheurer, however, never ceased urging him (Seidenfaden) to join with them, and he at last consented to accompany the former. Mrs. Scheurer, moreover, gave him plenty to drink, which had something to do with his resolution; she then gave him money to buy a quart of brandy, with which he was to stupefy Funk; this he refused to do, because it would have made his wife angry, and so Mrs. Scheurer bought the brandy herself, and gave him the full bottle.

According to his own account, Seidenfaden had shaken hands upon the promise to Mrs. Scheurer, but did not mean it in earnest, and only did so in order to get rid of her teasing, and because he did not believe that the murder would take place. Moller only wanted his company because he was afraid of Funk by himself. The same evening, at ten o'clock, he went to Moller's house and talked the matter over with him, and Moller expressly said that he would take the killing part upon himself: Seidenfaden was only to accompany him. Subsequently he declared that it was not until the following evening that he had let himself be persuaded by Mrs.

Scheurer and Moller to go with the latter.

Next morning, on the day of the murder, Moller came to his door at four o'clock to fetch him. Seidenfaden had a headache, and kept him waiting until seven, but Moller continued to ply him with entreaties and drams until he made up his mind to go. Moller took the axe, which he had left at Seidenfaden's house, and gave him the brandy-bottle to carry. When they got into the fir wood he did not whistle for Funk, as they could see him working at his hole. When he came to them, they gave him some of the bread and pork they had brought with them, and drank each other's healths, until Funk was overcome and fell asleep. As soon as Moller saw this, he laid the pick and the axe at the sleeping man's head, and made signs to Seidenfaden to take one of them and strike him too. Seidenfaden, however, shook his head, and walked away. At the same moment, Moller snatched up the axe and struck Funk upon the forehead with the back of it. Seidenfaden declared that he almost fainted at the sight, but that he could not do otherwise than help Moller to bury the dead man in the grave he had dug for himself. Moller took him by the head and Seidenfaden by the legs, and dragged him into the hole. Moller threw a heavy stone against his back, with the words, "Lie there, carrion!" After heaping earth upon him, they returned to Obernkirchen by different roads, and between ten and eleven he was at Mrs. Scheurer's house, in order to report what had been done. On hearing the news, old Mr. Scheurer said: "It was all right, and the best thing that could happen to Caspar himself;" he then inquired whether they had buried the corpse deep enough so that the pigs should not root it up again.

This was the result of the confession of both the murderers; each adhered to his own statement, and when confronted they loudly and violently accused each other of the deed.

Old Mrs. Scheurer denied as much as she possibly could. She had been well educated for her station in life; and only her avarice, which increased with her years, had made her into a receiver of stolen goods. She was forced to admit that she had bought the plunder of the vagabonds, but she denied that she had instigated the murder of Funk, though she owned that

she had been privy to the scheme, and also that she had lent Seidenfaden money to buy the brandy because he had asked her for it. She asserted that it was not she but Seidenfaden himself who had bought the brandy, and she denied having ever promised five dollars to whichever of the two men should kill Caspar.

Her husband (old Scheurer) denied every thing; he had heard nothing and said nothing; least of all had he asked whether the body was buried so deep that the pigs could not root it up. There were no indications against him beyond the assertions of the two criminals, and the fact of being Mrs. Scheurer's husband.

Keil, the stone-cutter, had laid himself open to suspicion by the question which he addressed to Moller, on the way back from the Brückeberg, by having concealed what he knew so long, and by having at first denied it all before the court. Moreover, the wives of Moller and Seidenfaden loudly asserted that he had taken part in the murder. But Keil's former conduct was unimpeachable, and it was only since he had become intimate with Moller and Seidenfaden that he had been induced to commit some petty thefts. These two men, who accused each other so vehemently, as well as their patroness, Mrs. Scheurer, who might still have paid them to be silent, made no serious charge against him; all he admitted at length was, that he might once have said that it would be a good thing to throw Caspar into a quarry, but that he said it without any particular meaning, least of all that of taking part in any thing of the kind.

The investigation lasted for three years, and on the 24th December, 1829, the chief court at Rinteln gave judgment as follows: Moller and Seidenfaden were to suffer death by the sword for the murder of Caspar Funk, as well as for various offences which had been proved against them during their trial. Mrs. Scheurer was sentenced to six years' imprisonment for aiding and abetting them in the murder and in robberies. Scheurer and Keil were acquitted.

Both the prisoners who were condemned to death appealed against the sentence. Moller's advocate called in question the fact of a murder having been committed at all, and contended that in any case his client ought not to have been con-

demned to death, as he had only assisted the other prisoner.

On the 9th September, 1830, the chief Court of Appeal confirmed the sentence. A petition for mercy was rejected on account of the brutal and treacherous nature of the offence; the Elector refused to attend to a memorial in Moller's behalf, and the sentence was executed upon him at Rinteln on the 15th of January, 1831.

In the mean time Seidenfaden had made his escape.

It was not the first time that Seidenfaden—a young man of prodigious bodily strength—had made the attempt. It appears that on the first night of his imprisonment he had endeavored to break out of his cell, and that he would have escaped then but for the energy and presence of mind of his jailors. Hereupon the court ordered the strait-waistcoat to be put upon him; on doing this, it was discovered that his body was so muscular, his shoulders so enormously wide, his throat so thick, and his chest so deep, that it was hardly possible to close the iron waistcoat upon him; the muscles of his chest swelled at least an inch above the cross bars of iron, and, after a night of torture, Seidenfaden begged to be examined by a medical commission, which accordingly removed the iron waistcoat, and substituted some other kind of fetters. Whether he wore this during all the years of his imprisonment is not stated, but on the night of the 13th April, 1830, he burst his fetters, broke the iron bars on the window of his cell at Rinteln, and escaped, thus forfeiting the right to appeal, or the hope of pardon.

By his subsequent confession it appears that he accomplished all this without any help. Every effort was made to re-capture so dangerous an offender, but in vain; not the slightest trace of him could be discovered, and it was supposed that he had shared the fate of his own victim, and been murdered by some of his associates.

Five years later, in 1836, the acts which had been closed in 1830 with the rewards offered for Seidenfaden's apprehension were reopened, in order to inscribe the information sent by the Dutch authorities to the effect that, in consequence of information given by various persons, a highly-deserving non-commissioned officer in the Dutch army called Wiggers had been arrested in Paramaribo, on suspicion of being a

murderer named Seidenfaden, who had made his escape from Electoral Hesse. The subsequent examination brought to light the following singular and romantic history:

Seidenfaden, who on his first trial appeared in his blackest colors, shows in far better ones immediately after his escape. His life was in imminent peril in Hesse, or even in any part of Germany, and it was clear that his only chance of safety lay in immediate flight across the frontier. Nevertheless, he stole back to Obernkirchen on the very night of his escape, still bearing the mark of his fetters, and probably even the rings themselves, in order to see his wife and children once more. He dared not venture into his house, but sent some person whom he could trust to his wife to tell her that he wished to take leave of her before he left the country, and that she was to reckon upon it that if matters went well with him he would not forget her and the children. His wife, however, sent him word by a woman who lived with her that she would not see him, and that he had better take himself off as quickly as possible.

Seidenfaden knew something of Holland from his former wanderings, and thither he directed his steps. He begged his way, and met with no hindrance on the road. On the 24th of April he reached Zwoln, near the lake of Haarlem, after a twelve days' journey, accomplished amid privation and terror. Here he found a boat bound for Amsterdam; he had not a farthing in his pocket, but the skipper readily gave so strong a man a free passage in return for his services at the oar. On arriving at Amsterdam, he wanted to take service as a soldier or marine. He applied to a recruiting agent, and in spite of having no passport or proof of his identity, he was at once enlisted to go to Surinam, under the name of William Wiggers, a domestic servant from Lübeck. Men were wanted, and he received two ducats bounty, ten and a half gulden monthly pay, and the promise of a pension from government after twenty years' service in the colonies.

This was in the year 1830, and in consequence of the revolution of July, war broke out between Belgium and Holland, and the soldiers who had been enlisted for the colonies were employed

against Belgium. After being drilled at Harderwyk, Seidenfaden, with the chasseurs whose destination had been Surinam, marched to Antwerp. On the 20th of September—eleven days after his accomplice Moller had received sentence of death—Seidenfaden and one of his fellow-soldiers, during an attack upon the town, forced their way into a battery which was ill-defended, and succeeded in spiking six guns. He was publicly complimented for his bravery, and raised to the rank of corporal in the 5th Company, three days after. Soon after, his corps took the town of Hasselt, which was given up to plunder for twenty-four hours. There is no evidence that Seidenfaden indulged his thievish propensities on this occasion; perhaps now that robbery was permitted, it lost its former attraction for him. He employed the first three hours of the time in conveying his sergeant-major, who was left on the field helpless and mortally wounded, to the hospital. He then joined the plunderers, and went with a comrade into a house where there was nothing left but a child in the cradle. They had scarcely left the house, when another soldier rushed in, and instantly came out again, laughing savagely, with the poor infant sticking on his bayonet. Seidenfaden declared that the sight gave him the greatest pain, and that he could not forget it. He and two others then burst into another house, and demanded money of a woman there. With fear and trembling she unlocked a heavy chest, and took out of it a large sealed bag which she gave them. Well content with their booty, the plunderers went to the barracks to share it, and Seidenfaden declares that he intended to send his part to his wife and children; when, however, the bag was opened, it was found to contain only copper coin to the value of about twelve gulden.

The war in Belgium being at an end, there was now leisure to think once more of the colonies, and towards the end of 1831 Corporal Wiggers embarked for Surinam with 150 men.

The Dutch possessions are bounded by vast tracts of wild country, inhabited by native savages and by maroon negroes. Hither the slaves employed in the plantations continually attempt to escape, and to join their brethren, who have previously regained their liberty. In order to

prevent their so doing, and to guard against sudden invasions from the maroon negroes, the boundaries are guarded by strong outposts, and forays are continually made in the forests besides.

On one occasion a large number of slaves had escaped, and Seidenfaden was ordered to pursue them with a strong detachment. In the midst of the forest his party encountered one hundred and fifty armed negroes, led by a black named Monday, who was much dreaded by the colonists. The blacks were overpowered, and fled, and a well-aimed shot from Seidenfaden's gun brought down Monday, severely wounded, and he was taken. This had long been an object of great importance, and Seidenfaden was rewarded with a kind of order consisting of a silver pin and chain.

Almost at the same time he was created member of a real order. About a year after his display of courage at Hasselt and Antwerp, he was invested, in front of the regiment, with the cross of the Wilhelms order of the second class for his conduct at the taking of the battery at Antwerp, and with a medal cast from the cannon of Hasselt, for his share in that affair. Both had been sent out to him from Europe. The latter was given to all those who had been under fire on that occasion, but Seidenfaden was also promoted to be sergeant, and received a gratuity of 175 gulden for the affair of the guns at Antwerp.

Every year the troops exchanged the hard service on the frontier for garrison duty at Paramaribo. In February, 1832, Seidenfaden, who was now sergeant in the 2d Company, left Paramaribo, and was sent as commandant to one of the frontier forts. In this perfectly independent position, he fulfilled to the utmost all the duties of a commandant. In January, 1833, he was relieved, returned again in December, and commanded the fort during the year 1834, and marched back to Paramaribo in January, 1835.

It would have been far better for him had he never been relieved from the severe duties of his post, or even had the fever, which never seems to have attacked his athletic frame, put an end to his existence.

One day during the month of February, 1835, when Seidenfaden was in command of the watch, he heard the sentinel in

front of the guard-house talking German with a sailor whose dialect sounded familiar to him. From his accent he recognized him as a man from Schaumburg, and from his peculiar gait when he saw him walk, he fancied he must come from the village of Rodenberg. He went up to him, and asked him his name, and where he came from.

The sailor's name was Null, and he was born at Kreinhagen, about two miles from Obernkirchen. On hearing this Seidenfaden's recollections of home and his family revived, and he endeavored to gain intelligence of them by cautious inquiries, adding, that he knew the neighborhood from having been in service there as waiter in an inn. His inquiries did not, however, lead to much, and he at length took courage to mention the occurrences which had happened at Obernkirchen. He said that he had heard of the murder on the Brückeberg, and asked what had become of the men who had been arrested in consequence of it. The sailor replied that one had been beheaded whose name was Moller, and that the other, called Seidenfaden, had escaped. The sergeant's heart beat quick, and he asked too eagerly what had become of Seidenfaden's wife and children—were they very badly off? Null told him that the wife was in prison, and kept to hard labor until Seidenfaden should return.

Seidenfaden was dismayed; he could scarcely believe the news, but his coolness forsook him, and his inquiries became more eager, especially with regard to the children. Null's suspicions were roused in a moment, and he instantly exclaimed: "Why, surely you must be Seidenfaden himself!"

The sailor hereupon walked away, before the sergeant had time to make any reply; he was much troubled in mind, but fancied that he had not betrayed himself. But either the sailor was of a suspicious temper, or the hatred which a "sea-dog" always feels for a "lobster," made him glad to "serve one of them a trick," or perhaps he had taken a dislike to the sergeant's appearance, or behavior towards himself. However this may have been, Null did not keep Seidenfaden's counsel, and it was soon rumored among the sailors that the "lobsters" had got a sergeant who had been a thief, a highwayman, and a murderer. The report soon spread throughout the colony that the

exemplary Sergeant Wiggers was an escaped murderer, who had enlisted under a false name; that he had committed seven murders, and been captain of a band of three hundred robbers! This afforded the sailors a welcome opportunity to "chaff" the soldiers whenever they met in public houses and elsewhere.

The poison had been in circulation for three months before it actively took effect. The chasseurs began to think that they could no longer stand up for the honor of their sergeant with a good conscience, and they began to grumble louder and louder, until at last their demand that Wiggers should be forced to clear himself came before the superior officers.

The colonel and captain were well disposed towards Seidenfaden. He was one of their best non-commissioned officers; his conduct had always been exemplary, and his activity and courage remarkable; but the threat held out by the chasseurs that they would no longer serve under a convicted robber and murderer could not be passed over. The colonel of the regiment had him examined by the auditor. The sergeant denied all that was laid to his charge, and the officers hoped that the storm would subside.

Meanwhile, however, Null had found a few countrymen of his own among the crews of some newly-arrived merchant ships, who had heard the most dreadful stories about the murderer Seidenfaden, and had seen him, or at least fancied that they had. These men were filled with hatred against the murderer, which soon diffused itself among the garrison, and the colonel, who had sent Seidenfaden to one of the detached forts, in order that he might be out of the way for a time, was forced to recall him to Paramaribo, and to bring him before a court-martial.

He was confronted with Null, and his brother-in-law, one Kinne. It is highly probable that neither of them had ever seen him before, but they nevertheless took their oaths that they knew him, and that he was not Sergeant Wiggers, but the former shoemaker, Seidenfaden, of Obernkirchen. They even swore that he had committed no less than seven murders in his native place, and that he had been captain of a band of three hundred robbers. Kinne even swore that he had murdered his, Kinne's, sister.

The sergeant still denied every thing, but the officers could not resist the general

feeling among the soldiers, supported by the evidence of two competent witnesses. Seidenfaden was put under slight military arrest, and had frequent opportunities of escape. He did not, however, avail himself of them, because he flattered himself that even at the worst he would not be given up.

On the 28th August, 1835, he was sent to Holland as a prisoner. After five years of honorable freedom, and six weeks of easy confinement on board ship, Seidenfaden once more found himself in Europe, imprisoned as a criminal. After a month's imprisonment at Harderwyk, he was conveyed to the prison at Arnheim. The reason of this delay on the part of the Dutch government has not been explained; but it was not until January, 1836, that information was sent to Cassel, to the Minister of Justice of Electoral Hesse, by the Dutch Government, to the effect that Heinrich Seidenfaden, a criminal under sentence of death, was in prison at Arnheim, and would be delivered to the authorities of Electoral Hesse upon being properly identified. Some delay seems to have occurred on the Hessian side, for it was not till February that a Hessian police-officer and gendarme arrived at Arnheim. Both these men knew Seidenfaden; they took him in custody, and on the 1st March, delivered him up to justice, and he was once more imprisoned at Rinteln.

Seidenfaden made no attempt to escape by the way, and gave a full account of all that had befallen him from the moment of his flight to that of his re-capture.

From the moment when he appeared before the green table at which his judges sat, the last six years of his life, so fortunate and so brilliant for a man of his station, were wiped out, and he was once more the common felon who had broken out of prison and been re-taken, and the trial was resumed just where it had been broken off six years before. Seidenfaden's advocate had then appealed against the sentence to the Supreme Court, which, however, rejected the appeal, and the Elector refused a petition praying that Seidenfaden's punishment might be commuted to imprisonment in chains for life.

On the 6th February, 1837, ten years after his first arrest, Seidenfaden was beheaded at Rinteln. He mounted the scaffold with remarkable calmness, courage, and resignation. The crowd displayed considerable sympathy for his fate,

which was increased by the clumsiness of the executioner, who struck three blows before his head even sunk on his breast, and then had to make two more cuts to separate it from his body. It was said that he was unnerved by the extraordinary composure with which Seidenfaden met death.

With this we must close our extracts from a work to which we may perhaps hereafter revert.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE HOWLING DERVISHES.

ONE sees many disgusting exhibitions in the East, but not one that is more so than the ceremony performed by the Howling Dervishes. To be sure, it is your own fault if you do see it; they themselves—unlike the turning dervishes at Pera and elsewhere, who most willingly admit foreigners to their chapel—hate the presence of the “unclean” like sin; and it is only through the interest of some great individual, and determined perseverance in making your applications, that you are admitted within the hallowed precincts of their convent.

Many and unsuccessful were our own attempts for a sight of the mystery, until we at last succeeded in procuring the gracious notice of the arch-priest at Broussa to our excellent recommendations by letter and personally from two gentlemen of influence, whose acquaintance we had made. To these insignia, we ventured to add our own earnest assurance that we would behave with all due reverence, and preserve a face of becoming length whilst present.

At the door, three youths who had been stationed there by the imam to wait upon us, and prevent the crowd from impeding our view, stooped to take off our slippers. This done we were ushered up stairs to a small room beside the chapel, through whose latticed windows we were to gaze upon the mystery. The walls of the chapel present a ferocious sort of decoration, reminding one of the chambers of the Inquisition. Like the mosques, and other holy places, they are ornamented

with written sentences from the Koran. But there is with these dervishes a difference which chills you—the suspended battle-axes, chains, skewers, pincers, spikes, which are used to torture themselves when the religious frenzy becomes too intolerable for the expression of the voice or of motion.

The youths who formed our escort placed us in the best possible position to view the scene, and then, arranging themselves on each side, kept back the throng. Many and bitter were the muffled imprecations upon the *giaours* which arose from those beaten off, as they tried hard to force within our charmed circle. Our small apartment filled fast until, the heat becoming oppressive, our dragoman observed that if air were not admitted, he was sure we could not stay. Upon this, the youths immediately stopped all further entrance of spectators, and opened a small lattice, through which passed a gentle breeze, imparting a delicious coolness to that part of the room where we were stationed.

A low, monotonous chant rose to the lattice; we looked and saw a train of dervishes slowly entering the chapel, headed by their high-priest. The dervishes prostrated themselves upon the earth, their foreheads in the dust; the priest, stretching forth his open palms to heaven, repeated a long, low prayer. A tiger-skin was then spread before the *Mihrab*, and upon this the priest stationed himself. A rich green scarf was offered, with which he begirt himself with much ceremony. Then commenced a low, horrifying wail,

echoed by the whole fraternity, who sat rocking their bodies to and fro till their foreheads almost touched the floor.

By degrees, the frenzy increased; the eyes of the performers began to shine with a terribly unnatural lustre; foam gathered upon the lips, as in epilepsy; the countenance writhed in the most frightful distortions; a perspiration, so profuse that it rolled down the cheeks in huge drops, rose upon the pale and sickly brow; the "Al'lâh-hou!" each moment was cried with a redoubled fury, until with the violence of the shouts, the voice gave way, and the words became mere frantic roarings, as from a cavern of wild beasts.

Suddenly, a sound more distinct and more terrible than the rest arose from the heaving and surging mass. "Lah il 'lah el il l'Al'lâh!" cried a voice whose tones were like nothing earthly; and the others present caught up and echoed that fearful cry. The next moment, there was a demoniac shriek, and the man who had at first shouted, rolled over the floor in a death-like convulsion. Those next to him, with another frightful "Al'lâh-hou," turned to his relief. They stretched him up, they chafed his hands—they rubbed and tried to bend his limbs; but he lay inanimate and rigid as a corpse.

With lightning rapidity, the infection of this paroxysm spread; the "Lah il 'lah el il l'Al'lâhs" became more terrible still: the devotees tossed their arms in the air, with the fury of maniacs. An instant more, and another dervish leaped from the floor, as if shot through the heart, and fell in convulsions.

This brought the frenzy to a climax. The imam encouraged the delirium by voice, by howls, by gesture. A young man detached himself from the group. The high-priest took an instrument that looked much like a pair of tongs, with which he pinched his cheeks with all his might; but the dervish made no sign of pain. A little child, a sweet little girl, of about seven years of age, entered the chapel, and calmly laid herself down upon the crimson rug. Assisted by two attendants, who from the first had stationed themselves one on each side of the Mih-rab, the priest stepped upon her tender little frame, and stood there some moments; she must have suffered much, but when he dismounted she rose and walked away with an air of extreme satisfaction.

Now commenced another and equally painful portion of the service. The imam regulated the time of the chant by ever and anon clapping his hands to increase its speed, or commanding by gestures that it must be slower. Wail succeeded to wail, howl to howl, Al'lâh-hou to Al'lâh-hou, till at last the strongest men, unable to bear the violence of the exertion, fell to the ground in convulsions, or sobbed with anguish like infants. On the whole, a more revolting scene than the howling dervishes could not readily be conceived; and dreadful is the distortion of that spirit which can deem such torments as acceptable in the eyes of God.

A few days afterwards, it was my fortune to make a more intimate acquaintance of one of these dervishes; it was in this wise: The Osmanlis have two diseases which are peculiar to themselves; the one they have named *gellinjik*, the other *yellanjik*. Under the head of *gellinjik*, they describe almost any possible illness of the body. The *yellanjik* is the more simple and more easily cured disease of the two: it signifies only toothache and its concomitant pains of the face. So difficult is the *gellinjik* to cure, that the happy ability has long been vested in a single family, through whom the power passes with each generation; but the *yellanjik* can be cured by those emirs or dervishes who are descended from Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed.

The charm consists in this. It is the fair sex who are usually afflicted with the face-ache in Turkey; and at any rate these quacks have a particular love for those who are called the "weaker vessels" of humanity. The lady is affected with nervous pains in the cheek. Faith is imperative, and there is one particular emir upon whom her choice falls. He is sent for; his feet are folded beneath him upon the divan, and his green turban readjusted. The veiled beauty is led by a slave into his august presence, and seated upon a low cushion before him. The emir utters a short prayer, lays his thumb upon the nose, breathes softly upon the forehead, gently rubs the cheek, and the treatment is complete.

A young slave belonging to the house where for a while we were invited to sojourn, was afflicted with *yellanjik*. Immediately on her desire being made known a messenger was dispatched for an emir whom she named, and who was rather eminent in the cures he effected. The

family, except one aged relative upon whom this slave attended, were staying at their country residence. Fitnet Hanaum was led into the presence of the emir. He might once have been a handsome man, but now his countenance had taken that sickly and distorted expression which often follows their dreadful ceremonies; and with his thick, bristling moustache, and his long, matted beard, it gave him by no means a very prepossessing appearance.

I was that morning amusing myself with an electrical apparatus; and after he had operated upon Fitnet, he passed me as I stood in the piazza making experiments, which piazza was his nearest way to the garden from her room. He surveyed the jars for a few moments with intense curiosity, and then departing to a short distance slowly drew forth a small brass ladle, and murmured: "Buckshish! Buckshish!"

"Buckshish! Buckshish for what?" I asked.

He made a gesture intimating that to give alms to his order was the usual thing.

"No; I cannot think of giving you buckshish. You are young and strong; you can work at your trade."

"I do work—hard work."

"For whom?"

"Al-lâh."

"But your work is profitless to both him and yourself. I shall not encourage it. It is spoken!" pursued I, with the usual Osmanli expression of decision.

I was in the midst of an interesting experiment, and I turned to my apparatus. The dervish quietly seated himself upon the ground, doubled up his feet beneath him, still presented his brass dish, and there he sat motionless as an image carved in marble. Thus things went on for the next half-hour. But I was determined not to be wearied into giving him buckshish, and his imperturbable staring had become unpleasant.

"Just bid him go about his business," said I to the dragoman.

He did so; but the dervish intimated that he should not retire without the money.

"If you do not go voluntarily, I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of compelling you," said I.

The dervish merely gave a complacent chuckle, which said that he defied me to get rid of him.

"Very good," replied I. "Now mind, if I do what you will not like, it is not my fault."

I had a large coil-machine on the table before me, which, as those acquainted with such apparatus know, tortures the nerves beyond the power of the strongest man to endure voluntarily more than a few seconds. I laid hold of his dish with the conductor, and by way of a sample, gave him a moderate dose from a smaller battery. He laughed derisively, saying: "Al-lâh el il P'Al-lâh!"

"Then here goes!" pursued I, putting the magnet into the coil, whilst the attendants crowded around to see the effect. It was instantaneous. He rolled over upon the ground with a yell-like "Al-lâh-hou!" The arms quivered in their sockets; the dish, which now he would fain have let go if he could, flashed about in his convulsed hands like a rocket; the countenance was distorted with pain and rage. In a few moments, feeling satisfied that he had enough, I released him from the coil. He rose, and nearly upsetting the dragoman in his flight, leaped down the steps into the garden. There, being at what he considered a safe distance, he turned, and a more liberal allowance of curses never fell to the lot of any man than those which he bestowed on me. He prayed his face livid with passion, to Al-lâh that I and my stock might be withered up, root and branch; that I might be, ere twenty-four hours had elapsed, smitten and covered with boils and ulcers! Now he turned his attentions to the women in my family. These he cursed, from my great-grandmother to my great-granddaughter; and, finally, he wound up with a fervent prayer that my wife might prove any thing but faithful or fruitful; or that, if the latter petition failed, my issue might be to me the bitterest curse that ever fell to the lot of a father. Since then I have often had a hearty smile at the discomfiture of the yellanjik doctor.

From the Eclectic Review.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DR. KITTO.*

JOHN KITTO was a rare man in a rare position. Totally deaf from his thirteenth year, he became an inmate of a work-house when fourteen, a parish apprentice at seventeen, and nearly died of misery, solitude of heart, and unrequited toil under the tyranny of a base master; and yet, despite his small schooling and almost utter friendlessness, he contrived closely to study many of the best books, and wisely to read his own heart, so

that before he was eighteen, he distinguished himself by the vigor and chasteness of his compositions, and that in such a manner as to excite the interest and sympathy of several persons of distinguished talent and large-heartedness, by whose help he became the *protégé* of the *literati* of his native town, through whose jealous patronage he steered with modest and grateful independence of spirit. Under the auspices of a noble friend and Christian brother, he at length came forth from manifold trials a laborious Christian, his spirit going out through all his tribulations in the strength of that hope which cannot be confounded, because, springing from the power of God's own love, felt in the heart.

Thus Kitto, by his experience, his learning, and his love, ultimately reached his highest and fittest earthly position, being acknowledged in all directions as the best practical illustrator and expounder of the divine word in his country or his age. The biography of such a man must be full of lessons of the deepest interest and instruction. But who could write such a biography? No man. A written life is impossible; yet in this volume we possess the nearest possible approximation to such a work; for the editor has wisely taken advantage of Kitto's journals and letters, so that he is made to tell his own story just as those incidents arose which moved his heart to utter itself in words to some few other hearts in which he trusted for sympathy and fellowship. "As face answereth to face in a glass, so doth the heart of a man to his friend." Hence there is a freshness, fullness, and power in this volume which we seldom find in so-called biographies. We get acquainted with the man himself; we see his reflection—we study with him—talk with him—feel with him—retire to the inner sanctuary with him—go abroad with him: in short, enter into his home-life, and look with him along that pathway of light that grows into the perfect day. Such biographies elevate humanity, and cause us to exclaim:

* *The Pictorial Bible*. With Original Notes, chiefly explanatory, in connection with the Engravings, on such passages connected with the History, Geography, Natural History, Literature, and Antiquities of the Sacred Scriptures, as require observation. In 3 large vols. imperial 8vo, and 4 vols. 4to. 1835-1838. Also the Notes separately, under the title of "The Illustrated Commentary," in 5 vols. post 8vo. 1840. The "Standard Edition" of the Pictorial Bible, 4 vols. imperial 8vo. London: C. Knight. 1847.

Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 904, 994. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1845.

The Lost Senses, 1st Series—Deafness, 18mo, pp. 206; 2d Series—Blindness, pp. 254. London: C. Knight. 1845.

Daily Bible Illustrations: being Original Readings for a Year on Subjects relating to Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology. Morning Series—Vol. I., Antediluvians and Patriarchs, pp. 434; Vol. II., Moses and the Judges, pp. 466; Vol. III., Samuel, Saul, and David, pp. 446; Vol. IV., Solomon and the Kings, pp. 446. Foolscap 8vo. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons. 1849-1851.

Scripture Lands, described in a series of Historical, Geographical, and Topographical Sketches, and Illustrated by a Biblical Atlas of 24 Maps. Foolscap 8vo, pp. 384. London: H. G. Bohn. 1850.

The Land of Promise; or, a Topographical Description of the Principal Places in Palestine, and of the Country Eastward of the Jordan. 12mo, pp. 336. London: Religious Tract Society. 1850.

Daily Bible Illustrations. Evening Series—Vol. I., Job and the Poetical Books, pp. 438; Vol. II., Isaiah and the Prophets, pp. 440; Vol. III., Life and Death of Our Lord, pp. 450; Vol. IV., The Apostles and Early Church, pp. 506. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons. 1851-1853.

Memoirs of John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. Compiled chiefly from his Letters and Journals, by J. E. RYLAND, M.A., Editor of Foster's Life and Correspondence, &c.; with a Critical Estimate of Dr. Kitto's Life and Writings, by Professor Eadie, D.D., LL.D., of Glasgow. 8vo, pp. 696, with a Portrait and Vignette, &c.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

Kitto's life is most interesting, not only from the touching incidents, high efforts, and great endowments exemplified in its remarkable course, but also as affording large instruction to the physiologist and philanthropist concerning the influence of bodily peculiarity and outward circumstances on the direction, development, and character of the feeling and thinking being.

He had derived a very sensitive and yet vigorous organism through a race of strong-nerved, hard-working persons, both on the father's and the mother's side. He was born in Seven Stars Lane, Plymouth, on the 4th of December, 1804. It is true he was a puny, sickly infant, and the vigor he afterwards evinced was rather that of the brain than of the muscles; and his energy was rather that which rendered him capable of keeping close to his story-telling grandmother and enjoying in quiet the current of ideas thus early awakened, than the bodily activity in which most healthy children delight. It is not improbable that his ancestors were, as he somewhere tells us, Phœnicians, who settled in Gwennap, Cornwall, where the most ancient and richest tin mines are found, and which was the birthplace of his father. At least his learning has enabled him to determine that the name "Kitto" is Phœnician. In looking at a man's personal peculiarities and mental characteristics, his ethnological derivation may well be kept in sight, since we know that certain tendencies of mind and body which distinguish races are apt to show themselves in the lives of persons long after their separation from their original stock. And by regarding the influence of the mixture of different races with each other, under the force of outward changes, we shall learn to admire the wisdom of God, by whose providence the peoples are stirred up and distributed so as to produce, by their intermingling, the highest forms of intelligence and power, and thus, by books and commerce, preserve the sense of kindredship in all nations.

Kitto's learning has contributed in no small measure to this end; for his works are of a nature to interest all people to whom the Bible is, or may be, an open

book. In it God speaks to all humanity, and embraces all in one final interest. To this Kitto always pointed; and we enjoy the notion that he descended from some stray trader in tin in days of old, for the very purpose, after due time, to connect more fully the East with the West, and to instruct the men of England and America in the wisdom and goodness of the Divine Galilean. The circumstances of race are to be taken into account in all our efforts to educate either individuals or nations, for differences of race are the stamps of Divine Providence, marking the varieties of mankind for their destined work in the fulfillment of those prophecies which have been since the world began.

The Almighty hand snatched Kitto from destruction, when those from whom he sprang were in danger of sinking down into those vices which extinguish families and nations. His father, from being a respected man of good talents, as a master builder, became a drunkard and a pauper in the prime of his life. His mother, however, was a brave, and patient, and pious woman, who labored with her own hands for the bread of which her husband's intemperance deprived her children. Probably her son partook largely of her mental constitution, for we find one marked physical peculiarity in which they resembled each other: when any thing painfully excited his mother, her wounded feeling was indicated by a *tremulous motion of the foot*, and it is a curious circumstance that any strong mental emotion was accompanied by a similar effect on the subject of this memoir. This indicates a close similarity in their nervous organism, together with great strength of feeling and of moral control, for a like degree of excitement in most persons would be expressed by unmistakable symptoms of anger. He derived, then, much of his sensitiveness, his patient endurance and persevering hopefulness, from his mother. But his father, at the period of his birth, was marked for more than average natural ability, industry, and skill: and his mental structure, no less than his outward form, had strong and distinctive features, which his son visibly inherited. How far either father or mother influenced the formation of his character by their impression on his opening mind we cannot know, for at the age of four years he was removed from his father's house and his mother's care, to that of his maternal

grandmother, Mrs. Picken, whose affectionate attention to her "Johnny" was well proportioned to his helplessness and necessity. With her his mind was early entertained with wonders, and so it rapidly grew inquiring, and reflective, and metaphysical, for under her oral tuition he could think of little but witches, wizards, and hobgoblins, subjects of no mean importance for exercising whatever powers of abstraction any child, of lesser or larger growth, may possess. But "Johnny's" amazement was far greater at the fact that his grandmother did not like sugar-stick than at her stories, for these he received in absolute faith while he made patchwork at her side, but not to like sugar-stick was a direct contradiction to his daily experience. The effect of this dear old soul's loving-kindness is worth thinking of; it was such that in long-after years when "Johnny" was about to enter on his chief literary undertakings, he says: "I cannot think of her without deep emotion, and if there were any one of the pleasant things I once hoped for, and which are now impossible to me, that I would sooner than any other wish for again, it would be, that she of all my dear dead ones, should revive or should still have lived, to exult, as she would have done more than any—more than I do myself—in my little triumphs over the unhappy circumstances in which she left me." Verily this grandmother was a prophetess in her way, for she taught him to enjoy the works of God in creation, and above all taught him to believe in a love that watched over him incessantly, helped him with sympathy in all his labors, rejoiced in his triumphs, and encouraged his further efforts. It was his love for this loving heart, who was, as he says, more than a mother to him, that inspired him with natural confidence in the doctrine of the soul's immortality long before that doctrine was brought to light in his heart by faith in Him who *is* the resurrection and the life. There was a kind of blind and savage idolatry in his affection for this kind grandmother, as we find in the language of his journal, on her death and burial, which occurred when he was about sixteen. The most striking of the many strong passages on that occasion is this: "*I knelt down and prayed for her departed spirit to Him in whose hands are life and death, and that he would endue us with resignation to his*

decrees." This came of his reading the Apocrypha without instruction: he afterwards knew better. But we are taking a stride too far in advance. Oh! the might of loving-kindness! What would Kitto have been without this grandmother, with a drunken father and a mother overburdened with the weight of her life? We see many lads in our streets, ragged, wretched, shrewd, and abandoned, who may tell us without words: O ye Christians, clothed in soft raiment, honor and imitate Mrs. Picken.

Next among Kitto's early enlighteners we have his friend the story-telling shoemaker, Roberts, who gave little "Johnny" his life-long attachment to books and pictures. As usual among the poor, his first books and favorites, were those that speak most powerfully and plainly of man's interests and destinies; the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress," with demonstrative engravings, filled him with delight; and it is no wonder that he "glorified" those engravings with abundance of red, blue, and yellow paint, as soon as, by the generosity of a neighbor, he became possessed of his fourpenny box of colors. Such was the commencement of his Bible illustrations.

As a child he used to hear Dr. Hawker, Vicar of Charles, Plymouth; and certainly, from what we remember, Dr. Hawker was a preacher well calculated to impress either man or child by his earnestness, point, and straightforwardness of style, as well as by his spiritualisms, that always gave one the hope of seeing more than appeared. Dr. Hawker, then, was Kitto's first pattern of a preacher, and so "Johnny" would preach, too, taking a chair with the bottom out for a pulpit, much to the scandal of dear Mrs. Picken, who thought this precociousness rather profane; but then, as after, "Johnny," being obstinate, would not read aloud at all, unless allowed to do so in his own way, like an embryo D.D. as he was.

He very early proved his pertinacity in acquiring knowledge and applying it. He bored one of his friends by borrowing her books until he was ashamed to ask for a fresh supply, so he tried to express his wishes in notes, and these notes were his first attempts at composition, and were always successful. From notes the transition to authorship is easy. He became an author, and a paid one, too, before he was twelve years of age. A cousin had

a penny, and would buy a story-book. "Johnny" could write a story, and wanted a penny; so a bargain was struck, and a long story about "King Pippin" was produced, with a painted picture at the beginning, very much to the satisfaction of both parties. The story related to the doings of the wild men that once dwelt in England. Here we see a mental vigor beyond his years, and in his familiarity with pictured story-books and a box of colors, we trace the commencement of his talent for those pictorial illustrations by which he afterwards so largely drew the attention of the young to the Book of books.

All Kitto's schooling extended only from his eighth to his eleventh year, much interrupted by headaches and changes of master, so that it is really surprising that he became so good a reader, and no wonder that his penmanship and arithmetic were but rude. He was God's pupil. He observed nature closely, and caught intelligence from every fact about him. He collected a museum of objects for his little garret-study and bedroom, and he thought on all he saw. His first study reminds us of Kirke White's at a later period in the poet's life; but Kitto, the pauper's child, with less encouragement and smaller accommodation, evinced even higher tendencies of mind, though we can well imagine Kirke White in Kitto's position, only slightly more gentle-hearted, with kindred tastes, the same poetic sensitiveness, and the same love of souls and of learning, always looking in the most human direction his heart could find, and that is to God in Christ. Kitto's one small room, that served him for every thing pertaining to home-comfort, was just seven feet by four; but there was vast variety in its contents, for there he studied pebbles and odd bits of God's handiwork in such a manner as to infer order, mind, will, and moral government, alike from stones and from books. Fancy and hope converted his dingy closet into a dreamy paradise. But a sense of the terrible belongs to nature, for all matter carries the stamp of death upon it, and so Kitto, with a touch of savage philosophy, placed a *memento mori*, or a kind of *teraphim*, as perhaps he would afterwards have defined it, over his bed, in the form of a dog's skull—a veritable skull, into which he had inserted artificial eyes and tongue, the jaws being painted with vermillion, to intensify the

seeming fierceness of the devourer. Under the auspices of such a presence, however, he enjoyed the freshness of his soul's first grand discoveries in its search for knowledge in books, and the workings of his own mind and heart; therefore, in after years, he looked back on the time spent in that small garret as his happiest, because his freest and freshest, all privation notwithstanding. Fully to understand the promise of Kitto's mental faculties at the period, we must remember that it was his habit, before he was eleven years of age, to make copious, clear, and useful indexes of all the books he read, and that these were no mean works, for Young and Spenser were his especial favorites, and the Bible his constant study, with the help of Josephus' "Antiquities of the Jews," and such Christian writers as Baxter and Watts. The Hand Divine was guiding the lad, and preparing him, within and without, subjectively and objectively, for his futurity of extensive labor and usefulness. "The child *was* father of the man."

In reviewing such a life, the mind recurs to numerous instances in which individuals, *per ardua*, have in early youth got hold of a clue to the labyrinth of learning, and have followed it out into new paths without any aid from another's instruction, thus, in fact, making greater discoveries at length, than any elaborate schooling would have enabled them to attain. Doubtless this mode of mental advancement has more delight in it, because it has more seeming and unexpected discoveries, than the routine method. We may compare the spirit and zest of such students with the enthusiasm of those persons who set out to prosecute researches in untried territories, and whose love of travelling draws them from valley to mountain, town to town, river to river, sea to sea, never satisfied with their day's horizon. They discover, they enjoy, and they advance from point to point, with little sense of labor, and accomplish their wishes as they enlarge their knowledge. True, many such travellers discover much that geographers could have told them; still the zest of discovery is the chief motive to such efforts; and we think, on the same principle, that those schoolings are most encouraging and most productive of vigorous spirits, in which there is the least actual task-work, and the most opportunity afforded for the youthful mind to find its own way amidst the languages, dead and

living, of the story-tellers and the poets of the past and the present. Rules for general guidance, and exercises to strengthen the sinews of the soul, are necessary to prepare the youthful aspirant for his future toil; but each growing mind should, we conceive, have some choice as to its course each day, instead of doing so much of a quotidian task with a mob of other driven minds. What you can, only steady and onwards, should be the law. This might not suit the teacher's trade as it now stands; but parents should be taught to understand that the teacher's is a high office of large responsibility in regard to each pupil, and to be rewarded accordingly. Thus the advantages of self-teaching might be combined with those of school, by a more leisurely coöperation of the teacher and the taught.

Had Kitto been more ostensibly favored with schooling, probably his delight had been less in books, and he would not have regarded his first closet study as the happiest of his life. At least, we often see the very best things undervalued, if not despised, when forced upon men, for human nature cannot be compelled to like, much less to love, even the beauties of truth at the mere bidding of another, and we must prove, by our actions, that we love them ourselves, ere we can gain another's sympathy in our love.

In Kitto's eleventh year, his fond grandmother's means failed, and he became again dependent on his father, whose bad habits had now reduced him to the necessity of seeking labor as a journeyman and jobbing mason. He took young Kitto to help him as a laborer, and this employment led to the grand crisis in the lad's life, for on the 18th of February, 1817, when thus engaged with his father in repairing the roof of a house, his foot slipped, and he fell from a height of thirty-five feet upon a stone pavement beneath. He remained unconscious for a fortnight, and then gradually recovered, except that from that time he never heard the slightest sound. "Speak! speak! why not speak?" said he to his attendants. Then the fatal truth was written on his slate: "You are deaf." Crushing truth! but as his biographer well says:

"There were alleviating circumstances, which, to use a phrase suggested by the accident, *broke the fall*. In his state of physical prostration, quiet and silence were to a great degree pleasant and desirable; then his retired, thoughtful character,

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and his love of books, which had already become a passion, made him far less dependent than most young persons of the same age, on social sources of amusement. It was also doubtful whether the loss would be permanent, and before hope had ceased, a compensatory process had begun, and the excitement of increased mental power triumphed over bodily weakness."—P. 19.

Here was a beautiful soul, attuned, as we know from his productions, to all the harmonies of discourse and reason, living and loving in an inner world full of melodious thoughts, who, henceforth until death, never heard the sweet music of speech, nor caught a sound of all the utterances of love and reason from the lips of friends and wife and children. Who can sympathize fully with such a soul who has not thus had "the porches of the ear" closed to the voice of wisdom and affection? The deprivations of the deaf are more pitiable than those who hear can imagine. We do not learn the mutual dependence of the senses on each other for assistance, without the loss of one or other of them. The balance of the mind is broken without their coöperation, and a great mental effort is required to make up for the want of any one of them. The story of Kitto's own feelings, efforts, struggles, and consolations as a deaf lad, and a deaf man, is charmingly, touchingly, and philosophically told in his very interesting work on "The Lost Senses." He views his own case like a Christian philosopher, with the design of benefiting other sufferers by the detail of his own experience. His calm words proceed from a full mind; and well assured of the love of the Divine Hand, as it rested on his own person, with equal eloquence and pathos, he instructs us where and how the inner man finds his centre of rest. He points to the light that penetrates the obscurities of providence and reveals the Source of order, and he aims always to reconcile man to his Maker, by showing how the Restorer conforms all circumstances to himself, and makes suffering and submission demonstrate the resources of Unfailing Love. It is peculiarly interesting to observe how Kitto endeavors to unravel the intricacies of his own existence, and explain his own sensations as a man shut out from the audible world. The life of the deaf is literally shocking—it is full of surprises. Dr. Kitto enables us better to understand this by his description of the inconveniences to which he was so much exposed by the

percussions of bodies near him, or suddenly coming upon his sight. This kind of inconvenience is chiefly due, we conceive, to the circumstance that it is impossible for the deaf to determine the direction of the disturbance, or the probable power or distance of the object producing it. A sense of danger is thus aroused without the ability of appreciating its extent or its proximity, for the faculty of thus discriminating, is mainly dependent on the fine adjustments of nerve-matter in the semi-circular canals of the inner ear, and in the totally deaf these are useless. The ear is constantly preparing us for what is coming, but the absolutely deaf, having no such warnings but through the eye, is incessantly exposed to sudden jarrings from the unexpected contact or approach of objects with his own body. When the eye is fixedly engaged, and the mind busy with its own objects, a sudden touch startles one excessively, if not preceded by some sound awakening the attention, and suggesting the possibility of such a touch. Hence the violent shock which Kitto felt when his chair was accidentally struck, and the torture he experienced from any movement or concussion on the floor—the percussion reached his brain in an unprepared state, and filled him with trepidation. This dependence on the eye for intelligence concerning the state and proximity of surrounding objects, causes the deaf man to acquire a keen vigilance of vision, and a discriminating aptitude by which he is enabled at a glance to read off the visible meanings of things. The absolutely deaf is a thorough discerner of faces, and the hypocrite had better not approach him, for, though he may deceive angels, the deaf man will probably detect his disguise. This power of face-reading is one of the most marked compensations and accomplishments of the deaf, and it is that which most strongly excites their affections and causes them to cleave with more than common attachment to those with whom they are familiar, and whose features convey a trustworthiness of disposition. Hence, too, the deaf are apt to fall violently in love, as Kitto did, with a charming face. This power of the eye, however, makes but slight amends for the absence of hearing, since discourse is the attribute of reason, and it is the ear that trieth words.

From Dr. Kitto's total deafness it may be inferred that his terrible accident

caused the whole internal auditory apparatus to be gorged with blood, which afterwards became organized in the manner first pointed out by John Hunter, thus entirely obstructing the nerve-actions of the ear. This, however, does not necessarily exclude all vibratory impulses from the sentient being, or a sense of percussion such as Kitto complained of could not be felt. It is possible that even a sense of sound, as such, may be conveyed to a being without ears, for we must remember that the correspondent faculty of every sense, and of every variety and modification of sensation, resides in the brain, and that ideas are produced by the recipient soul on the suggestions induced by the action of the brain-matter with which the soul, *centrally located*, operates in unison, either to act, to feel, or to will in relation to external nature. Dr. Kitto very nearly discovered the art of *hearing* and enjoying music with his fingers. Would he had energetically cultivated the hints he acquired on this point, and with the appliances of science continued his experiments on "*felt sound*," and we would urge any deaf person who may read this, patiently to study and apply our suggestions on the subject. While at the Missionary College at Islington, Dr. Kitto accidentally discovered that when his hand was laid on a piano, an agreeable sensation, quite distinct from mere percussion, was imparted to him. He says: "On experiment, I find that the *notes* were most distinct to me when the *points of my finger-nails* rested upon the cover, and still more when the cover over the wires was raised, and my fingers rested on the wood over which the wires were stretched." "I have often thought, that if I had cultivated this perception, some finer results might have been obtained." We think so too, and deeply regret that a soul, so endowed and embodied, had not leisure and opportunity to carry out the beautiful inquiry as to the possibility of his own enjoyment of music, by the conveyance of musical vibrations to his brain and soul through other channels than those of the wondrous ear. Let us endeavor to account for the sensations above described, and consider whether aid might not be scientifically afforded to increase the effect desired. It is clear that the nails in contact with the sounding-board actually conveyed the musical vibration to the hearing power of the brain. Kitto really felt the sound.

How was this? Merely because bone is a good conductor of sound, and the nails, being partially bony, brought the sound-vibrations more directly into the bony frame, which is nearly in contact with the brain. The sound, in fact, travelled through his bones so completely, that he could make out the tune. We know that a concert might be laid on and conveyed from house to house, and street to street, and town to town, like gas, not through tubes, but through solid rods of deal or cedar, or any other good sound-conductor, only providing that the conductor touch the vibrating instrument, and also an appropriate *sounding-board* at the place where the desired sound is wanted. Now, what are the conditions required to take full advantage of the sound-conducting power of the bony frame? We must secure the contact of a good conductor with the vibrating instrument, and also with a vibrating medium in contact with the bony frame, or as nearly so as possible. Suppose a deaf person sitting near a piano. Let a deal rod lie upon the *sounding-board* of the piano, and also in contact with another *sounding-board*, so formed and so placed as to be free to vibrate in keeping with the piano; then, if the deaf man place his finger-nails lightly on the second board, he will perceive the vibrations as distinctly as if his nails were in contact with the instrument, and he will enjoy what Kitto calls the "felt sound," but it will have been conducted through the medium of the rod. The same thing would result by bringing the vibrating surface into communication with the teeth, or what would probably be better still, also into contact with the forehead and *mastoid processes*, or those bony prominences behind the ears. This might be conveniently done by means of a band or coronal of thin deal passing round the head closely in contact with those parts, and having a deal or cedar rod connected with it and with the *sounding-board* of the instrument, or with the instrument itself, if a wind instrument. Thus, we conceive, a deaf man might, by nice contrivance, be made to feel his music in a double sense, and even learn to play well. Musical vibrations might also in a similar manner be made visible as well as felt, even by the deaf and blind, for musical vibrations produce different colored lights when communicated through the optic nerve.

But we return to the poor boy Kitto. His privations were extreme, but there was a mighty spirit stirring within him; and though in a position in which it was impossible for him to get a living, he yet did not despair, for he had the beginning of a treasure that grows for ever: he had some knowledge, much hope, and not a little faith, and all he needed was opportunity for their exercise. The gifts he had he used. He could paint birds, trees, and flowers, after a childish fashion, and children bought his paintings, and with the pence thus earned, he bought books, and so ascended, step by step, the steep path that ultimately gave him such a commanding view of truth. His first readings were of an essentially religious tone. That he early caught this tone, and was early sustained by revealed wisdom under the hard pressure of his lot, is fully evinced in his life; and among the first words in his *Journal*, written when he was just sixteen, and while an inmate of the workhouse, stands this sentence: "He hath declared, whom He loves he rebukes and chastens. Does misfortune render me inferior in thy eyes, O my God? No, for thou hast said that thou art no respecter of persons. Thou hearest alike the king and the beggar. Dare I, a worm, the creature of his will (the Almighty Power) repine at his behests?" The boy had learned a kind of acquiescence in the Divine disposal then, but there is a sort of "*quisquis ille*" in his mode of speaking of the Almighty; and though he verbally called on his Saviour, he states himself that he did not really know him as his God and Saviour until years after. His observations upon the character of his early readings are wise and good. "My mind was thus carried through a very useful discipline. The theological bias given by my earlier reading and associations remained, and the time eventually came, when I was enabled to return to it with redoubled ardor; and after that another time arrived, when I could turn to rich account whatever useful thing I had learned, and whatever talent I had cultivated, however remote such acquirement might at first have seemed removed from any definite pursuit." This is a point of importance, and involves an instructive lesson for the young.

Having no relative to support him, he became an inmate of Plymouth workhouse in his fifteenth year. His misery had

been previously intense. Slightly clad, unshod, and gnawed by hunger, he yet could not be induced to enter the pauper asylum but by artifice. Like the wolf in the fable, he used to say he would rather starve in a state of freedom than fatten in chains. He even planned his escape from the workhouse; but fortunately, he resorted to his pen, and with it pleaded so well, that the governor allowed him to sleep in his former study, where he might and where he did continue to devour books. This indulgence was further enlarged by Mr. Burnard, the clerk of the Board of Guardians, who deserves high praise for that discerning sympathy which first prompted him so warmly and generously to befriend the deaf lad, and which bound him as a friend to Kitto to the end of his career.

While he was engaged from six in the morning till late at night in making list shoes, with a touch of prophetic fire he inserted these words in his well-written journal: "I had thought of plans for enabling me to visit Asia! and the ground consecrated by the steps of the Saviour! Even *now*, notwithstanding my deafness, it would not be impracticable if some kind gentleman, on his travels, would permit me to be his faithful servant." He knew that his journal was read by his sympathizing friend, and he went on thus revealing his feelings to good purpose. Why should a pauper keep a journal? He tells us his motive. He acknowledges vanity; but he wished to produce a book of *his own* writing, and to read some of it to such connections as would be interested in it. His heart was in his journal, and it proved both warm and intelligent.

Here is an entry: "*Nov. 14th.* On Monday I had been a year in the workhouse. I have made seventy-eight pair of list shoes and mended many—premium one penny per week." This penny, with any other he might get, was expended on mental food. He used to walk two miles and back, as frequently as his holidays allowed, namely, from Plymouth to Devonport (then Plymouth Dock), for the purpose of getting a cheap reading at a book-stall in the market-place there; and there the writer has often stood by his side, while both tumbled over tattered classics and titleless divinity. The stall was kept by a happy old man, quite a character, who allowed boys to read at their leisure around him, though they might borrow

books at a penny a week, from "Newton's Principia" to the "History of Tom Thumb." Kitto thus describes himself on the completion of his sixteenth year: "I am four feet eight inches high; my hair is stiff and coarse, of a dark brown color, almost black; my head is *very* large, and, I believe, has a tolerably good lining of brain; my eyes are brown and large; my forehead high; my eye-brows bushy; my nose large; my mouth very big; my teeth well enough; my limbs not ill shaped, my legs are *well* shaped." He adds: "I never was a *lad*; I have been accustomed to *think*—to think deeply—think as I read, as I worked, as I walked. While other lads were employed in trifles, I thought as a man, felt as a man, and acted as a man. I have walked hours in the most lonesome lanes, abstracted in melancholy musings." In short, Beattie's "Minstrel" might have stood for Kitto's mental portrait; but to the writer, who not unfrequently met him at this period, he appeared like a foreigner, knowing no one to talk with.

The strength of his feelings at this time is best seen in his journal, particularly where he mentions the death and burial of his grandmother already alluded to: "Oh, then—when I saw the corpse—when I saw those eyes, which had often watched my slumbers, and cast on me looks of love, were closed in eternal sleep! those lips which often had pressed mine, which often had opened to soothe me, tell me tales, and form my infant mind, were pale and motionless; when I saw the hands which led, caressed, and fed me, for ever stiff and motionless—when I saw all this, and felt that it was for *ever*—gone for ever! that is the word of agonizing poignancy. Yet not for ever; a few short years at most, and I may hope to meet her again—there is my consolation. Joyful meeting! yet a little while to bear this—

"Fond, restless dream which idiots hug,
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life."

Accursed be the atheist who seeks to deprive man of his hope of immortality! What were man without this hope?"

It is thus by a love that has blessed us that *The Father* persuades us of his own personal love for us—all the mystery of sin, suffering, and death notwithstanding.

Kitto wished to be confirmed a short time after this bereavement, and he was

approved by the minister; but, like a youth all eye, he was so intently engaged in watching the ceremony and the bishop, that he forgot to go up with the rest of the boys, and was never confirmed after all!

His friends Mr. Burnard and Mr. Nugent having been impressed by many proofs of the excellence of his mind and heart, were desirous of drawing him out in the right direction, and for this purpose furnished him with written questions on Christian doctrine, to be answered scripturally. And he did answer them fully and most satisfactorily. He afterwards wrote lectures at the request of the Board, to be read to the boys of the workhouse, and great was his joy at this proof of confidence in his ability and fitness! He exclaimed, as he ran about the court on receiving this request, "What, I John Kitto, write lectures to be read to the boys! and Mr. Burnard thinks me competent, too!" Immediately after these encouragements, from a workhouse inmate he became worse—a workhouse apprentice; and that, too, to an ignorant shoemaker of the Legree stamp, a mere slave-driver. He had been with this man but a short time before he thus wrote in his journal: "*Jan. 19.* O misery! art thou to be my only portion! Father of mercies, forgive me if I wish I had never been born!" He was cruelly over-worked, and ignominiously smitten by his tyrannical master. In his work on Deafness he says: "This was a terrible time for me; I submitted, I acquiesced, I tried hard to be happy; but it would not do; my heart gave way." "It somewhat moves me to look back upon that poor deaf boy in utter loneliness, devoting himself to objects in which none around him could sympathize, and to pursuits which none could even understand." In this pity for his former self we thoroughly sympathize, for hard indeed it must have been to macerate that toil-worn body by the nightly denial of needful rest in order to satisfy the cravings of the mind for the knowledge on which it grew. But this was the darkness before the dawn. The suffering soon became intolerable, and he complained in a letter that astonished "the bench," and awakened such a general interest in his behalf that he returned to the workhouse with some hope. That place seemed a paradise in comparison, for he had friends there, and there he

worked with all his heart to perfect himself in shoemaking, that he might go forth and support himself manfully. But other work was waiting for him. In 1823, George Harvey, an eminent mathematician, and Mr. Nettleton, the proprietor of the *Plymouth Journal*, stirred their friends in his behalf; some of his essays were published, their good promise appreciated, a small sum raised for his aid, and he was placed in the public library to read at his will. The committee-room of this institution he calls his *second study*. Strangely enough his reading was here almost confined to metaphysics, and yet it was very natural for a mind so constructed to look into its own nature as far as possible. He was speedily convinced, however, that such studies are more laborious than profitable. Yet, doubtless, the effort of inquiring into the nature and modes of mind was a useful exercise of his faculties, as he states that "Like the alchemists in their search for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life, I thus obtained some useful knowledge, and drew some useful conclusions." Every enlarged mind does inquire, some way or other, into the conditions and *modus operandi* of its own existence, and whether conscious of metaphysics or not, every rational being is metaphysical, or he would never reach above sensation and get a faith in the Cause of causes. But to gain the proper good of metaphysical inquiry, it is necessary to consider the laws of the mind in connection with those of the body. Both are God's laws, and we ought to study them and obey them. For lack of such knowledge multitudes are destroyed. Kitto would have enjoyed his metaphysics, and realized their practical value, had he been better acquainted with the living mechanism and nerve-powers of his own body. That education is merely memorial, amusing, speculative, dogmatic, and dangerous that does not make us better acquainted with our compound and common nature. Our charity and our adoration are strengthened by intimacy with the most wondrous of the divine works; and by a knowledge of the functions of mind and body in relation to each other, we learn more justly to estimate the largeness of our existence in its capacity for suffering and enjoying for ever; and by contemplating soul and body as derived from one source, and related from first to last to one man and one God, we obtain a ful-

ler idea of the providence and grace that constituted paradise and heaven as *places* where the Divinity walks with man in the person of Immanuel, with a human soul and a human body, one with God.

Kitto had a loving heart. Numberless and unremitted were his endeavors to attach children to him; but he bemoans the transient nature of their attachments. He seemed to forget that souls get attached to each other chiefly through speech, and he was nearly dumb, and could not hear at all, so that it is but natural, that until his heart was read in his writings, Mr. Burnard's dog appeared to have formed a more sincere and disinterested attachment to him than any rational creature. His pen soon obtained him friends that loved him for his soul's sake, and for whom he could have died. Being aware of his very imperfect utterance, he endeavored to avoid speaking, but he was cured of this injurious habit in a very Christian and philosophical manner by Dr. Korek, a German physician, who had taken orders in the Anglican Church, and by Mr. Jadownicky, a Polish Jew, both of whom were going with him to Malta. These well-informed and kind-hearted men soon perceived how matters stood with him, and they entered into a conspiracy with the captain of the ship, not to understand him otherwise than orally throughout the voyage. In this they persevered to a marvel, and during the six weeks of the voyage he made such progress in the use of his tongue, as almost to overcome his habit of clutching pen or pencil for the purpose of communicating his thoughts to his present friends; and at length, by diligent practice, his voice and articulation were so much improved that he could be readily understood, even by a foreigner. Nevertheless he confined himself too much to short sentences and to dry, hard words, which, of course, were rather repulsive, except to those who knew his heart. Great was the joy of his little child, who, on first hearing him say "*Dear,*" ran to his mother with the glad news—an incident only less touching than Kitto's complaint, that he never heard that child's voice. How much more important are the gentle, endearing words of our language, that bind hearts together, than those which belong to logic and science! Oh, that our logic, science, and affections were more united and permeated with the endearing terms of Divine love!

His plan of study will enable us to see the means of his mental progress. He divided his week thus: Seven parts open or optional; six for writing to his friends; twelve for reading; nine for grammar; two for extracting, and one for church. He enjoyed sermons and lectures by sympathy; he could feel their effects as visible in those who heard. He at length addicted himself almost exclusively to those books that required to be well digested, and he gave a thorough heart to the study of the Bible as "the only book of sound principles and perfect science ever written."

After some correspondence with his Plymouth friends on the propriety of publishing selections from his essays, and after a still more remarkable correspondence on Christian duty with Mr. Flindell, then editor and proprietor of the *Western Luminary*, his mind was turned to the consideration of his fitness for ministerial labor. On this subject he writes: "Were it possible, O my God! that I could become a minister of thy word; that I could be permitted to point out to erring sinners the paths of peace and salvation, what more could I desire of thee? If an ardent zeal for the salvation of souls, if an unshaken belief in the faith promulgated by Jesus Christ, if a fervent attachment to the Scriptures, and if a deep sense of the natural depravity of human nature, are qualifications for the ministry, then I am qualified." This he wrote in March, 1824. It is here worthy of remark that he did not believe himself to have been truly converted until five years after this, the *inner* sins of his mind not being thoroughly felt by him, as he owns to his mother in a letter from Bagdad, in which he says: "I doubt if my heart were ever truly converted to God, till after I was last at Plymouth," that is, in 1829. But to preach by word of mouth was not to be his vocation so much as to preach with his pen, as he has done so widely and well in his Scripture illustrations. God provided him the help he now needed in the person of Mr. Groves, of Exeter, a liberal Christian gentleman, who, having read one of his letters, offered to receive him not only as a gratuitous pupil, but to give him £15 for the first, and £20 for the second year. Kitto accepts the generous offer, but adds: "I am afraid sir, that you do not know me sufficiently; I, unfortunately, do not possess that conciliating appearance, those

engaging manners, and social dispositions, which invariably recommend to esteem, to attention, and to love." However, he joins Mr. Groves, and his higher life begins. He becomes more earnest in religion, he finds an answer to his long-continued prayer, the day-spring arises in his heart, he feels himself a new creature in Christ Jesus, and through him seeks and obtains the strengthening influence of the Holy Spirit, enabling him to walk right on in the path of growing light. He now writes to his friends in a new style; he points them to Christ, like a man no longer of this world.

At length his essays and letters were published; and he had gloomy forebodings concerning the publication, which were not fulfilled. His mind ripened with wondrous rapidity after his more personal interest in the work of the Lord began. He fervently desired to be more actively engaged in that work, and being guided by Mr. Groves' advice and assistance, he became an inmate of the Church Missionary Society at Islington, and was placed under the instruction of the Society's printer in July, 1825. His letters, while in this institution, are peculiarly interesting, but alas! he soon begins to complain of the little time afforded him for reading and writing. These employments suited his nature and habits; and how could he do otherwise than deplore the necessity of his being at the printing-office, often with nothing to do, when his heart was in his study? He sometimes was tempted to leave the office for his books, and soon received a sharp reminder from the Committee, which induced him abruptly and unwisely to dissolve his connection with the Society. He explains the state of his mind to his Plymouth friends; and after his removal nobly opens his heart to the Rev. J. N. Pearson, the principal of the college. His own desires he yielded to the wisdom of better-informed minds, and the result was that he returned to printing on further probation, with the understanding, that if approved, he was to proceed to Malta, to be there joined by his lady friend, with a view to their marriage. To Malta he went in June, 1827, but, alas! his lady-love married another soon after his departure. It was to this lady he addressed those impassioned lines quoted in his work on Deafness, in proof that, though deaf, he could write musically:

"Oh, Mary, gilded by thine eye
Griefs melt away, and fall in streams
Of hope into the land of dreams,
And life's inanities pass by
Unheeded, without tear or sigh!"

But love at sight, and the poetry of romance, lead to dreams that terminate in very painful realities. "Oh, my mother," he writes on this occasion, "Oh, my mother, you cannot imagine what this has made me suffer! All my hopes and happiness in this life were at once destroyed by this intelligence; I hardly know how to believe it. The Lord is with me, however, and puts a little peace into my heart, else I could not live; my nights are sleepless, etc." This cup of bitterness had its salutary and strengthening purpose to effect in his soul, and though it at first caused him to desire a rapid transit to his heavenly rest, its ultimate effect was to wean his affections from the evanescent to fix them more firmly on the everlasting. Two months after he wrote those piercing words to his mother, he thus expresses himself to his friend, the Rev. J. Marsh: "I have felt quite weary of all things, even of myself; and you know, dear, dear self, is generally the last thing people are weary of. Our good Master has been kind to me, and I tremble to conjecture what would have become of me, but for those strengthenings which his ready hand has afforded me. It is for afflictions to show the real value of our privileges. It is for sorrow and trouble to brighten them up, to bring them forth in all their powers. So it has been with me at least."

Though he afterwards still said:

"No more, no more, oh! never more on me!
The freshness of the heart shall fall like dew,"

yet a higher and more blessed refreshing fell henceforth upon his soul, and that too in due time, in fellowship with a partner worthy of his love. This terrible trial of his heart interfered with his duties at Malta, and for a time quite disqualified him from attending to them. These duties were, however, of a nature but little suited to his mind. He had justly complained, while at Islington, of labor that only reminded him of the period when he slept in the workhouse, of which he says, "I am quite unable to conceive of anything more dark, and wretched, and horrible." He aimed at a regular course of study,

and wished to confine himself to theology, "particularly that part which illustrates and explains the Scriptures." He says, "Nothing merely secular can ever be to me an exclusive study." His friends at Malta, knowing this, and well aware of his mental qualifications for higher work, would have been wise to encourage his application to more appropriate employment than that of setting up types in tongues unknown to him. But, observe his temper of mind under this constant self-denial. "Before God I bow my head in the very dust." "I trust he will make good to me all these evils; and that they may be made instrumental in drawing me still nearer to our crucified Lord." His question had been, "What does Christ say?" and the answer of the Lord's providence was plain—he was being fitted for those works which he desired, and which he afterwards so well accomplished. At Malta, he was required to relinquish all literary pursuits, and his chosen mental refreshments, as disqualifying him for his duties as a printer. He could not but read and think; but so to do was not compatible with his daily labor, except by the sacrifice of the hours of night. The Committee deemed his devotion to study at any time incompatible with his engagements as a printer. Kitto was perhaps too severe when he said that "If I had employed an equal portion of my evening lolling on the sofa and smoking my pipe, it seems all would have been well." Whether it was a question of degree or not, the difference led to a separation. Kitto determined to be free, and sailed back to England, which he reached in February, 1829. His friends did not justify him, but events did.

As he incidentally mentions his pipe, we are tempted to add a few words on the use and abuse of "the weed" by thinking men. Why is tobacco so seductive to those who submit themselves to its influence? Its physical effect seems to depend on its power to retard those changes of the living tissue which it is the purpose of breathing to expedite; in short, it produces a kind of *remora* of life, a tardiness of vital action, by diminishing the influence of the oxygen on the flesh and nerve-matter; so that, while it excites the brain, to a certain extent, to give out force to overcome this delay, it yet relaxes the muscular system, and thus predisposes to bodily repose, while it favors

the voluntary act of thinking. Like every agent that retards the removal of carbon from the blood, it induces a kind of dreaminess; and, acting directly on the spinal system of nerves, while it tranquilizes emotion, it lessens alike the desires and the demands of the animal economy. Of course, it is enjoyable only from an unnatural appetite, and must, therefore, on the whole, be injurious, since it substitutes a morbid condition of blood and nerve for the wholesome influences which God has placed within and around us. The very soothing which enabled Newton, Parr, and Robert Hall to labor leisurely on in their mental greatness, produces indolence, indifference, and, it may be, cruel heartlessness in inferior minds—in fact, it beclouds the conscience and produces an evil calm as long as they can be thus indulged, but restlessness and irritability when, at the mercy of the habit, the means of enjoying it are lost. Hence it is, at the best, a dangerous *placebo* to the student, whose mind is in health, and he would work more happily with the free use of the muscles in the open air under due alternations of repose and the retirement of the study. The man who digs the earth in the fresh air may profit by an occasional pipe, as it will lessen his demand for flesh-producing food; and the man, who like Kitto, endures some mental misery or bodily deprivation, with inherited nervousness, may temperately smoke without deserved remorse, but to imitate a good man in a bad practice, without a medical reason, is sure to be followed by its punishment in sickness of brain, and whimsicality of every function.

On returning to Plymouth, Kitto sought aid to establish himself in a stationery shop and circulating library as a means of support. He thus aimed at combining his literary taste with business; but the means demanded, though small, were not to be borrowed by so poor a man. Mr. Groves, however, who seemed to see more of Kitto's excellence than his other friends, again came providentially to his relief, and obtained for him the superintendence of a private printing press at Teignmouth, from which a good man desired to bring out a few little works in Greek and Hebrew. He met Mr. Groves in London, but instead of settling down at the press in Teignmouth he was drawn most unexpectedly into those scenes which so admi-

rably fitted him to illustrate the Sacred Volume. He did not quite sympathize with Mr. Groves in his deviations from the Anglican church, but he fully sympathized with him in the zeal and faith with which he projected a mission on his own plan and at his own expense, and when Mr. Groves said "Will you come?" Kitto, to his surprise, at once answered, "Yes." This "yea," under Providence, determined the future complexion of his life. In three days he was ready to join the missionary party, consisting of nine persons, he being engaged as tutor to Mr. Groves' two little boys. No one who has read the tales of the "Deaf Traveller," published in the "Penny Magazine," need be told how interesting Kitto's letters must have been in describing his journey from St. Petersburg to Bagdad, and his residence in the latter city. Our readers will, we hope, enjoy, as we have enjoyed, the richness of his letters and journal during this period. It is remarkable that he never seems to be deaf, he is always alive to the utterances around him, and his very fear of death is associated with his fear of losing the voices of those he loved. "Is it not terrible," he writes, "to hear no more the voices of those who have been our music?" He felt "the music breathing from the face," and lived in contact with their visible discourse. He used his eyes with a most discriminating scrutiny, he took in every *minutia*; he saw all objects about him in their exact relations to each other, and his mind and memory became so exact with regard to visual things, that his word-pictures are truly photographic. One almost regrets that his Plymouth friends did not urge him to seek his living by painting, for his wonderful faculty of eye would doubtless have enabled him to take a high place amongst the celebrated painters born at Plymouth. But a higher calling was his. How beautifully his Christian character beams out under the terrible visitations of plague, inundation, siege, and famine at Bagdad. One's heart swells with gratulation to see how Groves and Kitto learned to love one another under the severe trials in which they became more and more intimate with each other's spirits, and recognized in each other more and more resemblance to Him who went about doing good. It is at Bagdad that Kitto's admirable qualities as a man and a Christian, a tutor of youth, a missionary,

and a friend, are brought to light. The simple state of his mind is perhaps best expressed in his words to his mother:

"When I put myself in dear Mr. Groves' present case, and think what I should feel in his situation, supposing that he has the plague himself, and knowing that his beloved wife has; apprehending, also, that he shall leave three little orphans in a strange city, under the care of a deaf man — when I think of this, I am afraid I could not bear it as he does. For myself, I only say, 'Do with me as Thou wilt, only make my will Thine.' I have no ground of consolation in the prospect of death, but in the free mercy of Christ. My dearest mother, earnestly seek after the salvation of God. Above all do not neglect the Bible and private prayer. God bless you, my dear father, and put your heart, or keep it, if it be there, in the true way, which your head knows so well. Dear Betsy, dear Mary Ann, dear William, I love you all very tenderly! I hope you may all walk with Christ, and join your elder brother in that house not made with hands. Take care of our parents. Tell little Jack Hiccerthrift that his uncle John prays the Great King in heaven to bless him; and that uncle John wants him to learn the way to come and gather flowers in the garden of Paradise." — Pp. 420, 421.

Mrs. Groves died, but Mr. Groves recovered to Kitto's great joy. He was anxious to fulfil his duty as a missionary, but the deaf tutor knew the tutor's duties and did them, in a way of his own, indeed, but which gave entire satisfaction to his employer. He taught his boys Hebrew, Scripture, theology, history, geography, writing, arithmetic, and English composition. He prepared himself to teach them Greek, astronomy, mechanics, and many other things.

While thus employed he collected materials for a missionary geography of the country between the Mediterranean and the Indus. Thus by labors most suitable and sufficiently abundant, Kitto was becoming qualified for the production of those works which the Church in general so much needed when he was brought into the public field.

There are no other expositions of Holy Scripture which so practically and so charmingly combine the experimental, the devout, the learned, and the life-like, as those of Dr. Kitto. They are calculated to raise the general mind of the Christian public to a higher standard of thought and action, by presenting to that mind more of those divine excellences by which the doctrines, and the inward and outward evidences of Christianity are com-

mended to the conscience and reason of mankind. From youth, Kitto had an eye to those labors by which he was at last so well known, but he did not see his way to their accomplishment even while walking in it; yet the unerring Guide was leading him all the while precisely in the right path to the desired end. And thus, while full of missionary zeal and amongst missionaries, he did not find his proper sphere of labor; and while learning to teach youth, and treasuring up facts for the instruction of growing minds, his thoughts were yet reaching beyond those immediately about him. He was to be a national teacher. So when he was matured for the purpose by lonely thought, by wide observation, and by deep personal experience of Christ's life and love, his occupation at Bagdad began to appear too small for him. His friends also began at length to say: "Kitto, you are sure to succeed as a literary man—in the management of some periodical, for instance." "London, dear London, that is the place for a man of my mood to live in," thought he. So, in the best understanding with his friends, he returns from Bagdad for London. His motives are set forth at large in his interesting letters to his friends and in his journal. But he naturally opens his heart most thoroughly to a lady, and he closes a letter to Miss Paget, of Exeter, in this manner: "My return does not imply that I have turned back from the class of feelings which led me into missionary connections, or that I have relinquished any principle my heart ever held. I shall ever count the day happy in which I came to Bagdad. I have no desire to magnify my attainments, my feelings, my character, my motives; and if any think badly of my return, let it be so. If I have gained anything more of the true riches than I brought out, may the praise be to the Great Giver, who has forced upon my heart, in hard and bitter ways, truths, lessons, gifts, which, but from its hardness, might have been sent gently down upon it, like dew upon the mown grass. The man does not live who thinks, or can think, so low of me as I think myself low in all high things."

His journal during his travels home from Bagdad presents some points of much interest, and exhibits his character in a new aspect as an observer of the influence of woman. Thus he marks the indoors superiority of the French consu-

late at Trebizond over that of the English, the latter decidedly indicating the absence of woman by the absence of grace and ornamentation. "The English mantel-piece," says he, "has nothing upon it or over it, a thing that never happens where there is womankind; and indeed there is nothing more pleasant than the glory womankind can throw about it." Then, after describing at full, just as Crabbe might have done, the signs of feminine taste in the French consulate, he exclaims: "Verily it would be a blessed case to be a bachelor, with the house of a married man! above all these (house-ornaments) were the happy and happy-making faces of womankind." He then excuses himself for thinking of women and their powers of brightening a home, and adds: "If I studied them more than befits me, it must be my excuse, that I had been so long without seeing any young ladies." These passages are sufficient proof that his disappointed and chilled heart was opening anew to the sunnier influences of humanity, and warming up again under the hopeful geniality of those fair smiles, without which man withers into a dry recluse.

He saw Constantinople with raptures, and he says: "He who has not seen Stamboul may be said to want a sense—a feeling of the beautiful which no other object can convey." But he soon after again betrays his consciousness of a finer sense within him that wanted its object, for when he bids adieu to the missionaries there, he observes that he particularly envies Dwight:—"Married, having children—his blest, Madonna-like wife—with heaven here and heaven hereafter." Good! all, another missionary, desired him to give his love to *all England*, which he says he does with his, especially to *all*. His heart turns more lovingly to dear England as he approaches her white cliffs, where he seems to behold beauty not to be found on the shores of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, for he associates his ideas of England with all that is sweet and sacred in her blessed homes. Thus, while detained in quarantine, he winds up his wise saws on the past and the present, by saying: "Give me a little house, a little wife, a little child, and a little money in England, and I will seek no more and wander no more." And no more he sought, no more he wandered, until after more than twenty years' toil, he finally sought health and repose abroad, but found both

to perfection in that home where sin and sighing may not enter.

While at quarantine, in sight of his native land, Mr. Shepherd, Kitto's fellow-passenger, died. Kitto's endeavours to console the lady to whom Mr. Shepherd was engaged, led him rather often into her society. The result was very natural. In a letter to Lady McNeill, he describes the person whom he fain would comfort as "very interesting, with much information and more understanding. Of course she will wither on the virgin thorn for ever. So *she* thinks—not I. No intense feelings can be lasting, nor any resolutions, permanent, which are formed under their influence. I had firmly made up my mind to die an old bachelor; but now, if I can find any one who will have me, I know nothing farther from my intention." With this feeling uppermost, he, of course became intensely anxious to secure some temporal provision; and, after many plans that died as they were formed, he at length gets introduced to a certain gentleman connected with the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." He is found exactly suited to their service, and under the kindly encouragement of Mr. Knight, to whom the public is so greatly indebted for cheap and good literature, he settles down into full and sufficiently remunerating employment in connection with that Society. He enjoyed his hard work, for he was, by habit and ability, quite equal to the large demand upon his mind and hand. Being assured, however, of a living by his labor, he took a partner worthy of him, one who contributed very much to the successful prosecution of his literary exertions, and without whose aid Kitto could never have produced so many excellent works as he did. This partner was the interesting lady above mentioned, and certainly she fulfilled her mission like a Christian; for she must have had much to endure in a man whom nature and habit had bereft of many social amenities, and who could not accommodate the object of his love in a manner commensurate with his affection. How could she bear being shut up with a man who could not hear her voice, and whose eyes were ever on books and papers? She nobly answers the question herself: "I asked my heavenly Father, who had chosen our path, to teach me how to walk in it." As a wife should do to be happy, she identified herself with her husband's pursuits, she became into-

rested in all he did, and she thus associated herself in his mind and heart with all his usefulness and all his enjoyments. She made a large sacrifice, but it was a joyful sacrifice. She informs us that for twenty-one years, she did not spend ten hours separate from him in visits. All the socialities of out-door life were entirely set aside in devotion to the labors of a literary life, in which she and her husband were perfectly assimilated. All honor to such a woman! The fame and reputation are not hers, it is true, yet her reward is better than a name. But what would Kitto's fame have been in comparison with what it is, had she not been his "*hodman*," as he used jocularly to call her? She sought and gathered up the materials necessary for his work. Under his direction, she frequented all the great libraries of London for such matter as he wanted, and knew where to find, for constructing magazines, cyclopædias, books of travels, and histories of every kind. Not that he was a compiler; he treasured knowledge, and brought it forth to the delight and benefit of other minds, in new forms, that always evinced alike his good feeling and his wisdom. He was thus employed in a multitude of miscellaneous writings which he acknowledged to be a fine exercise for his intellect.

His first instalment of defined duties, to be undertaken at £16 a month, under Mr. Knight, will present a pretty good notion of his industrial habits and mental powers. He was to write one original article every week for *The Penny Magazine*; to prepare others from correspondents or from books, to read proofs, to register suggestions, to answer letters, to shape contributions, and to return useless articles; for *The Companion to the Newspaper*, he was to prepare the Monthly Chronicle of Events, and to analyse Parliamentary Papers; for *The Printing Machine*, he was to prepare a Journal of Facts in Science, Education, Statistics, etc.; and for *The Companion to the Almanack*, to prepare the Chronicle of the Session, the Parliamentary Abstracts, the Register of Events, and other incidental matters. Who shall say he did not well earn the £16 per month, which he thought so ample a salary? Here was work enough, and it was well done; but the beauty of the thing is, that not one of his duties failed to afford him pleasure, for he did them all easily, and with a full sense of

the delicacy and kindness of his employer, Mr. Knight. As his toil grew, so grew his power to toil, and he published biographies, memoirs, and books in series on foreign lands for the use of children, but which educated men might read with pleasure and profit. Then came forth the "Lost Senses," and several other works fit for "the libraries of the many." "I am delighted at all this," writes he to a friend, "I have been *singing in my heart* all day." "I have never till now been in my true position, and I am far more useful than I ever was before. I cannot be happy without the consciousness of being *useful*." And as if rejoicing to immolate his love of fame, he adds: "The anonymous character of all that is published by the Society also saves me from the imputation of inordinately thirsting after a *name*, a thing to which I am become mighty indifferent."

The name of John Kitto will, however, stand associated with the highest and best of English literati; for notwithstanding the anonymous character of so large a portion of his learned labors, those works which the public possess under the authority of his name have a living power in them quite sufficient to establish his reputation for learning and mental power. Those works especially illustrate the Living Word, and that in a style the most manly, clear, unpretending, and convincing; not only because he was largely acquainted with oriental customs, and the land and languages of the Bible, but also because he was imbued, so to say, with the spirit of that grand old book, and manifested that spirit in a practical, demonstrative, and felt eloquence concerning the doctrines and precepts of that wondrous book, as those of God his Saviour.

His religion was not merely a sentiment; it was a life, and a life's work, and a life's delight. It was a glory in him that shone through him. Hence his writings are not party-colored nor conventional, neither is there any artificial ornament about them: the grandeur of truth is in them. They are full of that beauty that needs no foreign aid from ornament. They harmonize with God's word, and bear upon them the impress of that Spirit who imparts the gifts and graces of faith and love to all his true ministers.

Kitto's employment in behalf of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Know-

ledge well prepared him for his highest and most useful works. That employment cleared his mind of inferior matter, or, rather, turned it up and laid it out, so as to form the good ground from whence sprung up an abundant harvest to God's glory, and for the growth of many souls.

Henceforward he was engaged in those biblical labors for which all his previous labors trained him. We need not enlarge on his riper works; they are probably well known to our readers. The "Pictorial Bible," the "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," the "Journal of Sacred Literature," the "Daily Bible Illustrations," are works which only a mature and a full mind could have devised, and which no man, without a very powerful and God-sustained intellect and industry, could have carried on and completed. These labors were necessarily extensive and prolonged, but his spirit seemed to grow stronger as they proceeded. A higher preparation of soul proceeded with them: he was ripening for heaven by his exigencies, and the exhaustion of his natural energies gave force to his prayers, for his faith failed not. He knew in whom he believed, and so when weak, he was strong, the power of Christ resting on him. He worked on in his Master's service; and the activity and life of his soul, taking step by step, in the strength each moment supplied, prevented his discovering any insurmountable obstacles before him. He kept his eye on his path, and followed the growing light in which the mountains appeared but as steps to heaven.

The life of a literary man is usually a life of severe struggle; but the man, who like Kitto, divested of all false attractiveness, aims at elevating his readers into a purer region of knowledge and love, has toils unimagined by men who traverse the smooth broad way that delights the multitude. The man who like Kitto, would induce others manfully to pursue the heavenly course, must first lead the way, and like Christian the Pilgrim, climb the hill Difficulty on his hands and knees, and, after all, find few to follow him until he has been up and down many times, and, so to say, made a pleasant path for others by his own painful and peculiar labors. Kitto's works are all well calculated to render the ascent of other minds to the higher grounds of truth both safe and easy. That those works demanded an immense outlay of mental labor, no

reader of them can doubt. And here we cannot but remark that there must be something essentially wrong in the constitution of our learned institutions, that it should have been left to a foreign university to discover Kitto's claim to the title of learned, and to confer it on him. Any of our universities would have been honored by his name standing amongst their *alumni*. His works, each in its sphere, being highly appreciated by those sufficiently informed to feel their value, secured a large amount of public approval, and they are all so far very successful; but alas! the remuneration to their author was by no means equivalent to his labor. The deaf doctor of divinity was but ill qualified to trade with his talents in the market of mammon.

It is true that the joy of his work was a high reward, and the anticipation of his Master's final commendation more than money could purchase. He has heard the sentence: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Yet we cannot but regret that toils so abundant and so useful were not better met by those supplies without which the pressure of the *res angustæ domi* is apt to crush the heart and brain. It is right gladsome to a loyal heart to know that our beloved queen and her consort practically estimated Kitto's works, and forgot not to minister to his help when that pressure had overpowered him; but royal bounty ought not to have been needed, since the public were so much indebted to him. He lost much by the "Journal of Sacred Literature." The plan and publication of this work were peculiarly bold, and none but a man thoroughly confident that he had at his command the highest sources of biblical and Christian intelligence could have possessed courage enough to adventure on such a work on his own responsibility. Firmly believing, as the result of his own experience, that the more the Holy Scriptures are investigated the more fully and clearly they appear what they are—the humanized revelation of the Divine mind in respect to all that is essential to man's historic progress and eternal salvation, Kitto invited the learned of all sections of the Church to discuss whatever difficulties they discovered or imagined in the language or the facts of the sacred record. It requires great erudition, and the most large-hearted love of truth, rightly to es-

timate the vast amount of interesting and elucidating matter in this admirable journal. Were the work in the hands of a large number of preachers, the tone of their ministrations might possibly be improved, and that style of dogmatism be diminished, which, more than any attachment to well-defined principle, is apt to nullify pulpit zeal, to hide the charity, the liberality of our Lord, and to hinder Christian union and coöperation, by putting private interpretations on his world-wide words. Kitto's other writings render the highest learning practical and popular. This is remarkably the case with his "Daily Bible Illustrations." We regard them as calculated to be peculiarly useful in the family, and the rather because there is no obtrusion of dogmatic opinions in them. There is no school, or technical theology—no parade of critical philology—no sectarian bias of doctrinal teaching in them. But there is much evangelical light, much practical godliness, and an abundance of real illustration and intelligence concerning the word of truth in them. There is that in them, we conceive, that will do more towards removing obscurity and seeming incongruity from the Word of God than almost any kind of commentary extant. These illustrations, indeed, do not read like those devotional exhortations or pious improvements partaking of the character of diminutive sermons appended to Morning and Evening Readings in the usual manner of godly ministers; and it is for this very reason that we deem them peculiarly fitted to do good when read in the family in connection with lessons from the Bible. The incessant efforts which godly parents are apt to make to force upon the attention of their children those higher principles and doctrines which advanced Christians enjoy, are the very means, most likely, to repel those children. Not because the doctrines are enigmas, but because they belong to a higher and a maturer life. If our children be of a susceptible turn of mind, or very compliable, or very desirous of approval, by insisting on their receiving abstract doctrines before they are convinced of sin, we run great risk of making sweet hypocrites of them. It is intelligence—actual knowledge of the circumstances, times, places, histories, and persons referred to or implied in the text, that young persons need to interest and instruct them. Such intelligence is the

best means of convincing them of the truth of the statements and the doctrines presented in the Bible. It is for want of this kind of instruction that so many young persons, otherwise well educated, and brought up in evangelical families, are ready to give heed to the seducing spirits of Romanism, Pantheism, and other superstitions. Those who are deprived of facts are possessed by fancies, and the religion of the imagination takes the place of that of truth, where the heart and the mind, the reason and the affections, are not provided for by the fullest information concerning the circumstances as well as the corollaries of revelation. Dogmatism constantly asserted to untried souls drives them to seek either for the authority of a faith without reason, like that of the self-worshiper whom Emerson would extol. God manifest as an object of faith in the Saviour is hidden alike from both. Kitto's "Daily Bible Illustrations" are just such as are needed, because they furnish good reasons for believing, for they elucidate the facts on which faith rests.

The copiousness and clearness with which Kitto's writings administer to the intellectual satisfaction of the inquiring mind, may be regarded as their characteristic claim upon attention. But they are not dry and hard in their clearness; they are streams of the waters of life, and they are no less adapted to cheer and strengthen the heart than to fortify the mind. In fact, Kitto's affections were of the kindest order, and his sympathies stirred and animated his reason in all his labors. Had it not been so, could he have devoted his life thus exclusively to the higher interests of humanity and of truth? It was to make men wise to salvation that he thus toiled, and delighted in his toil; it was this that he called usefulness, and it was to this that he sacrificed all that the worldling calls life. That fame was a very secondary object with him is evident from the style of his letters; but any one who has read any of his anonymous works, such as he wrote for the Religious Tract Society, will see that his heart was in those works—and his intellect also—as fully as in any on which his fame depended. That beautiful little work "Thoughts among Flowers," is a fine instance of the fullness of his thought and feeling irrespective of public reputation.

He lived by his pen, indeed; but had he

exercised the same industry and talent in the service of the world instead of the Church and our Lord, he would scarcely have been forced to seek pecuniary aid when paralysis caused the pen to drop from his fingers.

He waited on God, who renewed his strength each day for each day's service. He was conscious that his Master's eye was upon him, and he was sustained to work on in the feeling that he could not fail, for he had received the Lord's assuring word to that end, and he believed it, and, in the faith of it, lived on it.

It is not improbable that his confidence in the faithfulness of Him whom he served was sometimes supplanted by a confidence extending beyond the promise; and there is an evidence that he carried his industry in his vocation beyond the demand which his Lord laid on him. In short, it was his temptation to labor too much, because he labored for bread; and he broke the laws of God while supposing himself only duly devoted to his calling as a Christian. Alas! many good men, very spiritually minded, are in the habit of breaking God's natural laws every day, year after year, and yet do not discover that they are disobedient merely because they are not immoral. But it is unnatural to live as the cherubs on the tombs are represented—like winged heads, moved only in thought and feeling. The muscles of a man require exercise as well as his brain; but those who labor with the pen are peculiarly prone to forget what is due to their limbs and the inner economy on which they live. If a man voluntarily acts as if he thought he might sit in a chair from dawn to day's decline with impunity, he is ignorant of the proper study of man—his own nature. And, whatever his motive, to ignore the requirements of his bodily life by denying himself proper exercise in the open air is to be in willing bondage to a bad habit. Kitto suffered from this habit, and it is pitiable to see how much he suffered. There can be no doubt that he was prematurely cut off by the abuse of his own mental powers. *He died of over-work of brain.* But it is evident that he might have done all his work, had he allowed himself due intervals of active exertion, such as walking. Refreshment and rest are essential to happy labor; and it is economy of brain in the student to ventilate his blood and divert his nerve-powers by bodily exercise.

It is astonishing, however, to observe what an amount of mismanagement may be accommodated by the inherent powers of the constitution, so that life and thought may go on enjoyably together. But this can continue only so long as the system of mind and body is preserved from any violent jar; for a mental shock or a sudden bodily exposure will, under such circumstances, produce an impression which in a more natural condition of a man's powers would soon pass off without mischief. Thus a weight, which the machine can just bear, may seem to be borne well while it works smoothly; but the instant any impediment to its steady movement occurs, the weight it carries hurries it to destruction. Thus Kitto's system, both of mind and body, was prepared to suffer the more when any shock came to interfere with the mere monotony and momentum of his daily labor. That shock first came in the form of pecuniary embarrassment in 1845, and he endured five years of great mental and bodily suffering. The smoothness of his course was harshly interrupted; the labor that had been his pleasure now brought him pain. But still his heart was in his work; and his industry, being founded on his faith, carried him through, and God provided him friends in his need. His work was hard, and the harder because it seemed necessary.

In 1849 his working day extended from four A.M. to nine P.M. with little interruption. Is it any wonder that he began to complain of difficulty in carrying out his careful thought and laborious research? He fulfilled his engagements to his employers, but his "excellent constitution was remedilessly spoiled." He endured frequent and intense headaches and neuralgic attacks. The doctors ordered walking—walking in all weathers, six miles a day. "Think of that," says he, "for a man who has almost lost the power of putting one leg before another!" Surely it could not be deemed obedience to any duty imposed by the God of providence and grace, thus to labor with the mind to the destruction of bodily power. And that was a cruel exaction that, after such services to the public, made it necessary for such a man to labor on from day to day through all the daily hours in order to obtain a sufficiency of means to meet the daily demands of his family. He could not recover while thus bound by

his necessities. He struggled on, indeed; he "took some spells of some hours' work, without bringing on any very strong pains." (P. 626.) But the loss of time was a serious matter, and he endeavored to find a partial compensation; he hoped to be enabled to get through his work with renewed briskness and spirit. He tried the electric chain because, in ignorance, he thought it must be good for a nervous complaint. The disorder of his nerves was that of weariness. He needed rest, and the equally essential refreshment of proper and happy bodily exercise. These remedies he could not get; and then another shock came upon him—he became the owner of a grave—his beautiful young child's grave. His soul was bowed down; but he looked up: "May the Lord strengthen," was his cry. The strength came, but it was strength to suffer. As he grew feebler he felt the claims of his family more forcibly; but still he said, "My work is my pleasure also; and, if it please God to give me strength, I have only to work a little harder!"

His case was hopeless. "I can not cure him," said the beloved physician, Dr. Golding Bird; "no medical man can. Nothing but absolute rest can be of service. I endeavor to subdue the irritation of the brain—he goes home, and immediately excites it by using it." He is urged to rest—what is his reply? "No! If I knew I should die with the pen in my hand, I will go on as long as the Lord permits." He had received money from his generous publisher, Mr. Oliphant, of Edinburgh, for work promised. He finished the work, and thanked God on his knees, with his dear wife by his side, when the closing sentence was written. But the very next morning, on attempting to rise, he exclaimed: "Oh, Bell, I am numb all down one side." He was partially palsied, and for several weeks he so continued; but yet he resumed his labors. The result was inevitable. He resisted the warnings against mental exertion, which pain supplied. Ill and overtaken, he still endeavored to triumph by his will over weakness. His love and his necessity constrained him to the struggle. But it was a resistance to God's hand. Our Maker would have us rest on his hand, that our utter helplessness in ourselves may cause us to realize his all-sufficiency. Our weakness thus becomes our strength. But not to lie still and wait, when the supply of power is

wanting, can only result in fretting anxiety at our inability, or in the sudden and entire withdrawal of power even to will. Thus it happened with Kitto. Early in the morning of February 4, 1854, he was seized with a fit, which reduced him to a state of insensibility, and from which he never so far recovered as again to labor.

Thus we are brought to the closing days of his life—a life from beginning to end more remarkable for successful effort to surmount difficulties than any on record. His natural capacity was of the first order, but that alone would never have secured his triumph over circumstances so formidable. He was endowed with a principle which nature neither possesses in herself, nor, unassisted, has the power to foster. From his childhood he had received gleams of that light which, fully seen, is the perfect day. It was to the Bible he owed the grand truths that so early took possession of his faculties and feelings. Faith in a personal God, and ever-present Saviour, gave vigor to his inner life, and imparted sufficient motive to his energies; and that faith, working by love, filled his heart with heavenly aspirations, and enabled him through the Spirit, to take hold of the Almighty Hand, and walk above the waves that would otherwise have overwhelmed him.

Pain, debility, and incapacity for labor, rendered complete exemption from mental effort at length imperative. Generous aid was needed; the appeal was made, and his friends well responded. He removed to Germany, in hope of gathering new strength.

“*IBIQUE VITAM SEMPTERNAM IN CHRISTO INVENTIT.*”*

The gentle hand, on which all his life he had leaned, pointed his spirit onwards still for the rest into which his works should follow him. It was THE FATHER who spoke to his heart by appealing to his love for his own children, as if to say,—“the love you feel for them typifies in feebleness the infinite fullness of my love. I am *The Father*, who gave you a parent’s feeling, that you might confide in me.” Thus God spake to the retiring servant, of the filial home and the Father’s bosom, and the glory that was before the world. And to intensify the heavenly attraction, and to fix

attention upon the Divine Parent, and on the rest always remaining to faith, God took two of Kitto’s children before him. The weary laborer sought repose, the sufferer sought ease, the death-smitten sought a life of health, the palsied sought for power still to serve. And, in life eternal, he found that perfect health which is salvation, and in the enjoyment of which neither the power to do God’s will, nor the love that inspires that power can ever fail nor know impediment.

“*MORTUUS EST CANNSTADLÆ DIE XXV. MENS. NOVEMB. AN. MDCCCLIV.*”

He had appeared to be improving, though his medical advisers afforded no hope of recovery. He was prepared to depart, for he read the meaning of the rod, and found it also a staff. The last letter he wrote, dated October 27, 1854, after referring to the death of his children, thus concludes: “I have not been allowed to sorrow as having no hope; and I begin to perceive that, by these variously afflictive dispensations, my Lord is calling me ‘up hither,’ to the higher room in which he sits, that I may see more of his grace, and that I may more clearly understand the inner mysteries of his kingdom. What more awaits me, I guess not. But the Lord’s will be done.” He was soon called to the place prepared for him, and for which he was now prepared. The Lord received him to himself, and where the Lord is, there also is the servant who was found waiting and ready.

Every Christian reader will find in Kitto’s life and writings very much to enlarge his heart and warm his sympathies, and those Memoirs which we have so incompletely reviewed, will be especially acceptable as a very able and most readable exposition of the ways of God towards a most remarkable man. A more instructive life for the careful perusal of young persons has never been published, nor any in which the maturer Christian may find more pleasure and profit. The work will commend itself; and the fact that Kitto’s widow and children will be benefited, we hope largely, by its sale need not be mentioned as an additional motive for the purchase of it. These Memoirs are in keeping with Kitto’s writings; there is a *catholic spirit* in them. This spirit is evinced in every way in his works, for they abound with the no-

* From Kitto’s epitaph.

blest expressions of Christian sentiment from the fullness of a faithful heart, and the highest and brightest intelligence; while yet it would be impossible to learn from the whole, or from any part of those writings to what sect or section of Christians the writer belonged. He wrote for all, as did the Apostles, and there is no sign of party attachment or denominational prejudice in what he wrote. It is visibly his desire and design to promote peace and unity, by promoting the reception of heavenly truth, the manifestation of which is the best evidence and argument to frustrate gainsayers, to convince unbelievers, and to win souls.

God, in his merciful and heart-testing providences, had brought Kitto into contact with men of all grades, and Christians of all extremes, and he learned to admire the grace of the Lord in all who

loved him; and, to conclude, that however the outward mould and form of a man's faith might depend on circumstances of training and association, the true faith always works in the same manner, namely by love. Thus there is always felt to be a true unity amongst true Christians whenever the occasion to try their faith arises, and they at once manifest their unity when the true Church is assailed by the enemy, by lifting up that standard against him to which they all gather, for their fellowship is with their Lord in heart and in action. We hope and believe that these Memoirs will prove an admirable sequel to Kitto's own writings in thus promoting Christian love and unity, by extending the knowledge of those grand life-truths on which all Christian sympathy and coöperation depend. "BEHOLD WE COUNT THEM HAPPY WHICH ENDURE."

From Dickens' Household Words.

SAINT PATRICK.

SAINT PATRICK'S Day in the Morning, in our village, is ushered in by our amateur band, who played the tune so called through the streets for several hours after midnight, scaring the slumbers of the more orderly portion of the community, and accompanied by a mob of the less orderly. Whoever has lived near the practising-room of an amateur band knows that he might as well have a menagerie for neighbor; and now, when they burst out publicly, each making his brazen utmost of noise, the effect is tremendous. The clamor preserves some faint appearance of unanimity only through the exertions of two or three old militia bandmen—the civilized allies, as it were, of this regiment of musical Bashi-Bazouks. Several times the din approaches; now up the street; now down; blares under the window, and withdraws—the drum's everlasting cadences vanishing last and returning first upon the auricular horizon. In startling proximity or tantalizing re-

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moteness, the band proves equally fatal to sleep, and we gladly hear them begin God save the Queen at a magistrate's house close by; although these final throes are the most excruciating of all. The trombone has hitherto grunted his two possible notes with perseverance worthy of a better cause; but, confounded by the slowness of the National Anthem, he loses hold of that primary musical element—Time; notwithstanding, he bates no jot of bass, but blows the harder. The big drum is even more vehement than the trombone, and more undecided; he seems actuated by various theories of accompaniment in rapid succession. The clarionets are wheezy, the fife rambles, the cornopean is in a wrong key, and is playing alternately like a tornado and a penny-trumpet.

I can perceive by the moonlight that our big drummer has already been doing honor to the day. Overcome with libations, he has now laid his huge instrument

horizontally on the ground, and himself in the same position beside it; and, in that difficult attitude plays out his part. The loyal tune comes to a close at last, in a climax of discords; and as the procumbent drummer declines to leave off, his drumsticks are forcibly removed, he is hoisted on a comrade's back, his drum on another's; and, after a feeble cheer or two, they all go straggling off—band and spectators—some to sleep, some perhaps to get drunk or more drunk. The last lingerer is boy Cheevo, a son of the gutter, beggar, idler, probationary thief, who can sleep, if he tries, on a doorstep or under a kennel-arch; he lingers, looking after the departing crowd with something of the air of a host who has dismissed his guests. What is he thinking of, I wonder? Where will he go to? There is no one in the whole world to seek him, receive him, blame him for being out late. Some dull hopes are his, connected with his victualling department, from the dawning festival of Saint Patrick.

Now it is the day itself. Men and boys of the Roman Catholic faith wear bits of shamrock in their hats, and the little girls have each a cross on the shoulder; that is, a round of white paper three or four inches broad, with bits of ribbon of various colors stretched across it like the spokes of a wheel. The chapels are crowded at morning mass; and, at the mid-day ceremonial, the chapel-yards are filled with the overflow of worshippers, who catch a faint murmur through window or door, and stand or kneel outside with due regularity. A little later, the streets have frequent groups of country folk in their best attire—the girls with sleek hair, bright ribbons, and gay shawls, the matrons with snowy-bordered caps and cloaks of blue cloth, and every man and boy of the rougher sex garnished with his sprig of shamrock. The townspeople stand at their doors; acquaintances greet each other loudly; and many are the invitations to come to take a naggin, or a Johnny, or, supposing you are one of the few that still have the medal, as conferred by Father Matthew, you will hardly refuse to quaff a measure of temperance cordial—a liquor, by the way, on which it is not impossible to get drunk.

Every public-house counter is thronged with noisy customers, so is the dark little back-room, so is the room up-stairs—which probably has an old chimney-mirror

adorned with two peacock's feathers, two nondescript delft dogs on the mantel-board, and a jug of primroses gathered by the children last Sunday; on the walls a large rough woodcut of Death and the Lady, with verses below, a portrait of Daniel O'Connell, and a row of colored pictures of saints, three inches by one and a-half, glazed and framed in morsels of sheet brass, and a bed with blue check curtains in a corner. In this apartment the élite take their refreshments—which consist of raw whiskey, whiskey toddy, temperance cordial, a little porter and ale of bad quality, and tobacco smoke. How this and the other pretty girl, who are being treated by a friend or lover, can sit with complacency in so stifling a climate, or bear to swallow even a glassful of such flaming usquebaugh, is difficult to understand. Down-stairs, the calamity water (an expressive name for it) is usually tossed off neat, and abominable stuff most of it is—the worst new grain whiskey, with its fieriness heightened by poisonous chemicals. I have heard say that the sale of large quantities of corrosive sublimate to the retail whiskey-dealers of Ireland can be proved from direct evidence. The introduction of some milder beverage that might, at least in many instances, supplant this liquid fire which the Irishman constantly uses to drown care, clench a bargain, cement friendship, treat his sweetheart with, and, in fact, applies indiscriminately on all occasions of refreshment, hospitality, or merry-making, would be a very great boon. The Englishman of the same rank sometimes drinks gin, but usually beer, which is a hundred times better than ardent spirits, and the Frenchman's wine is a thousand times better. People in Ireland learn to drink whiskey continually, and teach others to do so, partly because there is nothing else to be got.

The song tells us it was St. Patrick himself who

"Taught our Irish lads
The joys of drinking whiskey;"

but nothing can be more calumnious. The saint was a man of the most abstemious habits, and his teaching of a very different kind from that just mentioned. The genuine life of St. Patrick, as far as we can make it clear to us at a distance of fourteen centuries, is remarkably interest-

ing; and though many points remain doubtful or in dispute, the main facts seem to be well established. We need not pause to weigh the claims of Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany to the honor of giving him birth—the evidence appears to favor Scotland—and among half-a-dozen dates we may be content to accept Anno Domini three hundred and eighty-seven as the year in which he came into the world, and four hundred and sixty-five as that of his death, at the age of seventy-eight, and on the day answering to our seventeenth of March. In the language of martyrologists, the day of a saint's nativity is that of his quitting earth and entering into the higher life. His father was Calphurnius, a deacon, who was the son of Potius, a priest. It is asserted by those who maintain the necessity of clerical celibacy, that they took orders after their children were born. The future saint was baptised with the British name, Succoth, signifying (as some say) Valiant in War. He was educated with care and tenderness, and his sweet and gentle character made him a general favorite. At the age of sixteen, having accompanied his parents, brother, and five sisters, to Armoric Gaul—since called Lower Brittany—to visit the relatives of his mother, Conchessa, he was in that country made prisoner by a piratical expedition commanded by the banished sons of a British prince, and, with many fellow prisoners, carried to the north of Ireland, and there sold into slavery. According to other accounts, he was snatched direct from his home, on a raid of the troublesome Irish (then called Scots) into Britain, at that time left undefended by the departure of the Romans. Thus the youth became slave to Milcho, the petty prince of a district now included in the county Antrim, and his three brothers—receiving the name of Ceather-tigh, because he served four masters; but Milcho, noting his diligence and probity, bought the others' shares and made him wholly his own, sending him to tend cattle on the mountain of Slieve-Mis. In the *Confessio Sancti Patricii*, a short piece purporting to be written by himself shortly before his death, and believed to be genuine, many most interesting passages occur, and amongst them the following account of this period of his life, which, with the subsequent extracts, we have translated from the first printed edition

of the writings of St. Patrick, published in sixteen hundred and fifty-six, from several ancient manuscripts, by the excellent historian Sir James Ware.

"After I had come to Ireland, I tended cattle continually, and prayed many times in the day, and more and more increased within me the love of God and the fear of him, and my faith waxed strong, and my spirit waxed strong; so that, in one day, I would offer up a hundred prayers, and so also in the night time. And I would even remain in the woods and on the mountain, and before the light rouse myself to prayer,—in snow, in frost, in rain, and I took no hurt, nor had I any slothfulness, because (as I now see) the Spirit was then fervent within me."

In the seventh year of his slavery, he heard one night, in a dream, a voice telling him that he was soon to be restored to his native country; and, again, that a ship was prepared for him. "Whereafter," says he, "I turned me to flight, and left the man with whom I had lived for six years, and in the strength of God, who would guide my steps aright, went, fearing nothing, until I had found that ship." He reached a haven, and found there a ship, unmoored and just ready to sail, but the master refused to take him on board, because he had no money. So the young man departed and sought for a cottage wherein he might obtain rest and food. As he went he began to pray, and before his prayer was done, he heard one of the sailors calling after him, "Come back quickly!" and, when he returned, they said to him, "We will receive thee out of good faith; make friendship with us." There is nothing more perceptible in history than the innate power of great men to affect and control those whom they meet.

After many adventures he reached his home in Britain, and embraced his parents; who entreated him, after the tribulations he had endured, never to leave them. But, after some time had passed, he saw one night, in a vision, a man—as if coming from Ireland—whose name was Victoricius, who carried a great number of letters, and gave him one, in the beginning whereof he read—*The Voice of the Irish People*. "And whilst I was reading the letter," says the saint, "methought I heard the voice of those who dwelt beside the forest of Foelute, which is nigh the western sea, and they exclaimed, 'We beseech thee, holy youth, to come and walk amongst us!' And I

was greatly touched in heart and could read no further, and so I awoke, and thanked God that after so long a time he had approached them according to their cry." "And another night (whether within me or beside me, I know not, God knoweth), I heard most learned words, which I could not understand, only this, at the end: 'He that gave his life for thee;' and then I awoke rejoicing."

After these visions, though dissuaded by parents and friends, he gave himself up to the Church, and to study; beginning under his mother's uncle, St. Martin, Bishop of Tours. On being priested he received the new name of Magonius, and studied in various places on the continent. From Italy he is said to have visited the islands of the Tyrrhenian sea, and to have received from the hermit Justus, who dwelt in one of them, the famous staff of Jesus.

In the year four hundred and thirty-one, Pope Celestine sent Bishop Palladius on a mission to preach to the Irish, amongst whom Christianity had already taken some hold, but Heathenism was still so dominant that Palladius, after less than a year's sojourn, found himself forced to fly to North Britain, where he died soon after. Then Pope Celestine, considering the eminent piety, learning, and other gifts of Magonius, resolved to send him upon the Irish mission, and therefore consecrated him bishop; at the same time re-baptising him with the honorable name of Patricius, which carried its dignity from the ancient times of Rome (meaning Pater Civium, Father of the People), and was afterwards given to the kings of France. In after days—so much do conditions change—it came to have a most vulgar sound, especially in the diminutives of Pat and Paddy; but may, perhaps, regain its pristine rank, since it is now once more conjoined with the blood royal.

In the year four hundred and thirty-two—Bishop Patricius, then forty-five years old—landed on the coast of Wicklow; but, being driven to the ship by the Pagan population, he sailed northward to a bay in what is now called the County of Down. Here the lord of the district hastened to attack the strangers as pirates, but was arrested by the venerable looks of the bishop, listened to his preaching, and was baptized with all his family. There Patricius immediately established his first church, which was called, simply,

Sahal Phadrig—Patrick's Barn—whence the parish of Saul, in Down, derives its name. When he re-visited the scene of his youthful captivity, a strange event occurred. Two daughters of his old master, after hearing him preach, were baptised and became nuns; whereupon Milcho, strongly attached to the ancient traditions, and perceiving that his former slave was now in authority as their successful antagonist, made a great fire of the house and goods, and consumed himself therein; the news of which, coming to Saint Patrick, caused him to stand for three hours silent, and in tears.

Having learned that the time was approaching when King Leoghaire would hold on Tara Hill a triennial convention of tributary princes, nobles, and Druid priests, St. Patrick resolved to come and preach to them, at all hazards, knowing the importance of influencing the great people of the country; so, on Easter Eve, four hundred and thirty-three, the next day being that appointed for the opening of the convention, he raised his tent on the north bank of the river Boyne, and kindled a fire before it. Now, it was a penal act for any one to light a fire in the province at the time of the convention of Tara, until the king's bonfire had first indicated the opening of the solemnities; and when St. Patrick's fire shone through the vernal night, and was seen after by the court and multitude encamped on Tara Hill, the utmost astonishment prevailed among them, and the Druids told the king that this fire must be speedily extinguished, or else the man who had kindled it, and his successors, should rule Ireland for ever. The king instantly sent messengers to drag the culprit to his presence, but when Patrick appeared within the circle of the court, so noble and venerable was his aspect, that Ere, son of Dego, instantly rose and offered him his seat. St. Patrick was permitted to preach, and Ere and Dubtach, the poet laureate, were his first converts, along with Fiech, a young poet under the instruction of Dubtach, and who is judged to be the author of a certain poem extant in praise of the saint. The queen and others followed their example, and at last the king himself. It is on this occasion that St. Patrick is said to have successfully used the trefoil or shamrock, growing at his feet, as an illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity; whence this herb came to be assigned to

the patron saint of Ireland, and raised into a national emblem. Soon after, he preached at the Hill of Usneagh, a famous seat of Druidism.

In his peregrinations, he founded several churches and made many converts; and having been thirteen years in Ireland, he established himself in Armagh (the High Place), and on that hill founded a city and cathedral, with monasteries, schools, and other religious edifices. In that place, chosen fourteen hundred years ago by Saint Patrick, the cathedral, several times reëdificated, stands firm at this day, and his archiepiscopal successor retains the dignity then established, of Primate, and Metropolitan of All Ireland; while, by a curious etiquette, the Archbishop of Dublin is styled Primate of Ireland, without the All. About two years after the foundation of Armagh, Patricius, by this time probably raised to the rank of archbishop, went over to England for coadjutors, and took the opportunity to preach against the prevailing Pelagian and Arian heresies, reclaiming many. Returning by way of Liverpool, when he approached that maritime village, the people from all sides flocked to meet him, and erected a stone cross in his honor. On his voyage back to Ireland he visited the Isle of Man, where we are informed he found the people much addicted to magic—an old accusation against them; for they were believed to involve their island at will in supernatural mists, so that no ship could find it. Here he preached with his usual success, and left behind him Germain, one of his disciples, as first bishop of Man. Having returned to Armagh, he held a synod, the eighth canon of which forbids a clerk to enter the lists with a heathen for trial by combat (a mode of decision not known to have existed in England till long after this time, and commonly spoken of as introduced by the Normans), and the fourteenth lays penance on whosoever should seek to divine the future by soothsaying or inspection of the entrails of beasts. After this he went to Bally-ath-clith (afterwards called Dublin, the Black Stream), the people flocking out to him; and baptised the king and many others in a well, therefore called St. Patrick's Well; near to which a church was built, on the site now occupied by St. Patrick's Cathedral. Archbishop Usher says he saw the well, and that in sixteen hundred

and thirty-nine it was shut up in a private house.

In a subsequent synod, we learn; that four other ecclesiastical dignitaries were unwilling to submit to the authority of Archbishop Patricius; especially as he was a foreigner; but they at last agreed. He settled the Church of Ireland solidly, and appointed bishops and priests everywhere, well earning his title of Apostle of Ireland. He travelled continually—a winged laborer, as Chrysostom terms St. Paul—until too old; when he spent his last years in retirement and contemplation, though not neglecting to hold synods and councils, and rule the affairs of the church. The latest part of his life was passed alternately in Armagh, and in the Abbey of Sahal; and in the latter place where he had adventurously founded the first, of several hundred churches, he expired full of good works and honors, on the seventeenth of March four hundred and sixty-five, aged seventy-eight. This is in accordance with Lanigan's chronology, which contradicts Usher, Ware, and others, who place the event in four hundred and ninety-three, in the one-hundred-and-twentieth year of his age. His obsequies lasted through twelve successive days and nights—made bright as day with torches and tapers—and were attended by multitudes of the clergy from all parts of Ireland. He was buried at Down, thence called Downpatrick, and the old rhyme says—

"In Down three saints one grave do fill;
Patrick, Bridget, Columbkil."

In eleven hundred and eighty-six, seventeen years after the English invasion, the remains of these three were solemnly translated into the cathedral of Downpatrick, a cardinal legate being specially sent by Pope Urban III. to attend the ceremony; but the rolling centuries changed men's minds, and in the reign of Henry the Eighth, Anno Domini, fifteen hundred and thirty-eight, Lord Deputy Leonard De Gray, invading Ulster, desecrated the cathedral, and defaced the statues of the three saints; and in the same year the famous staff or crozier, so long an object of veneration, was publicly burned along with many other relics, in High Street, Dublin, by order of Archbishop Browne. With this implement is

said to have been accomplished the saint's traditionary feat of banishing noxious animals from the Emerald Isle—when, according to the song,

"He bothered all the vermin,"

and forced the snakes into the rash act of committing suicide,

"To save themselves from slaughter,"

But a more credible, and truly beautiful story, is connected with this same staff, namely, that when St. Patrick was baptising Aongus, King of Munster, at Cashel, he accidentally rested the spike of his iron-shod crozier upon the king's foot, and, leaning forward, pressed it deeply in, inflicting a most painful wound. But Aongus, believing this to be part of the ceremony, made no sign of suffering, and with calm and reverential demeanor, allowed the unconscious prelate to proceed with a baptism which was at the same time a petty martyrdom.

St. Patrick is said to have been a man of small stature, but of great energy and activity of mind and body, and we have some proofs that his very aspect must have inspired regard and submission. He was truly humble, wore coarse garments, and worked cheerfully and stoutly with his own hands. He was "Most sweet and affable in conversation, by which he accommodated himself to all sorts and conditions of people, and did so gain their affections, that if it could be done, they would have plucked out their eyes and given them to him." Countless gifts were pressed upon him, which he always refused, except it were to relieve the poor, or build religious houses. He slept on the bare ground, a stone his pillow till fifty-five years old.

The beginning of his *Confessio* (to which perhaps, the English word *Profession* comes nearest in sense) is curious: "*Ego Patricius, peccator, rusticissimus et minimus omnium fidelium, et contemptibilissimus apud plurimos, patrem habui Calpornium diaconem,*" &c. It ends thus: "*Hæc est Confessio mea, antequam moriar.*"

The self-contempt of this exordium was a matter of form; but elsewhere he says, no doubt with full sincerity, "I lived in death and faithlessness, until I was much chastised, and in truth I was humbled by hunger and nakedness. But it was well

for me, for in this God wrought my amendment, and shaped me to be at this day what was once far enough from me—that I should care or strive for the good of others, who then regarded not even my own good."

These are simple and pious words of the good bishop, and we may well believe him not unworthy of his place in the calendar of saintly men. Self-denying, humble, fearless, diligent, religious, in a wide and difficult field of action; his life was noble, and his memory is worthy of reverence. Yet certain of the rites with which his day is kept and honored in Ireland have little reverence in them. St. Patrick's Chapel of Ease, by excise consecration, so crowded to-day, is a small, dingy, strong-smelling place, where, before the wooden altar, over-huddled with foul glasses and battered pewters, in a plash of whiskey, the devotees hiccup and yell the venerable name of their country's apostle as an incentive to debauchery and madness.

The tradesman or artisan who six months ago registered a vow against drinking, formally excepted the season of the Saint, and, after an interval of hopeful quiet, his family are now again to endure the horrors and miseries inevitably brought on by a drunken father, or son, or husband, who, for his part, shall waken to find the path of reformation vanished from under his foot, and harder to regain than ever. The youth, the tender girl, are half-persuaded, half-forced into their first visit to a tavern, in honor of the day. The experienced toper deliberately, and freed from the last lingering touch of shame (sure it's Patrick's Day), wallows into the deepest mire of helpless sottishness. Quarrels rise; oaths and foul words, fists and cudgels, in motion; shrieking wives, weeping sisters and daughters vainly interfering. Then come the efficient green-coated men, truncheons in hand, who, bursting into the thickest of the row, haul off sundry torn, bloody, and foaming creatures, scarcely recognisable as human, to the lock-up. Little boys, some of them not half-a-dozen years old, are made drunk to-day, on account of Saint Patrick. See, for example, this wretched Cheevo, to whom some one has administered a dose that leaves him collapsed, pallid, and idiotic against a wall. Cheevo has not been very long a street-boy, and perhaps now is his initiation into the joys of drinking whis-

key; if so, he had to-day no desire or relish for the draught that scorched his young lips and throat; but, before long, he also will anxiously crave the burning liquor, and beg or steal the means of getting it, and under its influence, perhaps, progress to acts that shall make him worth Society's attention at last; and, while at large, he will certainly not fail to keep

St. Patrick's Day with the most unscrupulous exactness.

Alas! the good Patricius! practically invoked as Saint of Sots, Patron of Publicans, Defender of National Drunkenness! What can we say, but that people often use their saints (alive or dead) unreasonably enough—and their sinners too?

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

UP A COURT.

Two or three years ago, I established myself in one of the large manufacturing towns of Lancashire, with the intention of there commencing my career as an artist. I was young and little known; and though I had studied assiduously, and felt very confident in my own capabilities for the so-called higher walks of art, yet, as the public at that time showed no particular admiration of my productions, I found it convenient to abandon for a time my ambitious dreams, and apply myself to portrait-painting, in order to procure daily bread. I soon obtained a tolerable amount of miscellaneous patronage, and the constant succession of sitters of every grade made my occupation an amusing one.

I was about to cease from my labors one Saturday afternoon, when a low knock at the door attracted my attention. "Come in!" I cried: and the door opening, a man entered, whose soiled moleskin dress, sprinkled with cotton flakes, bespoke him a factory "hand."

"Beg pardon for disturbin' yo'," said my visitor; "but aw coom to see if yo'd do a bit of a job for me?"

"What sort of a job?" I inquired.

"Why, it's a little lad o' mine as is ill, an' we think as we could like to hev his portrait ta'en wi' them colored chalks, if yo'd be so good as do it. Yo'd ha' to coom to our house, 'cause he's bedfast; but we'd be quite willin' to pay summat moor than th' usual charge for th' extra trouble as yo'd hev."

"Oh! I'll do it with pleasure," said I. "But when do you wish me to come?"

"Why, now, if yo' con," said my new patron; "for yo've seen we han but one place, an' it's not allus fit for a gentleman to go into; but of a Saturday afternoon it's clyeaned up an' quite tidy; an' Willie'd be finely pleased to sit, if yo' could coom wi' me now."

I assented at once, packed up what I required, and we sallied forth.

"You are employed in a mill, I suppose," said I, as we walked on.

"Ay, aw'm a spinner at Wotton's. We stop'n sooner of a Saturday, an' so aw took th' opportunity o' coomin'."

"And your little boy—what is the matter with him?"

"Why, aw'm fear'd he's in a consumption. He geet his back hurt when he wur a little un, an' he's never looked up sin'. Poor thing! he's worn away till he's nowt but skin an' bone, an' has a terrible cough, as well'y shakes him to pieces. But he's allus lively, though he cannot stir off his little bed; an' he's as merry as a cricket when he sees me coomin' whoam at neet, 'specially if he spies a new book stickin' out o' my jacket-pocket. He likes readin', an' aw buy him a book when aw've a spare shillin'. But here 's Grime's Court; we mun turn up here, if yo' please'n."

Turning out of the dingy street we had been traversing, we entered a gloomy little court, containing much dirt and many children; where the heat from the

closely-packed houses, combining with the natural warmth of the air, produced an atmosphere like that of a baker's oven. The contributions of the inhabitants, in the shape of rotten vegetables, ashes, and dirty water, formed a confused and odorous heap in the centre of the court; and, amongst these ancient relics, a wretched, misanthropic-looking hen was digging with the zeal of an antiquary.

"Why is this rubbish suffered to lie here?" said I: "the scent from it must be both offensive and injurious. Are there no receptacles for these matters?—no sewers to receive this filthy water?"

"There's a sewer, but it's choked up; an' when we teem'n ony watter down, it breyks through into that cellar at th' corner, an' then th' owd mon as lives in it grumbles, 'cause it runs on to his shelf, an' mars his bit o' meyt. So we're like to teem it down th' middle o' the court. an' let it go where it will. As for th' ashes, an' 'tato pillin's, an' sich like, we'n nowhere else to put 'em, for we cannot brun 'em."

"Have you no yard behind your house?" I inquired.

"No; th' cottages as they build'n now are mostly set back to back, to save room an' bricks. There's but two places in 'em, one above, an' one below; so we're like to put th' victuals an' th' coals under th' stairs. It's terribly thrutchin' wark, they moight think as poor folk needed no breathin'-room!"

It seemed to have been cleaning-day at all the houses; the floors, visible through the open doors, were newly washed and sanded; and women in clean caps and aprons, with faces glowing from a recent scrubbing, were setting the tea-things with a pleasant clatter; whilst their husbands, most of them pale-faced operatives, lounged outside enjoying their Saturday evening's leisure.

A pleasant-looking, neatly-dressed woman met us at the door of the house before which my conductor halted, and with a smile and a courtesy invited me to enter. The room, though small, and crowded with furniture, was extremely clean, and as neatly arranged as the heterogeneous nature of its contents would permit. An old clock, with a dim, absent-looking face, ticked merrily in one corner, and on the chest of drawers opposite the door, were a number of books, a stag's horn, and a stuffed owl, which squinted with

one of his glass eyes, and stood on his legs with the air of a bird who was more than half-seas over.

"Is that Mr. Worthington, father?" said a small, weak voice.

"Ay, this is him, Willie," said my companion, going towards the window, beside which I now perceived a small bed, and in it a little deformed boy. He was propped up with pillows, and held out his thin hand with a smile as I approached him. The pale face, over which the almost transparent skin seemed tightly drawn, the large, bright, eager eyes, and parched lips of the little patient, told but too plainly the nature of his disease. His mother was still busy with his toilet, or, as she phrased it, "snoddin' him up a bit;" so, taking a seat beside him, I arranged my paper and pencils, whilst the good woman brushed his hair and smoothed the collar of his night-dress.

"There, aw think he'll do now, John—willn't he?" said she, addressing her husband, who had watched her operations with great interest.

"Thou's made him look gradely weel," answered John; "an' so now, Mr. Worthington, we'll leave Willie an' yo' to keep house, whilst my wife an' me goes to th' market."

The worthy couple departed; and I commenced my sketch, feeling rather doubtful whether I could reproduce on paper the little, wan, half-infantine, half-aged face that looked up at me with a strange, quiet smile.

"Are you not weary sometimes, Willie, with lying here constantly?" I inquired.

"Sometimes," he answered, "but not often; there's always somethin' to look at, you see; either th' childer outside, or th' old hen, or th' donkey-man as sells black-in'. Once," continued Willie, growing confidential, "there was a real Punch an' Judy came into th' court, an' th' man as was with it saw me through th' window, an' asked mother if I was bedridden; an' when she told him I was, he brought Punch an' Judy close to th' window, an' let me watch 'em ever such a while; an' he said he'd come again sometime."

"Have you some plants there, Willie?" said I, pointing to two black jugs, filled with soil, in which some small brown stumps were visible.

"Yes; they're rose-trees as mother set for me. She says they're dead; but there may be a little bit of 'em alive somewhere,

an' so I water 'em every day still. An' see, father's made me a garden in th' window here," added he, proudly exhibiting a large plate, covered with a piece of wet flannel, on which mustard-seed had been strewn. The seed, sprouting forth vigorously, had covered the surface of the plate with bright-green vegetation. "Isn't it nice?" said he, looking up with sparkling eyes. "Sometimes I put my eyes close to it, an' look through between the stalks, an' then I can almost fancy it's a great forest, an' every little stalk a big tree, an' me ramblin' about among 'em like Robinson Crusoe."

"Have you read *Robinson Crusoe*, Willie?" I asked.

"Yes, many a time," he answered. "Look, I've these books too;" and he drew a couple of volumes from beneath the pillow—*Bruce's Travels* and *Typee*. "An' father's promised me a new book when he gets his wages raised."

He had talked too eagerly, and was stopped by a dreadful fit of coughing, which left him panting and exhausted. He lay quiet, and listened delightedly, whilst I described to him what I had witnessed in the course of my own limited rambles; yet showing, by his minute questions, that eager and painful longing for a sight of the open country which the sick so often display. When, finally, I promised to bring him some flowers at my next visit, his joy knew no bounds.

We had become fast friends by the time the father and mother returned; and great was their delight when I exhibited my sketch, already more than half finished, and in which I had succeeded beyond my expectations. The child's artless talk, and the simple kindness of the parents, interested and pleased me, and I continued to work zealously at the portrait till the twilight, which fell in Grime's Court two hours earlier than anywhere else, compelled me to cease. Promising to return on the following Saturday to complete the work, I departed, after receiving a kiss from Willie, who held me by the collar, whilst he enjoined me to be punctual, and to mind and bring the flowers.

Saturday-afternoon arrived in due course, and having furnished myself with a bouquet as large as a besom, I betook myself early to Grime's Court. Willie was watching for me at the window, and clapped his hands for joy at sight of my floral prize. Whilst I resumed my task, he busied him-

self in examining, arranging, and rearranging his treasure, discovering new beauties every moment, and peeping into the flower-cups as if they were little fairy palaces, filled with untold wonders, as they doubtless were to him. The portrait was just finished when John came home, and he and his wife vied with each other in expressing admiration of my performance.

"Aw'm sure yo're nother paid nor haulf-paid wi' what yo' charge'n," said he, as he placed the payment in my hand; "but aw'll try to come out o' yer debt sometime, if aw live."

"An' mony thanks to yo', sir," said the mother, "for th' pleasure as yo'n gin to th' child. There's nothin' pleases him like flowers, an' he so seldom gets ony."

"Willie's full o' presents to-day," said John: "see thee, lad!" and he drew forth a new book, and placed it in the child's outstretched hands.

"Look, look, Mr. Worthington!" cried Willie, his little face flushed with excitement and pleasure: "a *Journey Round the World*, and full of pictures — only look!"

"Ay, aw thought that would please thee," said his gratified father. "Now thou can ramble round th' world bout stirring off thy bed. But stop a bit, Mr Worthington," he added, as I was preparing to depart, "aw've summat to fetch down stairs before yo' go'n: sit yo' down a minute;" and John vanished up the stairs, whence he speedily returned with a small parcel in his hand. Unfolding the paper, he displayed a long, narrow box, formed out of a piece of curiously marked wood. On the lid, an owl's head, evidently copied from the squinting individual on the drawers, was carved with considerable skill.

"Is that your work, John!" exclaimed I, in some surprise.

"Ay," said John, with a grin. "Aw see'd as yo' carried yer pencils an' t'other things lapped up in a piece o' papper, an' aw thought a box would be a deal handier; so aw've made this at neets, when aw'd done my work, an' aw's feel very proud if yo'll accept on't."

"That I will," said I; "and thank you heartily. But how is this, John?—why, you are quite an artist! Where did you learn to carve so well?"

"Aw took it up o' mysel' when aw wur a lad, an' aw carve bits o' things now and then for th' neighbor's childer; but yo'

see aw cannot make th' patterns for 'em, so aw geet th' designer at our mill to draw me that owl's yead fro' this on th' drawers, an' then aw cut it out. Willie can draw a bit: aw'll warrant he'll copy most o' them flowers as yo'n brought him, afore they wither'n: will t'ou not, Willie?"

The boy lay still, with his face turned towards the window, and did not answer.

"Willie! Willie!—why, surely he hasn't fall'n asleep already," said his mother, approaching the bed. He had—into the long deep sleep, from which there is no earthly awaking. With the book clasped to his breast, the drooping flowers falling from his hands, the child had died, without a sigh or a struggle.

I stood long beside the bed, listening silently to the mother's wail and the father's

smothered sobs, feeling it vain and useless to offer words of comfort till their wild grief had spent itself.

"Hush, Martha, woman!" said John at last, laying his hand on his wife's shoulder, and trying to command his shaking voice; "hush! dunnot tak' on so. It's a comfort, after a', to see him die wi' smiles on his face, than if he'd gone i' pain. He went when we wur at th' happiest, an' we'll hope he's happier still now."

"John," said the mother, looking up, "let's not stir th' book an' th' flowers; it would be a sin to tak' 'em fro' him; let 'em be buried wi' him."

Two days later, I helped to carry little Willie to a quiet church-yard, some distance from the town, where we laid him in a sunny corner, with the book and the withered flowers upon his breast.

From the British Quarterly Review.

BEAUMARCHAIS AND HIS TIMES.*

THE manner in which M. de Loménie states that he became possessed of the MS., from which he compiled his work, is especially interesting:

"Conducted," he says, "by a grandson of Beaumarchais, I entered a house in the street of the *Pas de Mule*. We ascended an attic, into which no mortal had penetrated for years. Opening, not without difficulty, the door of this nook, we raised a cloud of dust, quite suffocating. I ran to the window to inhale a mouthful of air, but the window, like the door, had become difficult to open, and resisted all my efforts. The wood, swollen by the damp and partially rotten, seemed to give way in my hand, when I resorted to the wiser plan of breaking two of the panes. We were now enabled to breathe. The little hole of a room was filled with cases and boxes crammed with papers. There was there before me in that uninhabited and silent cell, covered with a thick dust, all that remained of one of the

most strange, lively, bustling, and agitated existences of the last century. I had before me all the papers left fifty-four years ago by the author of the *Marriage of Figaro*."

A portion of these papers was arranged with care. It was that part having relation to the numerous affairs of Beaumarchais as litigant, merchant, ship-builder, contractor, administrator, &c. The remaining portion, consisting of literary and biographical matter, was in the greatest disorder. The arrangement had been confided to the cashier Gudin, who, like a zealous clerk, had subordinated everything to matters of business; meaning by business matters of commercial and pecuniary interest. After having disinterred from this chaos the manuscripts of the three dramas and the opera of Beaumarchais, M. de Loménie vainly sought for the MSS. of the *Barber of Seville* and the *Marriage of Figaro*, when a trunk presented itself, of which no key could be found; and on this being opened by the aid of a locksmith, the two missing MSS. were discovered at the very bottom of the box,

* *Beaumarchais et son Temps. Etudes sur la Société en France au XVIII^e Siècle; d'après des documents inédits.* Par LOUIS DE LOMÉNIE. Paris: Levy Frères. 1856.

Œuvres complètes de Beaumarchais, précédées d'une Notice sur sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Par SAINT MARC GIBARDIN. Paris: Chez Lefèvre. 1835.

covered with the corrections, additions, and alterations of the author, and lying under a mass of useless papers. By the side of the MSS. were the works of a watch or clock, executed on a large scale in copper, with the following inscription: "*Caron filius ætatis 21 annorum regulatorum invenit et fecit, 1753.*" This was the first invention by which the young watchmaker signalized himself on his entrance into life. The juxtaposition in the same trunk of two objects so different as a masterpiece of watchmaking and two masterpieces of dramatic writing, had in it, as M. de Loménie remarks, something piquant, reminding one of that Eastern monarch who placed in the same chest his shepherd's dress alongside his royal mantle. At the bottom of the trunk also were some portraits of women. One of them was a small miniature, representing a handsome woman of from twenty to twenty-five. The portrait was wrapped up in a paper, on which these words were written in a fine hand: "*Je vous rends mon portrait.*" Gracious and fragile remnant, says M. de Loménie, in relating the circumstance—gracious and fragile remnant; but yet less fragile than us mortals, for it survives us. What, he asks, is become of this beautiful woman of eighty years ago, who, doubtless, to seal a lover's quarrel, forwarded her portrait? The answer to this inquiry can best be given in the words of the old ballad of *Dames du temps jadis*, by Villon.

"Dites moi où, ne en quel pays
Est Flora la belle Romaine,
Archipiada ne Thais
Qui fut sa cousine germaine?
Echo parlant quand bruyt on maine
Dessus rivière ou sus estan
Qui beauté eut trop plus qu'humaine,
Mais où sont les neiges d'autan?"*

It would appear that Beaumarchais had intended to write the history of his own life, for on a large collection of papers containing his correspondence with M. de Sartines, and the detail of his travels and proceedings as secret agent of Louis XV. and Louis XVI., there are these words written in his own hand: "*Papiers originaux remis par M. de Sartines, matériaux pour les mémoires de ma vie.*" Lower down in, in the same hand, "*inutiles aujourd'hui.*" These latter words, writ-

ten in the old age of Beaumarchais under the first Republic—at a period when he had a law-suit with the Government, and when his affairs were in confusion—sufficiently indicate that he did not wish to leave a disputed inheritance to his daughter, or to injure his own memory in blazoning forth his services as secret agent of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. (for such he undoubtedly was,) and his connection with their ministers. It is to be regretted that Beaumarchais did not accomplish his intention of writing an autobiography. No man's life was filled with more stirring incidents, and there is no one of his age as to whom more fables were invented. It may be added, that though Beaumarchais was not calculated to excel in a serious or sustained work requiring very deep thought or reflection, yet that he possessed, and in a high degree, too, that particular kind of talent and *esprit*—that sagaciousness, clearness, fluency, flow of animal spirits, flexibility, and power of dramatising, so desirable in a biographer. The want of a life of this remarkable man was sought to be supplied, not long after his death, by his friend Gudin, who had known him for thirty years, and who, like himself, was the son of a watchmaker. But the widow of Beaumarchais, having read the 419 pages of Gudin's MS. in 1809, was not satisfied with it, and it never was published. Till Saint Marc Gerardin, Jules Janin, Villemain, and Saint Beuve had written biographies and appreciations of Beaumarchais, there was scarcely any other account of the man than the one published by a La Harpe in his *Cours de Littérature*, in 1800; in account meagre in itself, and wanting both in dates and details. It was while M. de Loménie was pondering on these materials, and considering, in delivering his course of lectures at the College de France, the influence that Beaumarchais exercised on his generation in a literary, social, and political sense, that he accidentally became possessed of the papers of the deceased author in the manner he so graphically describes. The information contained in these papers is great, and the details numerous; but we shall endeavor to compress the most important particulars within the compass of an article.

Pierre Augustin Caron—who assumed, when he was twenty-five years of age, the name of de Beaumarchais—was born on the 24th of January, 1732, in the shop of a watchmaker of the Rue St. Denis—a

* D'autan de l'an passé.

street in which not only Regnard, the best comic poet after Molière, but Scribe, and greater than Scribe, Béranger, first saw the light of day. The family of the father of Beaumarchais was humble; but the intellectual culture of old Caron appears to have been superior to that of a Parisian tradesman of the present day, and his manners certainly were superior in ease and good breeding to the bearing of the modern Parisian shopkeeper, who is too often brusque and uncivil, and occasionally wholly unpolished and bearish. The eighteen years' reign of the citizen king has too generally diffused among the shop-keeping classes of Paris a material and sordid sensualism, and the Republic and the Empire have only added cynicism and coarseness to selfishness, avarice, and other vices not necessary to dwell on here. A century ago, the aristocracy of a polished court occasionally, as M. de Loménie truly remarks, mixed with the *bourgeoisie*, and had an influence, by their language and demeanor, over the tone of civic life. But the best of the French aristocracy now lives far removed from Paris, and its place in the social scale is filled by political and commercial adventurers, by *agents de change*, by jobbers on the Bourse, or by men who have made large heaps of money by successful speculations in the *crédit foncier*. To return, however, to the father of Beaumarchais, André Charles Caron was descended of a Protestant Calvinist family which had held to its faith unconvinced by the eloquence of Bossuet, and undismayed by the persecution of the *dragonnades*. While yet young, André Charles enlisted in a regiment of dragoons; but after a short service obtained his discharge, and came to Paris to study watchmaking. A month after his arrival he abjured Calvinism, and was received into the bosom of the Roman Catholic church by Cardinal Noailles, on the 7th of March, 1721. Beaumarchais was therefore born into the Roman Catholic faith; but we agree with M. de Loménie in thinking that the religion of his ancestors was not without its influence on his character and tone of thought, while it serves further to explain—for there is no need to justify—the zeal he displayed in all questions relating to the interests and welfare of the Huguenots. The father of Beaumarchais had six children, five of them daughters, and the young Caron, the only boy among them. He was natu-

rally "*l'enfant gâté de la maison*," and exhibited in infancy the gay, frolicsome, and lively spirit which never deserted him in his latter years in his greatest misfortunes. From one of his letters we learn that the precocious youth was about to kill himself for a love affair, at the early age of thirteen; but the sombre and melancholy fit passed away, and he was soon as waggish and frolicsome as ever, as we learn from an epistle, in verse, of his sister Julia. Caron, the pervert father, like many other over-zealous Papists, *donna dans la dévotion*, and fined his son twelve sous if he entered the *Grande Messe* after the Epistle, twenty-four sous if he arrived after the Gospel, and a whole month's pocket-money if he came in after the Elevation of the Host. But notwithstanding all this severity, the droll young caitiff laughed in his sleeve at periwigs and perruques, and turned many a joke against the sleek and unctuous *prêtretraille* of the day. We have few details as to Beaumarchais' school life. He neither studied at the university nor with the Jesuits, but was brought up at the school of Alfort, which since has become a place of renown as the cradle of the great Veterinary School of France. At twelve years old he made his first communion at the convent of the Minimes, which was then near the forest of Vincennes, and was seized with a violent liking for an old monk who zealously sermonized him, seasoning his discourse with a capital luncheon. "I went to the old fellow," says Beaumarchais himself, "every holiday;" but whether for the sermon, the salmi, the sausages, or the sauterne with which the good things were washed down, does not distinctly appear.

Beaumarchais left school in his thirteenth year, and soon after addressed a letter in verse to two of his sisters, who had crossed the Pyrenees, one of them being married in Spain. This letter, to use the words of M. de Loménie, is distinguished by an "astonishing precocity, more particularly when it is considered that the classical instruction of the author was slight and scanty. Immediately on quitting school the lively youth was apprenticed to his father the watchmaker. It is clear he was not a model apprentice. To an almost fanatical passion for music he joined less innocent and less defensible tastes; so that his father had some difficulty in governing this impetuous and

dissipated youth. At length, in his eighteenth year, he was for a time banished from the paternal residence, when he took up his abode with some relatives. Peace, however, was soon established between father and son on certain conditions. Beaumarchais returned to his home, and so completely devoted himself to his art, that, at twenty years of age, he had discovered a new *échappement*, or escapement, for watches." M. de Loménie tells us, that a celebrated watchmaker, by the name of Lepaute, to whom the young man had confided his invention, appropriated it to himself, and announced it as his own in the *Mercure* of September, 1753. The young Caron, however, replied in a clever letter to the same journal, and after two commissions had been named by the Academy of Sciences, it was decided that the invention belonged of right to Beaumarchais. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that an *échappement à chevilles*, invented by one Amat, was improved and perfected by Lepaute—a fact of which M. de Loménie makes no mention; and a clock on a large scale with this kind of escapement exists at this moment—or at least existed in August and September last year—in the Cabinet of Natural History in the Garden of Plants. It may not be unnecessary to remark, that, within a year after he had defended his invention, Beaumarchais was appointed watchmaker to the king. Shortly before he received this appointment, he had presented the smallest watch which had been hitherto made, and with the particular escapement in question, in a ring to Madame de Pompadour.

As *horloger du roi*, and watchmaker to the king, the princes and princesses, Beaumarchais had the *entrée* to Versailles. In July, 1754, as we learn from a letter of his addressed to one of his consins, a watchmaker at London, he states that he was favorably recognized by Louis XV., who ordered a repeating watch of him. Till his four-and-twentieth year, it appears the ambition of young Beaumarchais was limited to the production and selling of watches. How he commenced to have other views and objects in life does not clearly appear. We know, indeed, from his friend Gudin, that the fair sex at Versailles admired his form and figure, the regularity of his features, his brilliant complexion, commanding air, &c. &c. &c., and other personal advantages, *quos nunc*

prescribere longum est. This general statement of the biographer might seem to be a remark of the modest Beaumarchais himself, which the complaisant Gudin had jotted down, did we not know from other sources that a lady who had seen Beaumarchais at Versailles actually made a journey express to Paris to visit his shop in the Rue St. Denis, under the pretext that her watch needed repairs. The lady was not precisely what is called a *grande dame*, but she was the wife of a "*contrôleur clerc d'office de la maison du roi*," one Pierre Augustin Franquet. This office or employment was transmissible from father to son, and when the lady, with watch in hand, came to visit Beaumarchais, her husband was very old and infirm. Though the wife was not young, yet, on the other hand, she was not old, having just attained her thirtieth year, being six years the senior of Beaumarchais. It may be supposed the young watchmaker used his best efforts to repair the watch confided to him. So well did he accomplish his task, that, at the end of a few months, M. Franquet was conscious that his age and infirmities prevented him from properly filling his employment of *contrôleur*, and that he could not do better than yield the place to the young Caron, in consideration of a life-annuity. This arrangement being acceptable to all parties, Beaumarchais renounced his business as a watchmaker, and was inducted into his new employment by royal patent of the 9th November, 1755. The *contrôleurs d'office* were only employed in the "*repas et festins extraordinaires*." They served the king's table "*à l'épée au côté*," placing with their own hands the dishes on the board. Two months after Beaumarchais became invested with this new office the old man who surrendered it to him died, and eleven months after, i. e. on the 22d November, 1756, the watchmaker married the widow. At the period of the marriage, he assumed for the first time the name of de Beaumarchais, which name, Gudin tells us, was borrowed from a very small *stief* belonging to the wife. The circumstance was afterwards adroitly turned against Beaumarchais by Gozman, in one of his memoirs, in which he says, "*Le Sieur Caron emprunta d'une de ses femmes le nom de Beaumarchais qu'il a prêté à une de ses sœurs*." Though Beaumarchais was "*contrôleur de la mai-*

son du roi," he had not, to use the jargon of heralds and precisians, *passé gentil-homme*. It was not till 1761, five years afterwards, when he had purchased for 85,000 francs the "*charge*" of *secrétaire du roi*, that he acquired the right of bearing the name of his fief. When Goetzman reproached him with his ignoble and plebeian birth, Beaumarchais stated that he could nearly count twenty years of nobility,* which no one dared dispute him, for he had not merely the sealed parchment and the yellow wax, but the receipt for the money paid down on the nail.

The comparative ease and affluence which wedded life brought to Beaumarchais lasted but a very short time. In less than a year after his marriage he lost his wife from typhus fever. The coincidence of the death of husband and wife in a time so inconceivably short excited at this period no attention; but when, by a deplorable fatality, he lost his second wife at a juncture when fortune smiled on him, there were not wanting those who muttered suspicions of poisoning. These rumors at length acquired such a consistency that Beaumarchais was obliged to assume the defensive, and to resort to the testimony of four physicians who had attended the first, and five who had attended the second wife.

It ought to be stated, in justice to Beaumarchais, that the death of his first wife reduced him again to comparative poverty. He had, however, an entrance to court by means of his "*charge*," and an opportunity soon presented itself by means of which he might push his fortunes. It has been already stated that he was passionately fond of music. He sang with feeling, and played with taste and talent the flute and the harp. His reputation as a harpist soon reached the ears of *Mesdames* of France, the daughters of Louis XV., and the four sisters desired to hear him play. His *début* produced a favorable impression, and *Mesdames* determined to take lessons of him. Very soon Beaumarchais became the organizer and the principal virtuoso of a *concert de famille*, which the princesses gave every week, and at which the king, the dauphin, and the queen, Maria Leczinska, assisted. It was one of the talents of Beaumarchais to adapt himself to the character of those whom he wished

to please. But he had need of all his circumspection, for his position was difficult, and calculated to excite the envy and jealousy of the croaking things that creep about court. He was neither music-master nor *grand seigneur*, and here he was giving gratuitous lessons, purchasing pieces of music, and displaying his accomplishments in a manner not always permitted to a qualified person. One day Louis XV. insisted on hearing him play the harp, and forced the ex-watchmaker to sit down on the royal *fauteuil*. These and other circumstances, which we have not space to mention here, excited jealousies and prejudices against a young musician, whose first appearance at court was as a watchmaker. Many trifling indications of these bad and envious feelings are stated by M. de Loménie. At length the conduct of one of the malignants became perfectly outrageous. Beaumarchais, insulted and provoked, went out with his adversary and killed him. Another duel had like to have followed on the first, because Beaumarchais had dared to ask of a M. de Sablières, a noble, a sum of thirty-five louis he had lent him. But the affair ended bloodlessly, thanks to the spirit of Beaumarchais. The letters of M. Sablières touching this affair are given by M. de Loménie, and worse specimens of style and spelling never proceeded from any *rustre* of the stables or shambles.

The favor which Beaumarchais enjoyed at the hands of the princesses had been hitherto of little advantage to him. He was obliged not merely to gratuitously dedicate his time to these ladies, but occasionally to expend his money in the purchase of costly instruments. He was, however, too adroit and clever a man to compromise his credit by receiving a pecuniary recompense, which would place him in the rank of a mercenary. It more comported with his views to write as he did write:—"I have passed four years in meriting the kindnesses of *Mesdames* de France by the most assiduous and disinterested efforts for their amusement." These efforts consisted in making all sorts of purchases for the princesses—purchases in which Beaumarchais frequently exhausted his ready money, and was consequently obliged to address urgent representations to Madame Hoppen, the *intendante* of *Mesdames*. Midst these *désagréments*, however, Beaumarchais cultivated letters, and considered that he, like Vol-

* This was an exaggeration; he could only count twelve years.

taire, might secure the friendship of some wealthy or prosperous contractor, who would push his fortunes. Such a man he found in Paris Du Verney, a person engaged in many speculations. Du Verney's kindnesses towards Beaumarchais were not wholly disinterested. Du Verney was anxious that the *Ecole Militaire*, of which he was *intendant*, should be visited by the Royal Family, and with this view Beaumarchais put the princesses in motion. They visited the school in company with Beaumarchais, and were received by Du Verney with great pomp. From this moment the grateful financier, charmed to find in Beaumarchais a useful intermediary for his communications with the Court, resolved to make the fortune of the young man, and gave him a share in several lucrative speculations. It was under the influence of Du Verney that the watchmaker's son was bitten with that taste for speculation which never left him till his latest day—a taste which never ceased to torment his life, and which mingled in his case with a predilection, not less ardent, for the mental excitement and the gratification of a fancy ever active and ardent.

In order to make his way more quickly, Beaumarchais felt the necessity of becoming noble. He purchased what is called a *savonnette à vilain*, that is to say, a patent of *secrétaire du roi*. In order not to impede the progress of his son, old Caron agreed to give up his watchmaker's shop, and the brevet of *secrétaire du roi* was obtained by Beaumarchais on the 9th of December, 1761. This new situation increased the number of his enemies and the jealousy with which he was regarded. An employment of *grand maître des eaux et forêts* almost immediately became vacant. It was a lucrative situation, and coast 500,000 livres. Du Verney lent Beaumarchais the sum necessary to purchase it, promising him at the same time that he would be able to repay him the amount by fiscal operations and contracts which should be given to him. After the money to purchase the situation had, however, been lodged at a notary's an objection was raised to Beaumarchais by certain *grands maîtres des eaux et forêts*, and a collective petition was addressed to the *contrôleur-général*, threatening that the *grands maîtres* would resign in a body if the watchmaker's son was appointed. But although the generality of the *grands*

maîtres were not a whit better born than the watchmaker, being, as Beaumarchais tells us, the sons of hairdressers, carders, Jew brokers, button-makers, &c. &c., yet they carried the day against him. This painful check at the commencement of an administrative career, which might have been brilliant, soured the heart and ulcerated the disposition of Beaumarchais, and it is not to be wondered that his opinions assumed a discontented and democratic hue. It is a fact, however, recorded in other pages than in those of M. de Loménie, that the real aristocracy of France was much less hostile to Beaumarchais than the nest of jobbers without birth (we mention the circumstance from the question being raised by *parvenus*), breeding, or honesty, who then, as now, batten on fat places for the most part useless or sinecure. The disappointed Beaumarchais now purchased a "charge" of *lieutenant-général des chasses aux bailliages et capitainerie de la varenne du Louvre*. This office was for the protection of the pleasures for the game of the king. It was, we need scarcely say, most oppressive to the proprietors and farmers fifty miles round Paris. This was in 1763. At this juncture we find Beaumarchais employing himself between the duties of his *charge*, the functions of *contrôleur de la maison du roi*, and those of *secrétaire du roi*, without prejudice to three or four industrial enterprises, those pleasures which he always pursued, or those family affections which held so large a place in his life. He had at this period bought a handsome house in the Rue de Condé, in which he had installed his father and his two unmarried sisters, when he received a letter from another of his sisters from Madrid, which determined him to set out for Spain.

Two of the sisters had, some time previously to this established themselves at Madrid, where one of them had married an architect. A Spanish man of letters, named Clavijo, became acquainted with both sisters, frequented their house, fell in love with the second, named Maria Louisa, and offered her marriage. She accepted the offer of his hand, and it was agreed that the marriage should take place whenever Clavijo should obtain an employment under the Government, which he sought and expected. When, however, the employment was obtained, and the bans published, Clavijo refused to keep his word.

It was under these circumstances that Beaumarchais set out for Spain. All the circumstances relating to the journey, to his sojourn in Spain, to his interviews with Clavijo, with the Duke of Ossuna, with M. Grimaldi, with M. Wall (whom he throughout designates M. Wahl) are most graphically and eloquently set forth in the *Quatrième Mémoire à consulter contre M. Goëzman*. We doubt if there be a clearer or more pungent forty or fifty pages even in the French language (enriched as that language is with the scalding, mocking, and bitter prose of Voltaire) than is to be found in this memoir, under the head *Année 1764, Fragment de mon Voyage d'Espagne*. The manner in which Beaumarchais, after his arrival in Spain, opens the subject to Clavijo, is consummate for coolness, talent, and address, and shows how fine a diplomatist, or an *avocat*, was spoilt in the watchmaker, speculator, and man of letters. Clavijo y Faxardo was himself a Spanish man of letters of no mean talents, the editor of a successful journal called *El Pensador*, and was subsequently, for more than twenty years, the editor of the *Mercurio Historico y Politico de Madrid*. He was like a great many Spaniards, gifted with a silvery tongue, with abundant cunning and astuteness, and with a born genius for insincerity and intrigue. He lied, he wheedled, he fawned, and bullied by turns, and for a time succeeded in raising all Madrid against Beaumarchais, and in procuring an order for his arrest and banishment. But the courage, energy, and address of the Frenchman were at length victorious. Beaumarchais changed the opinions of the Spanish ministers, and even of the king, and ultimately obtained the dismissal of Clavijo from his office. Nor did he confine his labors solely to an onslaught on his adversary. Furnished with letters of credit, cash, and recommendations from Paris Du Verney to the amount of 200,000 francs, he visited grandees, ministers, and ambassadors; attended assemblies and *tertullias*; played whist and ombre with Lord Rochford, the English Ambassador, afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs; made love like a dragoon to the *senoras* and *senoritas*; and meddled as busily with every industrial speculation as the late Mr. John Sadlier, of unhappy fame and memory: meddled in our own day, with this only and most remarkable difference, that Beaumarchais neither

forged, nor cheated, nor overdrew any account, nor rigged the market. He was then, in 1764, in the heyday of life and spirits—in health, strength, and intellectual vigor, just entering his thirty-third year, which Scribe somewhere describes as *l'âge de l'aplomb et de scélératesse*. The enterprises which Beaumarchais endeavored to set on foot in Spain were larger than any dreamed of by the ex-Irish Sessions attorney and ex-Treasury lord. He desired, in the first place, to obtain a monopoly of the trade of Louisiana for a French company. Secondly, to provide negroes for all the Spanish colonies. Thirdly, to colonize the Sierra Morena. Fourthly, to improve the agriculture, commerce, and manufactures of Spain, the country having then no manufactures whatever. Fifthly, he desired to contract for the victualling of the army of Spain and the Indies, and the *Presidios*. The capital required for all these schemes would amount to hundreds of millions of reals. But *n'importe*, the capacious resources of Beaumarchais had stomach for them all. It may be supposed, that to broach all these subjects—to work, to write, to have audiences, and make long speeches and minutes, required much talent, toil, and trouble. But Beaumarchais bustled and fought his way, and we find him writing to his father: "People are well satisfied with the light I throw on certain difficult subjects; and if I don't succeed in all I undertake, I shall at least carry away the esteem of those I have had to deal with."

The letters of Beaumarchais from Spain are admirable, full of fine spirits, gaiety, and good humor. One of the most lengthy and interesting of the letters of Beaumarchais was written to the Duke of La Valliere; and it is a singular proof of the sagacity of the writer, that most of his observations on the character, habits, and manners of the people, and on their poetry, drama, institutions, and government, hold good to this day.

Beaumarchais remained about a year in Spain, and turned that period, in one sense, to profitable account. It is true he had failed in inducing the government to interest itself in his projects; but on the other hand, Figaro, Rosina, Almaviva, Bartolo, and many other conceptions of character are due to his year's residence in the "sweet South."

A Creole lady of some fortune, but a fortune like most West India properties

involved, had exercised a certain influence over the heart of Beaumarchais before his departure for Madrid, and on his return he was half disposed to marry her; but the match was abruptly broken off, and she subsequently married the Chevalier de S—, who had been introduced to her by Beaumarchais. That which rendered the marriage more remarkable was, that the Chevalier was the accepted and engaged suitor of Julie, one of Beaumarchais' sisters.

It was not till 1767, at the mature age of thirty-five, that Beaumarchais began to write for the stage. He commenced by the drama of *Eugénie*, the MS. of which was considerably pared down by the Censorship. This drama was acted for the first time on the 29th of January, 1767. The piece was only saved from condemnation by the acting of a young and amiable actress, Mdlle. Doligny, who filled the part of *Eugénie*. Though severely handled by the critics, *Eugénie* was not only successful in France, but a piece, an imitation, rather than a translation of it, called *The School for Rakes*, was successful in England. The second play of Beaumarchais, produced in 1770, called *Les Deux Amis*, was rather a failure. After being played about eight or ten times it was laid aside. The capital defect of the drama is set forth in a quatrain of the time, cited by Grimm:

"J'ai vu de Beaumarchais le drame ridicule,
Et je vais en un mot vous dire ce que c'est :
C'est un change où l'argent circule
Sans produire aucun intérêt."

Beaumarchais was, in 1770, actively employed, rich and happy, and he could well console himself for the failure of a comedy. Between the production of *Eugénie* and *Les Deux Amis*, the young and pretty widow of a *garde général des menus plaisirs*, named Levéque, fell in love with him, and in April, 1768, he married this lady, who brought him a brilliant fortune. Associated with Paris Du Verney, he purchased from the State a great part of the forest of Chinon, and was more occupied in felling and selling wood than in writing dramas.

Within three years of the epoch of his marriage, Beaumarchais lost his second wife. She died on the 21st November, 1770, from the effects of a bad confinement. There were not wanting scandalous tongues who intimated that it was strange

that a husband should lose two wives successively in the pains of child-birth, and poisoning was directly hinted at. But it was sufficient to state the real truth to stop those remarks. One-half the fortune of the second wife of Beaumarchais was a life interest, which depended on her continuing to live. Beaumarchais had the greatest interest in keeping her alive, instead of killing her.

It was while the flattering success of Beaumarchais' first drama was effaced by the comparative failure of the second, that a new direction and turn was given to his life by a lawsuit, which lasted for seven long years. Paris Du Verney had a settlement of accounts with Beaumarchais on the 1st of April, 1770, in which a balance was struck between them. Beaumarchais agreed on his part to give up to Du Verney 160,000 francs' worth of bills, and it was stipulated that the partnership as to the forest of Chinon should be dissolved. Du Verney on his part declared that he had no claim against Beaumarchais; that he owed him 15,000 francs, and would lend him for a period of eight years, without interest, 75,000 francs. These latter conditions had not been fulfilled when Du Verney died on the 17th of July, 1770, at the ripe age of eighty-seven, leaving a fortune of 1,500,000 francs. Du Verney left one of his grand-nephews *légataire universelle*. This was a certain Count de la Blache, who held the rank in the army of *maréchal de camp*, and who for a long time had been heard to say of Beaumarchais: "Je hais cet homme comme un amant aime sa maîtresse." When the parties came to a settlement of accounts, De la Blache stated that the signature of his uncle was a forgery, and he claimed from Beaumarchais not only 53,500 livres, but an additional sum of 130,000 livres. The suit lasted seven years. Beaumarchais was successful *en première instance*, but lost his suit on appeal. Ultimately, however, the judgment *en appel* was reversed, and Beaumarchais gained the cause on all the points by an arrêt of the Parlement of Provence, on the 21st of July, 1778. It was a wearying and a harassing thing to have these imputations of forgery and fraud hanging over one's head for seven years. The vexation and agony to a sensitive mind must have been great. But there was an excessive energy and vitality in Beaumarchais which, joined to a conscious innocence, sustained him for seven.

long years of forensic warfare. It was the unhappy fate of the author of the *Marriage of Figaro* to be no sooner well "fixed" in one *imbroglio*, that he landed in another. Before he was rid of the suit of the Count de la Blache, he was in another scrape. He had become acquainted, and the acquaintance ripened into intimacy, with the Duke de Chaulnes, who had left the army at the age of twenty-four with the rank of colonel, who subsequently became a member of several scientific societies, made some discoveries in chemistry, and otherwise distinguished himself, as his father and mother had done, by scientific attainments. This duke lived in great intimacy with Mdlle. Menard, an actress, his mistress, to whom he introduced Beaumarchais. The latter frequently visited at Mdlle. Menard's (whose house was frequented also by Marmontel, Sedaine, Rulhieres, and Chamfort), and learned from her that the duke treated her with a brutality and violence savoring rather of the wild beast or the savage than of a civilized man. Hereupon Beaumarchais wrote a letter to the duke, hal-deprecating, half expostulating, to which the latter did not deign to reply. But in some months after the receipt of this missive, the duke, being aware that Beaumarchais continued to see Mdlle. Menard, resolved to force him to fight him. Beaumarchais was at his office at the Capitainerie, when the duke insisted upon his instantly going out with him. Beaumarchais adjourned for a moment the court, and went into an adjoining room with the duke, when De Chaulnes, with the ferocity of a tiger, exclaimed, that he would kill him and drink his blood. The history of the dispute, which is now for the first time published, occupies some dozen pages in M. de Loménie's volume; and it would shed a curious light on the state of society in France at this epoch, if there were not some reason to think (the fact is not, however, hinted at by M. de Loménie) that there was a taint of madness in the blood of M. de Chaulnes. Certain it is, that the mother of M. de Chaulnes, after having distinguished herself by very high scientific attainments, afterwards degraded herself by the coarsest and most sensual excesses, and by her conduct caused the death of the father of the man whose sanity we are now considering. The upshot of the encounter was, that the duke obtained admission to Beaumarchais'

house, seized upon the author's sword, tore his clothes, wounded his face, and received in return a "facer" from Beaumarchais. "*Misérable*," said the raging wild beast, "*tu frappes un duc et pair*." In these words there is more disclosed as to the relation in which the different classes of society stood to each other than could be written in a folio. Not content with rushing on Beaumarchais with a drawn sword, and subsequently with a carving-knife, the duke finished his attack by eating the soup and devouring the outlets of the man he had thus outraged. A crowd collected round the house, and the police became apprised of the affair. In his depositions before the *lieutenant de police*, the duke stated, that as Beaumarchais was not a *gentilhomme*, he did not dream of fighting him, but only meant to chastise a *roturier*, who was an "*insolent*," and charged with forgery. The *Tribunal des Maréchaux de France*, to whom the matter was referred, relegated the Duke de Chaulnes to Vincennes, and acquitted Beaumarchais. But the premier, the Duke de la Vrillière, sent the *roturier* Caron to For l'Evêque, where he was kept a prisoner for two months. Nothing could be more unfortunate to the luckless Beaumarchais. His personal liberty was then of the utmost consequence to him to solicit his judges! (such was then the practice,) and to defend himself against his opponent.

Before he was imprisoned at For l'Evêque, however—indeed, on the very evening of the day in which there was this scene and squabble with the duke—Beaumarchais read his comedy of *Le Barbier de Seville* to a numerous company at the house of a friend. It was while he was in prison that the Conseiller Goezman (a member of the Parlement Maupeou) gave judgment against him, on the 6th of April, 1773, in the affair of De la Blache. This judgment of Goezman was the cause of the greatest celebrity which Beaumarchais ever achieved. One hundred louis and a jewelled watch had been given by Beaumarchais, through the intervention of one Lejay, a bookseller, to Madame Goezman, with a view to propitiate the judge. Madame Goezman required an additional fifteen louis, which she said was intended for the secretary of her husband. The lady promised Lejay that if Beaumarchais lost his suit all should be returned, excepting the fifteen louis, which were to be the perquisite of the secretary.

After the money had been paid, Beaumarchais obtained an audience of Goezman, who, two days afterwards, decided against him. Madame Goezman faithfully returned the hundred louis and the watch; but Beaumarchais, having inquired of the secretary (to whom he had already given ten louis) whether he had received fifteen louis additional, learned that Madame Goezman had never given him anything, retaining herself the fifteen louis. Irritated by the loss of his money and the loss of his suit, Beaumarchais wrote to Madame G. to demand his fifteen louis. This was a grave step to take, for, if the wife denied having received the money, there might arise a dangerous contest. The straightforward course of asking that the fifteen louis might be returned also had its advantages. Beaumarchais was under the impression that Goezman had been purchased by a larger sum presented by the Count de la Blache, and he was not without the hope of convicting this magistrate of venality. Madame Goezman denied that she had ever received the fifteen louis; on the contrary, she declared that she sternly repudiated the criminal offer that had been made to her. She admitted that presents had been offered to her, on the part of Beaumarchais, with a view to gain the interest of her husband, but that she had repudiated those offers.

Goezman, the husband, also appeared, and denounced Beaumarchais to the Parliament as guilty of having calumniated the wife of a judge, after having vainly tried to corrupt her, and through her means, her husband. This was a bold course for Goezman to take; but it is now manifest, by a letter in his own hand to M. de Sartines, under date of the 5th of April, 1773, that he hoped to obtain a *lettre de cachet* against Beaumarchais, and thus be rid of an unpleasant opponent. The irresistible inference is, that, in making this application to M. de Sartines, Goezman was aware of the imprudence and guilt of his wife. The Government, not daring to grant a *lettre de cachet* Goezman attempted to suborn Lejay. Lejay, yielding to the temptation, declared that Beaumarchais had induced him to try and corrupt Madame Goezman, but that lady rejected the presents and the offer with indignation. Armed with this false testimony, Goezman appealed to the vengeance of Parliament. The discredit to which Beaumarchais had fallen was in-

conceivable. The decision in the case of La Blache had tarnished his honor, had diminished his fortune, had destroyed his peace of mind. He was now prosecuted for corruption and for scandal before judges interested in finding him guilty. No advocate dared to plead his cause against an individual so powerful and so high-placed as Goezman. He therefore determined on being his own counsel, and to speak and write out of the fullness of his heart in the broad glare of day. He resolved in his own mind on trampling under foot all the conventional and court rules which introduced secrecy into criminal proceedings, and which prevented the nation at large from judging its judges. Whilst the authorities were laying the flattering unction to their souls that all would be conducted slyly, snugly, and quietly in the dark, Beaumarchais had in his own mind resolved to let in a stream of light, and to excite and arouse public opinion. But in order to this end, in order that public opinion should respond to the call of a man not known, or only known unfavorably, it was indispensable that he should draw around him readers; that to retain their attention he should excite their interest, their sympathies, their indignation, their pity, and, above all, that he should amuse them.

In this that very able and adroit man perfectly succeeded, investing his suit with all the interest of a drama and a romance. In the memoirs and pleadings which he wrote concerning this affair, he exhibited the most original and most varied talent, giving to his *factums* an unspeakable beauty, vivacity, and interest. There was eloquence, audacity, sarcasm, historical allusion, dash, gaiety, malice, and the daring ardor of conviction. There was the tact, too, that showed Beaumarchais a consummate master of his art. He succeeded in turning the slumbering hatred of the nation against the *Parlement Maupeou*, which had displaced the ancient magistracy. The genius and address displayed by him throughout were marvelous and almost magical. There is as much comedy in the cause and the memoirs touching it, as any play in the French or English language. No silliness, no hypocrisy, no knavery, no trait of character, escapes the practised and polished pen of the merciless wit. The sentence of the court, after both parties had pleaded, was, that Madame Goezman was condemn-

ed "*au blame*," and to the restitution of the fifteen louis, which were to be distributed among the poor; that her husband was put *hors de cour*, a sentence equivalent to condemnation, and which forced him to resign his office. Beaumarchais was also condemned "*au blame*." This process was the ruin of Goezman. For the rest of his existence he lived a life of ignominious obscurity, and twenty years afterwards was guillotined on the 7th Thermidor, two days before the fall of Robespierre.

Beaumarchais, though condemned "*au blame*" by the judges, became at once the most popular man in France. The first people in the land, among others the Prince de Conti and the Duke of Orleans, showered on him their hospitalities and ostentatiously left their names at his door. From the day of the process the opposition to the Parlement Maupeou increased, and within a year that Parliament was abolished and the old Parliament restored.

It may be asked how and in what manner were these wonderful memoirs and *factums* composed. They were composed under every difficulty by a man running here and there, and living *en camp volant*, struggling with the *huissiers* of the Count de la Blache, and fighting an up-hill battle with the Judge Goezman. Every scrap of the MS. of the memoirs and *factums* is, however, in the handwriting of Beaumarchais. All the best and most brilliant passages have been written three or four times over, so that he almost literally fulfilled the precept of Boileau, of polishing and re-polishing twenty times over. He corrected much, and recommenced and remodelled often. His first sketches, evidently rapidly written, are generally prolix and diffuse; in the second attempt are found amendments, prunings, loppings off, excisions, &c.

No man more attentively followed and read the proceedings and memoirs in the case of Goezman than Voltaire.

"Quel homme," he writes to D'Alembert, "il réunit tout, la plaisanterie, le sérieux, la raison, la gaieté, la force, le touchant, tous les genres d'éloquence, et il n'en recherche aucun et il confond tous ses adversaires et il donne de leçons à ses juges. Sa naïveté m'enchanté, je lui pardonne ses imprudences et ses pétulances."

It is a proof of the principle in Beaumarchais' heart, and the real kindness of his nature, that, at this period, when his

affairs were in a deranged state and he had broken up his household, he continued to pension every member of his family.

In the next phase of Beaumarchais' career he appears in a widely different character. The unquestioned ability he had exhibited induced Louis XV. to employ him in one of those secret missions so common at the time under the ancient, and, indeed, now, under the modern Imperial Government of France. There was at that period in London a Burgundian adventurer of the name of Thévencau de Morande, who carried on a trade in libelling and scandal. He defamed and calumniated some of the leading personages in France, and his ribaldry and invective were eagerly imported across the Channel. To such a man Madame du Barry was a mine of wealth. He wrote to her announcing the publication of an interesting work, called *Mémoires Secrets d'une Femme Publique*, the MS. of which might be obtained for a *con-si-der-a-tion*. The alarmed and furious courtesan communicated her anger and her fears to Louis XV. Various means were unavailingly adopted to silence or intimidate Morande, when it was determined to enlist the genius of Beaumarchais in this not very reputable cause. The mission was not very eagerly undertaken by him, but he completely succeeded in it. Three thousand copies of the MS. were committed to the flames, and for this holocaust the French Government agreed to give the adventurer Morande 20,000 francs down, and 4000 francs a year pension.

On Beaumarchais returning to Versailles to receive the thanks of Louis XV., he found the monarch dying. Had the king lived a few days longer, the sentence of the *Parlement Maupeou* would have been reversed and Beaumarchais rehabilitated. The new monarch cared little about Madame du Barry; but Louis XVI. had scarcely ascended the throne, amidst the ardent hopes and congratulations of France, when his young and beautiful queen was attacked by another libeller domiciliated in London. Beaumarchais was again sent on a mission to London, in 1774, and at an expense of 35,600 francs, a Jew named Angelucci consented to give up and burn 4,000 copies of a libel on the queen. Beaumarchais subsequently proceeded with the Jew to Amsterdam to destroy the Dutch edition, when the Israelite gave him the slip, carrying off a single copy

of the libel to Nuremberg, a town filled with the race of Abraham and Isaac. Beaumarchais overtook "cunning little Isaac" at Neustadt, and regained the copy of the libel from the Hebrew. Nor did the Frenchman's labors end with this achievement. He posted on to Vienna, to obtain from the mother of Marie Antoinette, the Empress Maria Theresa, an order for the arrest of Angelucci, and arrived in so excited a state that he was imprisoned till the Austrian government could communicate with the government of France.

His next mission was again to England, to obtain from the Chevalier d'Eon a secret correspondence which passed between him and Louis XV. Beaumarchais succeeded in obtaining the correspondence, with which he returned to Versailles. He was, however, charged with more important matters than any connected with Chevalier d'Eon. He had undertaken to put the king in possession of information as to the insurgent American colonies; and it is now certain that it was owing to his ardent solicitations that the French government determined to secretly support the insurgents. Beaumarchais was charged with this important and delicate mission, and he exhibited in it, to use the words of M. de Loménie, "a talent for organization, a vigor of mind, and a power of will, which many would be surprised to find in the author of the *Barber of Seville*." On the 10th of June, 1776, Beaumarchais obtained from the king a million to work the great American operation, and he was at that moment laboring under a deprivation of all civil rights.

It was not till September, 1776, that the sentence passed upon him by the Parliament of Maupeou was reversed, that he was restored to his civil rights and the enjoyment of the offices he had formerly held.

This *arrêt* of the new parliament was received by all Paris with the wildest joy, and Beaumarchais was carried in triumph from the Chamber of Parliament to his carriage.

He had now to run his great career as a dramatic author. The *Barber of Seville* had been originally written as an opera in 1772, when it was refused by the so-called *Italiens*. It was accepted at the *Français* in the following year, 1773; but the affair of Chaulnes and the imprisonment of Beaumarchais retarded the production of the piece.

The suit of Goezman again interfered with the representation, when the immense popularity of the memoirs and *faits* against this functionary induced the actors to give out the comedy for the 24th February, 1774. For the first five representations all the places were taken; but, of a sudden, the piece was forbidden. On the 23d February, 1775, the first representation took place, when the failure was all but complete; but it is a proof of the fertility and judgment of the author, that within four-and-twenty hours he condensed and altered his play so admirably that it had a brilliant and well-merited success.

At the end of a thirty-nights' run, the actors wished to convert the success of the *Barbier* to their own benefit; and, from that time forth, the object of Beaumarchais was to produce an union among literary men, so as to enable them the better to defend themselves against a combination of actors. If a laboring literary man not a political writer, is enabled to live in France now and to enjoy the fruits of his brain labor, the result is, in a great degree, owing to the efforts made, nearly eighty years ago, by Caron de Beaumarchais.

We have already stated that Louis XVI. furnished Beaumarchais with a million. He received another million from the Spanish government. With these united sums he was to form a company to furnish the Americans with arms and munitions of war, in return for which they were to pay in the produce of their soil. Beaumarchais entered into contracts with houses at Havre, Rochefort, Dunkirk, and Nantes, and forwarded arms and stores to the Americans under the name of a firm of Rodrigue, Hortalez, and Company. Not content with these efforts, the active agent bought a vessel of sixty guns, the *Fier Rodrigue*, and commissioned her to convoy ten of his merchant ships. This vessel took part in the engagement between the French and English fleets under Admiral Byron, and her commander was killed in the engagement. It is a curious fact, that Ganteaume, who subsequently rose to the rank of admiral in the service of France, was originally a sailor, and subsequently officer, in the marine—if we may so call it—of Beaumarchais.

The immense assistance which Beaumarchais rendered to the Americans and

their cause is very clearly set forth in these volumes of M. de Loménie; yet it appears that his just claims against the American Congress and nation were not even partially liquidated till 1836, five-and-thirty years after his decease, and then only a small portion of the money due was paid. In 1795, Beaumarchais claimed from Congress a sum of 4,141,171 livres, and, after more than forty years of wrangling and struggle, his heirs received eight hundred thousand francs.

Not content with furnishing the Americans, Beaumarchais set about the establishment of a *caisse d'escompte* (the germ of the Bank of France), a *pompe à feu* at Chaillot, and two editions of the works of Voltaire, one in seventy and the other in ninety-two volumes. To accomplish this purpose he purchased the type of Baskerville (the same type with which the famous editions of Virgil, Horace, and Terence are printed) for 100,000 francs. The two editions took seven years to finish, and 16,000 copies of each were published. It is a singular fact that the number of subscribers did not exceed 2000, so that the loss must have been enormous. Yet, with all these losses and troubles, Beaumarchais had a hand "open as day" to literary men in need, so that the list of his insolvent debtors amounted to twenty-three. The Prince of Nassau-Siegen owed him 125,000 francs.

The years of 1784 and 1785 were the most brilliant portions of Beaumarchais' career. Though *Figaro* had been some time written, yet the king was opposed to its being acted. The author was now enabled to force it on the stage despite the opposition of the monarch. It had a run of sixty-eight nights. The money taken for the first representation amounted to 6511 livres; the money taken for the sixty-eight representations amounted to 5489 livres. In the eight months between the 27th of April, 1784, and the 10th of January, 1785, the piece had produced (without counting the fiftieth representation which had been given to the poor on the proposition of Beaumarchais) a gross receipt of 346,197 livres, of which there remained to the actors a nett benefit of 293,755 livres, with the exception of the portion dedicated to the author Beaumarchais, which amounted to 41,199 livres. The account of the representation of the piece will be found recorded in every periodical, in all the letters and me-

moirs of the time. People went to the theatre early in the morning, the greatest ladies dining in the actresses' dressing-rooms in order to secure places. Bachaumont tells us blue ribbons were elbowed by Savoyards, and La Harpe, that three persons were killed. If we are to believe an unpublished letter of Beaumarchais, he was present at all this excitement. He sat at the back of a *loge grille*, between two abbés, with whom he had dined at a jovial repast. He maliciously said the presence of these two abbés was necessary, that they might administer to him if necessary *des secours très spirituels*. In the midst of this brilliant success, another misfortune fell on Beaumarchais. Sicard criticised the *Marriage of Figaro* severely, and was aided, it is said, in this labor by the Count de Provence, who had written some of the critiques. Beaumarchais answered the attacks with great energy, and the Count de Provence, feeling himself personally wounded, complained to his brother, Louis XVI., of the insolence of Beaumarchais, and artfully insinuated that the offence of the author of the *Marriage of Figaro* consisted not in using the words *l'insecte vil de la nuit*, but in using the words "*lions et tigres*," which designated, as he alleged, the king and the queen. Louis XVI. was already irritated against Beaumarchais. The immense success of a comedy which had been represented against his will—a success which "disquieted him as a king, and scandalized him as a Christian,"—to use the words of M. de Loménie—rendered him disposed to credit the most improbable accusations against the author. Without quitting the card-table at which he was seated, the monarch wrote in pencil on the seven of spades an order for the arrest of Beaumarchais, and, adding insult to rigor, ordered that a man of fifty-three should be conducted to the prison of St. Lazare, which was reserved for young vagabonds. At the end of the fifth day, Beaumarchais was almost forced to leave the prison against his will. The memoir which he addressed to the king from St. Lazare is curious, as disclosing a state of affairs as embarrassing for Louis XVI. as for himself. On his leaving prison, M. de Calonne wrote to him to state that the king held him exculpated, and would seize with pleasure occasions to confer on him marks of his good will. Soon after this *Le Barbier de Seville* was represented

on the small theatre of Trianon, the Queen playing the part of Rosina, the Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) that of Figaro, M. de Vaudreuil, Almaviva. By an order of the king, Beaumarchais not long after received 800,000 livres by way of indemnity for his *flotte marchande*, which, in addition to two sums previously received, formed a total of 2,275,625 livres.

Previous to the period of which we are now speaking, Mirabeau and Beaumarchais had not been acquainted. One day, says Gudin, Mirabeau called on Beaumarchais. The conversation was lively, animated, and *spirituelle*. At length, Mirabeau inconsiderately asked for a loan of 12,000 francs. Beaumarchais refused with playful gaiety. Nothing is "easier than for you to lend the money," replied the count. "No doubt of it," rejoined Beaumarchais; "but as I must quarrel with you the day when your note of hand would fall due, I may as well break with you now, and save my money."

Beaumarchais had been concerned in a speculation to supply Paris with water. Mirabeau was chosen to write a pamphlet against this scheme. Beaumarchais puntingly replied, when Mirabeau rejoined, reviving all the old calumnies. To this diatribe Beaumarchais made no answer; but it may not be amiss to state that in 1790, a year before the death of the great orator, the two men were reconciled. M. de Loménie gives at length the letters that passed between them. Even an epitome of them it is beyond our space to afford.

In February, 1787, at the moment when Beaumarchais was occupied with the first representation of the opera of *Tarare*, a pamphlet appeared, intitled *Mémoire sur une question d'adultère, de seduction, et de diffamation pour le Sieur Kornman contre la dame Kornman, le Sieur de Jossan, le Sieur de Beaumarchais, et M. Lenoir*. Beaumarchais, after having investigated the case of Madame Kornman, became satisfied that she was an oppressed and injured woman, and procured a revocation of the *lettre de cachet* which her husband had obtained against her. Further, he advised Madame Kornman to appeal to the tribunals to save her children's fortune. A young advocate of the name of Bergasse was employed in Kornman's case, and he it was who composed the *Mémoire* which we have just mentioned;

a memoir which circulated by thousands, and which gave rise to hundreds of pamphlets *pro et contra*. The style of Bergasse was turgid, but it was earnest and emphatic. His taste was none of the best, but he was personal, confident, used strong epithets, and introduced a great many extraneous topics to season the flavor of his *factum*. Beaumarchais proceeded against the advocate for calumny, and gained his suit. But there is a vitality, indeed an immortality, in slander, which causes it to survive the occasion; and though the Parliament pronounced in Beaumarchais' favor on the 2d of April, 1789, directing the suppression of Bergasse's Memoir, and the payment by him of a thousand livres as costs and damages, yet some of Bergasse's imputations lived in the memories and thoughts of men during the progress of the Revolution, and affected the popularity, if they did not tarnish the repute of Beaumarchais. It was the singular destiny of Beaumarchais never to do good without its bringing him poignant suffering. "Je n'ai jamais rien fait de bien," he says, "qui ne m'ait causé des angoisses, et je ne dois tous mes succès, le dirai-je, qu'à des sottises."

While Beaumarchais was for two years struggling with Bergasse, he was writing and preparing for the stage his opera of *Tarare*, first produced on the 8th of June, 1787; an opera which has been played within a few years. He was also dabbling in the expensive recreation of brick and mortar, having purchased from the municipality, near the Bastille, a site for a splendid mansion. This mansion was built in magnificent style, and sumptuously furnished with precious woods and marbles brought from Italy at great expense. In the study of Beaumarchais there was a *secrétaire* valued at 30,000 francs. In this luxurious abode he received some of the most remarkable men of his time,—the Duke d'Orleans, Mirabeau, Sieyes, &c. From this stately dwelling, which is now called the Boulevard Beaumarchais, the owner of it witnessed the taking of the Bastille. He exhibited no desire to mingle in the fray, or to become deputy for his district. He limited his efforts to the preserving of order, and to saving from the enraged multitude disarmed soldiers. He remained in Paris during the progress of the Revolution, and in June, 1791, we find him seriously petitioning to obtain, in favor of the faithful of his quarter, a great-

er number of masses. Amidst preëccupations and inquietude of every kind, says M. de Loménie, towards the close of his second volume, Beaumarchais found time to dedicate to the two great passions which occupied his life—the theatre and commercial speculation.

He finished *La Mère Coupable* in 1791, and about the same period contracted to supply the government with 60,000 muskets—a contract which ruined his fortunes, and was the canker-worm of his subsequent life. While using every effort to obtain the muskets, he was denounced by the ex-Capuchin Chabot. On the 10th August, the mob, suspecting complicity with Louis XVI., broke into his house and searched for the arms. Thirteen days afterwards, i.e. on the 23d, being sixty years of age and deaf, he was sent to the prison of L'Abbaye. Here he remained till the 30th, a few hours before the massacres of the 2d September. He owed his release to the magnanimity of Manuel, who thus nobly revenged himself for some stinging criticisms. Escaped from prison and death, Beaumarchais hid himself some miles from Paris, whence he proceeded to seek an interview with the ministers. The men in authority gave him his passport for Holland. On his arrival, he did not find the promised money. The Convention had now succeeded to the Legislative Assembly, and in the Convention Beaumarchais was accused of combining against the government. From London, Beaumarchais wrote a defence of himself, distributing 600 copies. The answer by the Convention to the defence was, that Beaumarchais was permitted to choose between a sequestration of his property, and the starting a second time to obtain the muskets. While things were in this lamentable position his property was seized, his family sent to prison, and he himself was condemned also to prison by the *Comité de Salut Public* (whose agent he was) as an *émigré*. His difficulties were now great, and they became overwhelming when he found himself an emigrant in the free town of Hamburg. For some three-and-twenty months between 1793 and 1795, Beaumarchais contrived to save his muskets from the Dutch; but they were at length seized and sold by the English government. So overwhelming and entangled were the series of misfortunes in which he was now enmeshed, that he was in utter despair. "I ask myself," says he, in a letter to his wife, "whether I

am not a madman or a fool, so difficult is it to fathom the depth of my misfortunes. Where are you?" he passionately writes to his wife; "where do you live? what is the name you go by? who are your true friends, and who ought I to call mine? Without the hope of saving my daughter, the horrid guillotine would, for me, be preferable to my terrible state." In July, 1796, the name of Beaumarchais was struck off the list of emigrants, and he was allowed to return to Paris. But his wife, sister, and daughter were then in a wretched state. On leaving a prison in which they were so nearly doomed to death, they found all the property of Beaumarchais sequestered, and his debtors clamorous to discharge their engagements, contracted under a sound currency, in depreciated *assignats*. Thus ruined and overwhelmed by no fault of his own, Beaumarchais could scarcely pay the window-taxes on his large house. There were, indeed, strange times between 1794 and 1796. We learn, from the letters and accounts of Beaumarchais' sister Julia, that, in the depreciated *assignats*, sugar sold at 100 francs the pound, potatoes at 200 francs the bushel, pomade at 25 francs the ounce, &c.

Though Beaumarchais had acquired while at Hamburg the friendship of Talleyrand and Baron Louis, and albeit he was aware of the state of his affairs at Paris, still he was glad to return to his native city. Amidst all his troubles and misfortunes, and at a time when he had passed the grand climacteric, having attained the ripe age of sixty-five, we find him entering into all the theatrical and literary topics of the day with the eagerness and vivacity of youth. On the 4 Pluviose, an. VI., i.e. in January, 1798, a commission, appointed by the Directory, declared that the State was indebted to Beaumarchais in a sum of 997,875 francs. This sum would have placed him in a position to satisfy the most importunate of his creditors, and to pass the remainder of his life in tranquillity, if by a singular fatality, which rendered his last days miserable, the Directory had not named a new commission, which came to a directly opposite conclusion from the first. Far from making the State his debtor, the new commission declared Beaumarchais to be debtor to the State in the sum of 500,000 francs. It was in struggling against the decision of this committee that the last days of Beaumarchais were consumed. After passing a happy

evening with his family and a few chosen friends, on the 17th of May, he was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 18th of May, 1790. He died of an apopleptic seizure, produced by the agitation and anxiety of his latter years, and the strange injustice by which he was deprived by two governments of the greatest portion of his fortune.

Such was the end of Beaumarchais. His life embraces the better part of the eighteenth century, and his works represent its spirit. His career was singularly chequered and agitated, but not more agitated than the history and fortunes of his country at this epoch. He mixed with all classes of Frenchmen, from the highest to the lowest, and he possessed in a greater degree than any man of his time the peculiarities, qualities, and talents of that vivacious, clever, and mobile people of France, once our bravest and bitterest enemies, now our firm allies. It has been truly said that Beaumarchais lived in the Palace, in the Court, in the *Couliasses*, and in the Exchange; and he imbibed the spirit of each, and turned it to the best account in the comedies, memoirs, factums, verses, and letters, with which he has enriched the language. Had he not lived so much at Court in early life, it is possible his *tableaux* might have been wanting in that airy grace and lightness, that careless gaiety, that suppleness and *finesse*, so characteristic of the *ancienne Cour*. In the walks of commerce and the Exchange—among the *Fermiers Généraux*, *Financiers*, *Fournisseurs*, and *Intendants*, he obtained that clearness of view, that method and lucid order, that neatness and point which the daily handling of large affairs always improves and sometimes supplies. His art in managing, draping, and coloring characters—his style so sharp and pointed—he owes partly to the peculiar conformation of his mind, partly to his intimacy with the drama, his large acquaintance with human life in all its phases, and his long familiarity with the business of the stage. His penetration and spirit of observation were natural and inborn, and so were that moral and civic courage and independence which enabled him to stand up against parliaments and judges, and taught him not to fear the *gros bonnets fourrés*, so prone to hector and bully laymen in courts of law. The self-reliance and natural talents of Beaumarchais appear in this—that he played on all instruments, and was not a pro-

fessional musician—that he invented a machine, and was not a professed mechanician—that he was a maker of paper without being a paper manufacturer—that he was printer and publisher without being bred to the trade—that he entered on operations of commerce, banking, exchange, finance, and navigation without being merchant, banker, and cambist—that he wrote judicial memoirs and *factums* without being an *avocat*, an *avoué* or even a *notaire*—and verses, songs, and comedies without being a professed author or *littérateur*. What was he then? A dangerous man? Certainly he was in this, that he was a *persecuted citizen*—a man whom society and his fellows wronged and misinterpreted. He was the first to call himself by this name of persecuted citizen, in 1774, as is well said by M. St. Marc Girardin; and from that moment opinion seems to have rallied round him, and to have made his cause the cause of the struggling and discontented people. He was the man from whose exposure of judges first arose the cry of "*Plus de vénalité de charges.*" His was the first voice—his were the first words in print, to clamor for publicity in legal proceedings, and for confrontation of witnesses equivalent to our cross-examination, with a view to the interests of justice and of truth. His was the voice which by "*frappant juste et fort,*" destroyed the *Parlement Maupeou*.

In the *Marriage of Figaro*, Beaumarchais paints the French nation as it existed just antecedent to the French Revolution. The social edifice was quite undermined, the domestic virtues were altogether sapped. So in *Figaro*, the valet cheats his master, the husband his wife, the wife her husband; the judge is venal, the churchman is a sly go-between, a knave and hypocrite; the peasant speaks of rights and duties, whilst the fool of quality insults his mother, and is a libertine and a debauchee. The court and the town alike applauded, for this was the true reflection, these were the very manners, morals, and essential spirit of the time.

Such was Paris—such was France at the time the *Marriage of Figaro* was first represented. What have the French become since? What are they now? The present generation of Frenchmen, like too many among ourselves, care little for the past, unless in so far as it can minister to the present. If, however, some pupil of

the people, some poet of the people, some writer of the people, or some dramatist of the people, were to rise up in 1856, possessing the talents of Beaumarchais, and being, like him,—*mutin, railleur, méchant, patient et courageux*,—possessing, like Beaumarchais, a style pregnant, sharp, and bitter, and a *génie souple et fertile qui suffisait à tout*, what revelations might he not make, what new characters might he not draw, in which hypocrisy, perjury, fraud, and lying, cheating in commerce, on the Exchange, and at cards, and for

swearing in public and private, might be charged not on *Parlements*, not on *talons rouges*, not on the *vieille Cour*, but on a new generation of politicians and *maitres fripons*, who have nearly all the vices, little of the grace and talent, and less of the gaiety of the race that witnessed the first representations of *Le Barbier de Seville* and *Le Mariage de Figaro*. It would then be found that the sins of outworn monarchies may be committed with aggravation, and in a new fashion, in a new empire.

From Tall's Magazine.

PETS, AND WHAT THEY COST.

THE subject is difficult, and refers to a class of whom those who write at all must write gingerly. The "pets" belonging to very young ladies do not fall within the scope of our censures or estimates. Babies form the pets of the majority of married ladies, and to them no moral, social, or valid objection can be advanced; while anything of the kind would be perfectly useless if it could be produced—as Mr. Malthus would have learned long ere now, if he had been able to mark the progression and the retrogression of his opinions. The classes to whom we refer are therefore spinsters of a certain age—a conventional phrase for thirty years old and upwards—and married ladies without encumbrances, except, of course, such as are very costly and very useless.

Anybody's canary bird, the children's squirrel, or any other cheerful little animal of that class, is tolerable. Cochinchina fowls, especially of the masculine gender, are infamous out of a wilderness or a wood; but having once maintained a flock, to the detriment of the neighborhood, and, as it fortunately happened, to the destruction of our own peace and sleep after two o'clock in the morning, we are silent respecting them by way of penance. They are, moreover, very improbable pets, being rather kept as a speculation, which rarely

realizes a profit. Subject to the discount of bantams—a rather doubtful case—poultry of all descriptions are less ornamental than useful. Donkeys make capital pets on a large scale; but in this country their good qualities are seldom elicited, and they are not favorites. Ponies come within this class of animals on the long range, and very deservedly so. All agricultural people know the existence of pet cows, and the reason for it—a most admirable reason; and as they cannot be kept in drawing-rooms, we have nothing more to say on that subject. For the same cause, the tendency, a little reduced of late, to make pets of specimens of the swinish race in Ireland, may be excepted, although they monopolized the "buti" of numerous "bens" in mud cottages; but they also helped to pay the rent. The partridge, pheasant, and stag mania is chiefly confined to gentlemen, who "pet" their favorites no more than is necessary to preserve the pleasure of shooting them with their own Mantons.

The canine, the feline, and the pretty cockatoo genus, furnish the individual animals whose existence in their present condition is entirely uncalled for. Shepherds' dogs are unexceptionable, and watch-dogs are respectable. The character of the dog race generally entitles them

to consideration. A mastiff or a Newfoundland dog may be tolerated, because he has frequently more prudence than his employer or master. Bull-dogs are invariably nuisances, because they are more insidious and less trustworthy than Russian diplomatists. In many positions a good dog is necessary to the situation. In others, he is a useful companion in lonely circumstances. He commands the respect of a numerous class whom it is desirable and difficult to render respectful. Altogether, therefore, we defend the right dog in the right place; but his class is disgraced by an army of sinecurists. The dogs of kennels have their work to do, and they do it, although they might be better employed; but that is not their fault. The terrier breed are the terror of vermin, and they show good cause for their claim to existence. But could any human being provide ladies with a good argument for lap-dogs and poodles—fantastic brutes of all possible color and cut? For young persons about to marry, or who are very anxious to be about to be married, acting upon the principle "love me love my dog," an animal might be allowed, to be demonstrated with. A young lady of uncertain hopes may keep a poodle with perfect propriety, as a diplomatic agent, in the first instance. He will answer for a thermometer of the affections, and serve to show, in faint coloring, but deep enough for preliminaries, what really are the intentions of certain dilatory persons, who cannot or who will not speak. He may occupy the place of a gutta percha trumpet in railway travelling, and prove a very good go-between in the initial measures to those interested parties who have not learned to read flowers, and are stupid enough not to understand their hieroglyphical literature. To the classes concerned in this matter, little misshaped, glossy, long-haired, short-legged curs may be a necessary of existence, and nothing further can be said respecting them and theirs; but for ladies of mature age, married or single, no apology of this nature can be made up, and if they would only consider the cost of this outlet to the affections, time, and thought, they might be brought to a sense of shame for the rather low level at which they have arrived.

The feline family are extremely varied in their habits and prospects in life. They are, generally speaking, fond of ease and quiet, soft carpeting, and warm rooms;

but these luxuries are only reached by the aristocracy of cats. A vast majority are doomed to soil their furs, to wet their feet, and eat their mice in very humble circumstances. Science has never been able to arrive at a conclusion regarding the "cat instinct" on these distinctions. The superior specimens of the race exhibit very little exclusive feeling in their intercourse with the common herd. They fight on nearly equal terms when they meet, and manifest all the low cruelty and cunning of their genus without much distinction of classes, high or low. In some places, as movable mice and rat traps, they are defensible, being necessary evils; and they can never be placed higher in the social scale, with any proof to support their elevation. Nevertheless, they have been associated in a very libellous manner with old maidenism; as the latter has as untruly been connected with other unamiable characteristics, in addition to the love of cats. This mistake is unamiable and unnatural, for the feline character is selfish and ungrateful. Unlike the dog, cats are never friendly except for the results of alliance. They are the Austrians of animated nature, as Goldsmith would have said, and who can like them? To the abstract question it would be easy to answer "nobody," but then again the practical comes to their aid, and in Great Britain and Ireland there are quite one million of "cat-pets."

The parrot family are ill-bred and impudent strangers, like German and Irish laborers in any part of the United States after the hard clearances are completed and the railways made. The fine plumage of these birds will not keep them from saying stupid things at the wrong time. They have a greater quantity of bad blood in them than the poor yellow-hammers, that had transmuted to their little heads all our national antipathy to witchcraft. Then they are spies, sent into the kitchen to listen to the maids, to catch and to repeat their seldom favorable opinions of Missus. And they shake their heads, turning them right and left with the sagacity of ravens. Being exotics, these little strangers cannot be entirely proscribed; but still the trouble lavished on them might do much for other little strangers, whose claims we are by-and-by to recommend.

We have not a single word to say against the organ boy's pet monkey, be-

cause the lad does not so much keep the beast, as the servant keeps its master. We offer no opposition to travelling bears and camels upon the same principle, if the owners of the bears, although they are all nearly extinct, will keep them more firmly muzzled than the German kinglets keep their pet bear. Nothing can be advanced against the industrious fleas, or the white mice, or any other of the curious, that might not with equal gravity be spoken against experiments in search of perpetual motion. The happy family is a greater curiosity than the North-west Passage, only not nearly so costly or so fatal; although respecting its fatalities we have no statistics of the tortured and unhappy animals slain in finding our happy family. These productive pets are to be regarded with sincere respect, as animals of a given pecuniary value, and the objects of an assiduous and diligent education. The pets of solitude have equal claims to consideration in a solemn sort of way. One prisoner's spider was an epic; and the mouse of another prisoner was a poem. Their little lives were full of thrilling stories, and yet they were entirely ignorant of the honors put upon them. The pets of memory and sorrow are equally respectable. Sometimes fortunate little animals have happy times as proxies for the absent or the lost. A living creature is a better memorial than books or trinkets, but not so enduring; and to this class, or those who maintain them, no objection can be made, except by the heartless; yet they have nothing to do with the Honorable Mrs. Crotchett's menage, consisting of two long and two short haired dogs, three parrots, and five cats; established not for the study of natural history, but for the amusement of their honorable and not very amiable owner. The management of the dogs is more troublesome to three servants than the upbringing of as many children would be.

They have their daily ablutions, and dryings, and combings, and curlings. Their education is a complicated process, and their feats of instinct are altogether marvellous. The cats require a totally different course, and the parrots have another modification. The feeding of the beasts exhausts the skill of their cook, who is not always certain of suiting their taste. An accident to one of the favorites would be dismally punished if their possessor were "monarch of all she surveys," and

they are not unacquainted with the subjection of the family to their caprices. In one respect this arrangement is fair, for that family, without the little branches and those who are engaged to wait upon them, would be very small indeed. Even this distracted household, where the inmates live after the manner of cats and dogs, is not so particular in some points as that of a married lady who turned her scullery maid to the street, because "the wretch," as she was called, had given Diana her dinner upon an unwashed plate—a neglect more censurable as Diana was not troublesome respecting her knife and fork; or the small family of a lady arrived at mature years who sent for a gentleman of eminence in medical affairs, unseasonably and urgently, upon a consultation respecting the sudden illness of a, as matters turned out, valuable dog, with which the provoked "professional" made sharp and short work, relieving Pug of pain and the world together.

The trade in fancy dogs of the light weights conclusively proves that the animals are not kept from any very old attachment. Tall, lumbering fellows of equivocal physiognomies, retired pugilists who have been unfortunate, or wanderers on tickets of leave, in addition to the regular men of business in corduroy shorts, velvet coats, and boots—may be met on any day, and every day, in the fashionable quarters of London, with a beauty in each ample pocket, one in hand, and one in a string. They make sales almost invariably to idle ladies, who do no work in the world, and imagine that they were born to do nothing. The traffic is profitable to some of the dealers—for they steal and sell, and sell and steal again assiduously. Others have a knack for introducing novelties equal to any milliner in the season. All depend upon their success of to-day for their meal to-morrow, and they labor with all the diligence of a man in earnest.

Their customers are strong-minded females in every particular, excepting this one plague-spot. They are political economists on every other subject except their dogs. They do not generally relieve the pretences or the wants of casual beggars, and their doors are seldom disturbed except by novices in collecting alms. They know very well that juvenile vagrancy feeds upon weaknesses, and would soon be extirpated if its professors were

only starved. They have a firm conviction that one half of all who seek assistance are impostors, and the other half are fit only for the workhouse. Lazarus ate of the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, and the dogs licked his sores; but the fair successors of Dives don't permit their dogs to do anything nearly so mean, and they know that Dives should have requested the police to clear his gate.

The statistics of the question would furnish an enterprising member of Parliament with a foolscap full of figures, five broad in each column; but he must be a man of nerve who ventures to move in the matter. The late Joseph Hume was never more grossly misrepresented by sinecurists than he would be abused by those whose expenditure he sought to ascertain. It certainly is not a trifling outlay. The pretty cockatoos are not under three hundred thousand, the needless cats are one million, and the unnecessary members of the pug and lapdog families are half a million. The maintenance of the Mollies and Polies, at sixpence per week, is £390,000 annually. The extra cats at the same rate cost £1,300,000 per annum, and the supererogatory dogs, at one shilling weekly, require the same sum yearly—or a total of the whole of £2,690,000—a very large capital to be annually wasted, but a small part of the cost of the case.

The two numerous classes in society whom we have mentioned, should certainly look for pets; but they should search higher than the dog fanciers. The saddest fact in Britain is the cheapness of human beings; and yet they are probably dearer here than in any other land except our own colonies. The dark places of the earth are the abodes of horrid cruelty, and the darker the place is, these deeds are the more numerous. They fall upon all classes, but chiefly upon the young. Infant years, boyhood and girlhood, bear more sorrows than any other portion of life—often, not always, but as a general rule. The infanticide of China, of some districts of India at a recent date, and of many other parts of the world at this day, confirm this idea, although in the opinion of many persons—and perhaps in the calm view of all—to the sufferers the change is very good. That is, however, a view of the matter in which men have practically no right to speculate. They are bound to labor for the proper upbringing of the young, and to aid in

making them useful in the world. The present stands indebted for that duty to the past. The claim of posterity is a good debt assigned to them by our predecessors. The opinion which we have mentioned is a most legitimate consolation when all duty has been attempted, but is not capable of use as a reason for negligence. Absolute infanticide covers only a very minute proportion of the evils springing out of the cheapness of human life. It is the straw on the surface to mark the direction of the current. Statistics are horrors to the respectable class for whose conversion we write; but a mere glance at any of the bills of mortality will show them the vastness of that multitude of our race who are hardly permitted to enter the world, but merely look in and depart. Many reasons are assigned as the secondary causes of juvenile mortality. The medical deficiencies and sanatory necessities of large towns, and constitutional weakness, are quoted causes—not, we fear, without good evidence of their potency. The first and second might be removed by the State, and in their removal the third would be ameliorated. The number of deaths under five years of age by no manner of means surprises those who watch infancy's trials and ways. Maternal ignorance and “nursecaul” follies and sins ruin many constitutions, and for the babies of the very poor, and especially the very intemperate, their tenacity of life is astonishing. Those of our readers who inhabit a hermitage may not have the opportunity; but all others have no difficulty, in a walk of one or two miles, to notice infants of two or three years old, wearied with their play, and lying down to sleep, the little head among the wet grass, or where no grass grows—and many of them never see it—upon a hard stone, in shower or sunshine, and nobody seems to care for them. Their food is coarse and irregular—their clothes are miserable and thin, and always wet, if the weather permits. Some day they awake, with a slight shiver, and the bright eyes are too bright, while the little head aches badly, and is too heavy; and so the evil progresses often to death. Another one of the many who might have lived to do good work on earth, is nipped in the budding, by a natural cause; and that secondary cause is abundantly evident.

A cold, dargling rain beats on the windows that look towards the Baltic. A

harsh east wind has blown for many days colds into half the throats in our islands, from that quarter. The ingenious proprietors of "cough no more" medicines make hay—for the sun, hidden from all besides, shines on them; yet their injunctions are disobeyed by everybody. It is noon, and the street beneath is well-nigh the most crowded in the world. It is broad, however, and men traverse it rapidly in the hurry of their day's business. One woman—one of many—passes. She is comparatively rich, young—though that is doubtful—quite a matter of comparison; younger than the Queen by one year or two; but she does not wish all the truth told on the subject. She carries a parcel under her shawl—a white and black rakish parcel; and it moves, whines, and is offended. It is Pompey; and she hurries along lest Pompey catch a cold. Another woman follows Pompey and the lady. Her bonnet, cloak, and all her costume, disclose her country. She is Irish. The hood of the cloak is thrown backward, and a baby is packed into it. The small head hangs half over the hood—the wan face looks to the upper flats of these high houses, and between them to the clouds—protesting against the cold rain and wind; but the eyes are closed, and the child sleeps. What will it be—where will it be twenty days, months, years, hereafter? Who among the many passengers cares—thinks on the Irish woman and her child; yet there are a million of such pairs; and surely they are more respectable than the lady and Pompey.

The miserable night comes down—down, cold and dark to the homeless—or on those homes that are fireless, foodless. Those curtains of fog that night draws close and closer round the world, brings with them a breath that pierces to the heart, like that of an iceberg, when the heart has little between it and the mist. Look how these three or four little children, from six months upwards, like steps of a stair, cower and shiver around that woman in the faded garb of widowhood—being recommendations to buy her lucifer matches. It would take but a small sum to buy the entire stock, but few customers seek to take delivery of the goods. This little girl has had three-pence during the evening upon that single halfpenny box. Now this is a case. Undoubtedly the children look to be

clean, but cold; for very white pinafores are found to pay in that trade. The family, you say, are professional beggars. Then you know them, have inquired into their circumstances, and are cognisant of the details in their history. No—that's not it exactly; but you know the world well—more than wiser people do—and you are not to be deceived by appearances. Of course, no honest person desires that you should be so deceived, but do not condemn on suspicions only. Why do not people go to the work-house? You pay poor-rates. Most undoubtedly, so do we—grumbling always as we pay them, because we get nothing, and you have nothing in return. Not one of that little regiment of boys or girls, brought up by square and rule within the workhouse walls, cares for either of us, though we have been paying these many years for their maintenance. They have not learned to love anybody in particular on that account. No home feelings have grown up in their hearts, for the soil is as iron, and the sky above like brass. Moreover, mothers do not like to part with their children, unless, indeed, they be *infra* human mothers; to be separated from them, and have them thrown into a very general batch—a family of two hundred. You know that; but what would we have you do—take a beggar's brat and educate it? Well, Ma'am, after all, this beggar's brat may be something better than a beggar's bitch's brat—that is to say, than Pompey, of whose genealogy you are perfectly ignorant, since you could not have believed the man with the short squat nose from whom you bought him—even if he had told you.

Then you remember John, the gardener—perfectly, of course. He died poor, died suddenly, left a widow and four children, the oldest a girl of five years. She is nine now; and how has she got to nine, with the others following hard after her, nobody knows very well. Heaven knows—and that is admitted—also that Heaven knows that you do not know, and never sought to know. You pray for them in church—in the general category of fatherless children—but you forget one half of the golden rule, "*watch and pray.*" We were in the habit of praying too in that way, and very well recollect to have followed a Presbyterian minister in boyhood until we could have said it all with tolerable accuracy. It besought that "the

poor might be made poor in spirit, and the rich become rich in faith." We have had difficulty in getting out of the rut, since experience taught us occasionally to seek that the rich might become poor in spirit, and the poor rich in something—even in faith. You are innocent of the mistake "*Laborare est orare*," and you don't understand it; yet it is a very sad error, and equally serious to take "*orare*" in its own place, and that of "*Laborare*" also. It is simply a dilution of your doing into nothing.

What could you have done? Their mother is an industrious and respectable person, hard pressed, you fear, but she never sought anything. Just so—those who seek are professional beggars, who don't deserve; and those who don't ask need nothing.

All parishes and villages have secondary cases of this description; and they are not all neglected—for the world contains numerous examples of benevolence not recognized in its subscription lists, and unknown out of a very narrow circle; but no person has far to search for subjects to work upon. Unprofitable pets might be replaced with the greatest ease by others more enduring. The money and time lost upon them might lay up an immense store of affection and attachment for the desolate and almost solitary rich. As even the vast majority of the professional teachers of religion fail to bring it down to their daily business, the laymen and lay-ladies of their flocks are not expected to live always under its influence. They are not expected—by whom? By themselves, we suspect, and by those like unto themselves, whose mincing step they follow; and not by any authority on the subject. All "professors" do certainly hold high views on these points, and very many just hold and grasp them so firmly that they never get them out into society. Even when they peep forth in the form of weakly-written tracts, full of good counsel, loosely expressed, those who distribute them fail to see that they would reach a hungry heart most readily if they

were wrapped up with a loaf. Daily bread is placed in the centre of the common prayer of all, and for all. Partly upon that principle churches have clothing societies, collections for poor members, and many other well-devised schemes of activity; but still they are general and not individual in their character. Those whom they relieve feel thankful to a multitude. The controlling influence of one or two individuals is lost upon them, and would be found, if labor of this description were more divided—more individualized. [A scheme was once proposed in one large town, and may have been acted upon, by which the care of the young in families, however destitute, was to be left—not to the officials, but to the members of the Society. When a case of want, from whatever cause, was reported, it was to be handed over to one, two, or more members. One or more—if more than one curator was required—would maintain a permanent watch over the education and the interests of their charge. The benefits derivable from the plan, if it had become a practice, were clear and large; but we are drawn into plans, while our business was with pets, and what the present race cost.

Their cost is an outlay and an occupation. The first can be defined, and the second is undefinable, but it is very large. Diana cannot tend her owner in sickness, or soothe her admirer in sorrow and weakness. A very faithful beast may mourn its proprietor's death, and mope itself into a distressed condition—although the family of pets have scarcely a large enough instinct for that feeling; but their attachments stop there. Days come when even the cold and proud need friends that wages will not purchase; and not having provided for, they necessarily want them. That is one loss—something like retribution—reaping the seed sown. Pompey, or Cæsar, or any other of the namesakes of renowned classical warriors—very unlike warriors as they are—end with the present life. They are done and concluded.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE BURNING SPECULA OF ARCHIMEDES.

Of all the inventions ascribed to Archimedes, there is none more extraordinary than that of the burning specula by which he is said to have set fire to the Roman fleet, while it rode at anchor in the harbor of Syracuse, and he himself was shut up within the walls of that city. The fact, however, seems not to have been called in question till the time of Descartes. That philosopher, trusting to certain optical laws which he had discovered, and which, though just, were not sufficiently comprehensive, ventured to deny the possibility of constructing specula which could burn at so great a distance. His authority was then an overmatch for the testimony of all antiquity: his opinion prevailed; and till the experiments which we are about to notice were made, the mirrors of Archimedes were regarded as a chimera.

For some years prior to 1747, the French naturalist Buffon had been engaged in the prosecution of those researches upon heat which he afterwards published in the first volume of the supplement to his *Natural History*. Without any previous knowledge, as it would seem, of the mathematical treatise of Anthemius (περί παραδοξων μηχανημάτων) in which a similar invention of the sixth century is described,* Buffon was led, in spite of the reasonings of Descartes, to conclude that a speculum or series of specula might be constructed sufficient to obtain results little, if at all, inferior to those attributed to the invention of Archimedes.

This, after encountering many difficulties, which he had foreseen with great acuteness, and obviated with equal ingenuity, he at length succeeded in effecting. In the spring of 1747, he laid before the French Academy a memoir which, in his collected works, extends over upwards of eighty pages. In this paper, he describes himself as in possession of an apparatus

by means of which he could set fire to planks at the distance of 200, and even 210 feet, and melt metals and metallic minerals at distances varying from twenty-five to forty feet. This apparatus he describes as composed of 168 plain glasses, silvered on the back, each six inches broad by eight inches long. These, he says, were ranged in a large wooden frame, at intervals not exceeding the third of an inch; so that, by means of an adjustment behind, each should be movable in all directions independently of the rest, the spaces between the glasses being further of use in allowing the operator to see from behind the point on which it behoved the various discs to be converged.

These results ascertained, Buffon's next inquiry was how far they corresponded with those ascribed to the mirrors of Archimedes—the most particular account of which is given by the historians Zonaras and Tzetzes, both of the twelfth century†. “Archimedes,” says the first of these writers, “having received the rays of the sun on a mirror, by the thickness and polish of which they were reflected and united, kindled a flame in the air, and darted it with full violence on the ships which were anchored within a certain distance, and which were accordingly reduced to ashes.” The same Zonaras relates that Proclus, a celebrated mathematician of the sixth century, at the siege of Constantinople, set on fire the Thracian fleet by means of brass mirrors. Tzetzes is yet more particular. He tells us, that when the Roman galleys were within a bow-shot of the city walls, Archimedes caused a kind of hexagonal speculum, with other smaller ones of twenty-four facets each, to be placed at a proper distance; that he moved these by means of hinges and plates of metal; that the hexagon was bisected by “the meridian of summer and winter;” that it

* See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, chap. xl. sect. v., note g.

† Quoted by Fabricius in his *Biblioth. Græc.*, vol. ii. pp. 551, 552.

was placed opposite the sun; and that a great fire was thus kindled, which consumed the Roman fleet.

From these accounts, we may conclude that the mirrors of Archimedes and Buffon were not very different either in their construction or effects. No question, therefore, could remain of the latter having revived one of the most beautiful inventions of former times, were there not one circumstance which still renders the antiquity of it doubtful: the writers contemporary with Archimedes, or nearest his time, make no mention of these mirrors. Livy, who is so fond of the marvellous, and Polybius, whose accuracy so great an invention could

scarcely have escaped, are altogether silent on the subject. Plutarch, who has collected so many particulars relative to Archimedes, speaks no more of it than the former two; and Galen, who lived in the second century, is the first writer by whom we find it mentioned. It is, however, difficult to conceive how the notion of such mirrors having ever existed could have occurred, if they never had been actually employed. The idea is greatly above the reach of those minds which are usually occupied in inventing falsehoods; and if the mirrors of Archimedes are a fiction, it must be granted that they are the fiction of a philosopher.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE PALAIS ROYAL AND THE INTRIGUES IT HAS WITNESSED.

EMERGING from the Place du Carousal, on the left is the Rue St. Honoré—the Oxford street of Paris—forming, like our own street, one of those great arteries issuing from the heart of the city and extending to the very suburbs. As to Regent street there is nothing of the kind to be seen. On descending the Rue St. Honoré, one of the wonders of Paris presents itself unostentatiously to notice—the famous Palais Royal—once the Palais Cardinal. Descending one of the glazed arcades which occupy either side of this building, the central square is reached. It is a town in itself, and how it could ever have been appropriated as a residence for any one individual appears incomprehensible, for here all Paris—one may almost say all the world—assembles in this great mart of Europe, and yet there is ample space and to spare under its interminable arcades and colonnades, extending, *apparently*, for miles. What a motley crew is congregated here! What an opportunity a lounge in the Palais Royal affords for observing the genus Parisian in all its developments!

In the centre is a vast open space ornamented with gardens and fountains. This

is entirely surrounded by buildings faced by colonnades, under whose arches the passenger walks and gazes on the countless shops which entirely occupy the ground-floor of the whole palace. To this larger square succeeds a smaller one, facing the Rue St. Honoré.

The prettiest and gayest shops are undoubtedly those of the Palais Royal, but there is not one even here that can justly be styled magnificent. The display of jewelry is well worthy of attention, as nothing can be more chaste and elegant than the designs; even the smallest ornament acquires a value from the faultless taste of its setting. The watches, chains, and ornaments thereto belonging, are really beautiful; and even had I possessed an unlimited purse I should have felt great difficulty in making a selection. The range of shops is constantly broken by the curtained windows of the different restaurants; some of whom, such as Véry, Véfour, &c., are the very first in Paris, containing rooms filled up with all the necessities and the luxuries of life. It is quite incredible how good a dinner can be had at the less celebrated restaurants for a mere trifle: six different courses of every

delicacy in season, together with wine and bread being furnished from two to three francs a head, in a room handsomely furnished, well heated, and with the additional advantage of being supplied with all the papers of the day.

The Palais Royal, containing two theatres, is, in fact, a town in itself, and furnishes everything that the poorest or the richest may require. Nothing can be more graceful than the colonnades of the great square; and when the sun shines, be it winter or summer, dull indeed must be that individual who would not feel exhilarated by the lively, animated scene. I believe some small portion of the upper apartments still remain as a royal residence, but almost the whole is distributed into restaurants.

Every one knows how, built by the great Cardinal Richelieu as a monument of a minister's magnificence, he deprecated the possible indignation of succeeding monarchs by presenting it to the crown. Here he came to die after a life passed in a more inordinate exercise of arbitrary power than history records in modern times. His hatred and oppression of the nobles, however, excused by reasons of policy, was cruel and merciless in the extreme, and the species of tyranny he exercised over the weak mind of Louis XIII. was equally dishonorable to himself as to the monarch who submitted to him so implicitly. But he possessed great talents, and his whole life was consecrated to upholding what he esteemed to be the glory of France, to attain which end he cared not to wade through streams of the blood of the proudest nobles in the land. But now his career was drawing to a close, and, emaciated, worn almost to a skeleton, he sat propped up with pillows in the palace erected in his pride. The hand of Death was upon him, and he before whom all France had trembled, felt the approach of that all-powerful tyrant who spares none. But ere he breathed his last a distinguished honor was about to be conferred on him, at a time when he cared neither for kings nor courts, and already trembled at the prospect of rendering an account of all the blood he had shed before that eternal Judge, in whose sight neither policy nor fidelity to earthly sovereigns would pardon the crimes he had committed. Suddenly the doors of his apartment were thrown open, and the king was announced—come to render the last honors, and to

take a final farewell of the terrible Cardinal. Louis XIII. composed his countenance with difficulty to a due expression of condolence and sorrow at the sight of the sick man, for how could he do otherwise than rejoice in the death of the minister who had, like an evil-presiding genius, embittered his whole life? After a formal interview between the expiring statesman and the imbecile king, in which the usual compliments were repeated with unusual warmth, from a consciousness of their falseness, Louis withdrew; and it is said that as he retired from the apartment he was seen to laugh with joy at the notion of being rid of a minister from whose tyranny he had neither the boldness nor the power to escape. But as if his life had been bound up in the existence of a minister whose ambition made his reign so remarkable, he did not live long to rejoice over his emancipation, dying only a few months after Richelieu's death.

Richelieu died as he had lived, unloved by any except his favorite cats—which he liked because their gambols reminded him of the cunning and ferocious springs of a tiger—feared by all around him, in a solitude and isolation as complete as he had lived. More fortunate, however, than Wolsey, who somewhat resembled him in character, and who also displayed his inordinate pride in the erection of Hampton Court, the Cardinal secured the enjoyment of his palace, as well as the outward marks of royal favor, until his death.

Within this palace passed the infancy of Louis XIV., and here he formed his earliest attachment to the beautiful nieces of Cardinal Mazarin, who nobly sacrificed his personal interest to his sovereign's glory in not permitting the marriage so ardently desired by Louis with the fascinating Laure Mancini. Happy, perhaps, had it been for Le Grand Monarque if, regardless of these considerations, he had married a woman he really loved, and not allowed himself to be sacrificed to state policy in forming a marriage against his inclination, which led to the most notorious *liaisons*. In consequence of these amours, he shamefully disgraced the closing years of his reign by a too partial attachment towards the children of an adulterous connection, and in his determination to place them above the legitimate princes of the blood, to the especial prejudice of the Duc d'Orleans, entitled both

by birth and talent to occupy the highest position.

If the walls of these apartments could speak, what strange particulars might be known of the *liaison* existing between Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin—too public for intrigue, and uneasy enough for marriage. Great part of his chequered life was passed here; and if it be true that Richelieu loved her as well as his successor, Mazarin, she could not entertain a very high idea of the virtue conferred by the purple. The insolence with which Mazarin treated her, the meekness with which she submitted to these indignities, the sway he exercised in the councils of this talented woman, and the tyranny and severity he presumed to exercise towards Louis XIV. and his brother, while children—tamely witnessed by their mother—all this seems to require some explanation. The mysterious story of the “Man with the Iron Mask” is also referred to this period, and many suspicions have arisen as to the connection of this individual with Louis. Altogether there is a shade of uncertainty cast around many characters and events of this time, never likely to be satisfactorily cleared up.

I will give some few particulars of Mazarin's death, and then pass on to other characters and scenes recalled by the sight of the Palais Royal. This minister, who had so carefully piloted the vessel of the state through all the dangers of the Fronde, appeared to have reached the very acme of prosperity. Receiving the submission of the great Condé, he triumphed over internal treachery and foreign intrigue, and cemented a general peace with both the Frondeurs and Spain by arranging the marriage of Louis XIV. with the Infanta Marie Thérèse. He left Paris with a marvellous retinue of coaches, litters, mules, bishops, secretaries, and ecclesiastics, to meet the Spanish ambassador, Don Luis da Haro, at the frontiers, and arrange the preliminaries of the treaty and the alliance. But although both ministers had safely reached their destination, and Don Luis, also rejoicing in all the pomp and grandeur so dear to Spanish dons, was arrived, one entire month was lost in the all-important question of precedence. Whether Mazarin should call on Da Haro, or Da Haro, in a friendly, Paul Pry way, was to drop in on Mazarin, “hoping he didn't intrude,” was “the question,” and a question, all

important as it was, never answered. Mazarin, the wily Italian, *il Signor Faquino*, as he was called by le grand Condé, who hated him, took to his bed by way of *ruse*, hoping that the Spaniard's anxiety for his health would induce him to pocket his Castilian dignity and make this first advance; but it was all in vain. Da Haro was not to be caught, but obstinately shut himself up, ate, drank, and made merry with the most dogged patience imaginable. So the end of this mighty “Tale of a Tub” was finally in this wise: no visit was paid at all, and the great “plenipotous” met at last quite officially in the Island of Pheasants, where the real business of their meeting was soon dispatched.

Mazarin, in thus tranquillizing a mighty nation and securing a popular alliance for his sovereign, had on this occasion rivalled, if not exceeded, the renown of the great Richelieu. As soon as it was concluded, he returned to Paris, not to glory and power, or to reap the fertile harvest of ambition, *but to die*. He never recovered his health after the court returned from St. Jean de Luy, and gradually became dangerously ill. Not the sight of his vast riches, his invaluable pictures, his priceless statues, his immense library, could revive or excite his languid senses. Rising from his bed, he was rolled in an arm-chair through all his apartments, decorated with a magnificence rivaling the Palais Royal, and containing treasures of art; he even penetrated to the gardens and the stables, to feast his fading eyes on all his vast possessions. But it would not do; the arrow had struck home—death was at hand. Weary and fatigued, the Cardinal was re-deposited on his bed, heaving many sighs and groans at the idea of having to leave all his riches, and the physician was summoned. He came in the person of the celebrated Guénaud.

The Cardinal received him in trembling. “What!” said he, “is it you, Guénaud? Well, be honest with me. How long have I to live? I am prepared for the worst.”

“Indeed, I fear,” replied the doctor, looking very grave, “that your eminence is in a state past flattery; but our remedies may prolong your life, if they cannot cure the disease. Remedies, even in fatal cases, can do much.”

“Well, now,” said the Cardinal, “I

respect your frankness. Speak out—how long can I last?"

"Your eminence may hope to live yet for two months by following the rules I shall prescribe."

"Very well," said Mazarin; "at least I know my fate. This time must be consecrated to the care of my soul. I shall do the best I can, and no doubt all my brother prelates will assist me, for the sake of the abbey, the bishoprics, that my death will leave vacant. In two months one may, under these circumstances, obtain a world of indulgences. I stand well, too, with his Holiness; but—but to leave my pictures, a collection I have passed my life in forming—that "Venus" of Titian, you know, Guénaud; and then that "Deluge" by Caracci, and that last group just arrived from Rome—"Leda and the Swan"—you have seen it, Guénaud?" The physician bowed. "It is, indeed, a trial—it is very hard; *n'importe*, I must think of my soul. Go now, Guénaud, and return to-morrow; perhaps you may, you know, see some change—an improvement—who knows?"

Guénaud shook his head and withdrew, leaving Mazarin with his soul on his lips, but the world in his heart.

The queen-mother, Anne of Austria, hearing of his desperate condition, hastened to visit him, attended by her gossiping ladies, amidst a thousand nods, and winks, and sighs, at the melancholy expression her countenance expressed. Mazarin received her with a smile, and, at least on this occasion, treated her with the respect due to her rank and demanded by the condescension she displayed in visiting him. Her majesty was pale and sad; tears gathered in her eyes as she advanced towards him, and asked with a timid yet tender voice after his health. He replied that he was very ill, and related to the queen what Guénaud had told him. If I were to add that he displayed to the queen and her ladies one of his bare legs to afford ocular demonstration of his miserably reduced condition, I fear I should be accused of imitating the *mauvaise langue* of Madame de Luynes. But it is said that he really did so, to the great grief of Anne of Austria, and to the utter discomfiture and horror of her less tender ladies in waiting, who rapidly retreated into the recesses of the windows, or behind the draperies of the apartment, to escape so unpleasant a demonstration.

"Look!" exclaimed Mazarin—"look, madame, at the deplorable condition I am reduced to by my incessant anxiety for the welfare of France!"

Soon after this extraordinary interview, and when all the world believed Mazarin to be dead or dying, the cunning Italian, determined once more to take in the whole court, and deceitful in his death as he had been in his life, gave orders that his recovery should be announced. He caused himself to be rouged white and red, dressed himself in his most magnificent robes, placed in a chair with the glasses all down, and in this guise promenaded through his gardens, taking care to be well observed by all the vast crowd which had collected. For the moment he presented all the appearance of health and vigor; but the flimsy veil was soon withdrawn by death. The exertion he had forced himself to make in order to enact so ghastly a comedy was too much for his remaining strength; he fainted, was brought home, placed on his bed, and never rose again. Thus died as he lived Cardinal Mazarin, a man, as was well observed, without honor, but nevertheless a great minister. He was not cruel or bloodthirsty, like Richelieu; but patient, cunning, and intriguing, he ever gained the end he had in view by more laudable and humane means, leaving France at his death in peace and tranquillity, and in such an entire state of submission as paved the way for the extravagancy and reckless oppression of the reign of Louis XIV.

It was in the Palais Royal that, during the infancy of Louis, the daring Frondeurs presumed to penetrate, until they had reached the sleeping-room of their young king. Anne of Austria, magnificent in beauty and majesty, advanced to the door with the utmost composure to meet the rude invaders, who were rushing pell-mell into the chamber. On her appearance they drew back, amazed at the vision of loveliness and dignity before them; her finger, placed on her mouth, commanded silence, and the crowded mass, before so noisy and obstreperous, was hushed as by a charm in an instant. Beckoning to the foremost to advance, the queen approached the bed of her son, and, withdrawing the curtain, displayed Louis slumbering in all the soundness and tranquillity of childhood. The Frondeurs were satisfied, and at once silently withdrew, descending the

stairs and traversing the spacious galleries of the Palais Royal in a very different spirit to that in which they had mounted, assured that their king was in Paris, and neither spirited away by his mother nor kidnapped by Cardinal Mazarin. None but a woman possessed of great personal courage and royalty of soul could have acted in this dilemma with the dignity and composure displayed by the queen, whose character I have ever much admired, which must excuse the fondness with which I linger around those scenes with which she is connected. Anne of Austria did not long survive the death of Mazarin; forgotten by a court given up to frivolity and dissipation, and neglected by her son, who was engaged in a succession of amorous intrigues, she expired, after great sufferings, of a cancer in the breast.

Although Richelieu had expressly desired that his palace should be unalienable from the crown, it passed into the possession of that soft and effeminate brother of Louis XIV., Monsieur, the husband of Henrietta of England, whose horrible death was undoubtedly caused by poison administered by one of the favorites of her abandoned lord. Suspicion pointed at the Chevalier de Lorraine, who was known to view with great jealousy any rival in the ascendancy he exercised over the duke. Certain it is that no steps were ever taken to investigate the cause of a death so sudden and so fearful. Her husband evinced but little sorrow, and the only person who really felt any compassion for the sufferings of the unfortunate duchess was Louis XIV. himself. Scandal had often joined their names, and it is confidently asserted that an attachment had at one time subsisted between them prior to the king's *liaison* with La Vallière; but of this there is no sufficient proof. Louis, undoubtedly, was much attached to his beautiful sister-in-law, whose grace, elegance, and wonderful knowledge of all the mysteries of the toilette so exactly corresponded with his own frivolous taste, and in the earlier part of his reign Madame Henrietta exercised great influence over him. It is said, that on hearing of her death, he caused Morel, the *maitre d'hôtel* of his brother, to be summoned before him, and on pain of instant death if he attempted to equivocate or deceive him, closely questioned him as to the circumstances.

Morel replied that he would conceal nothing from his majesty.

"Did the duchess die by poison?" demanded the king, pale with horror.

"She did," said Morel.

Louis shuddered. "By whose order was the poison administered?"

"By that of the Chevalier de Lorraine," replied Morel; "it was put into a cup of chicorée-water, the duchess's usual beverage, by the hands of the Marquis d'Effiat. Before God, your majesty, I am innocent of all save the knowledge of the crime. The duchess complained of thirst, the cup of chicorée was presented, and soon after she was seized with convulsions. Your majesty knows the rest."

There was a pause.

"Tell me," said the king, making a great effort, and trembling with agitation as he put the question—"tell me, had my brother—had the Duc d'Orleans—any part in this foul deed?"

"No," said Morel; "they dared not trust him; he would have betrayed all. But it was believed that the death of Madame would not be—"

"Answer as I desire you," sternly interrupted the king, relieved in the greatest degree by hearing that his brother was not an accomplice. "I have heard what I wished—I am satisfied; but although I spare your life, wretched man, leave my kingdom for ever; remember the honor of princes is in your hands, and that wherever you fly their vengeance can pursue you. Therefore be silent as you value your life."

The king dared investigate no further; too foul a picture of his brother's life would have been revealed to public curiosity. The death of the lovely though frivolous young princess remained unavenged, and was soon comparatively forgotten in the gaieties of a court where the sovereign set an example of the most heartless egotism.

As for Monsieur, nothing daunted by the suspicions attached to his name, and although believed by many to have been an accomplice in Henrietta's death, he determined to re-marry, and actually found a German princess (ever the refuge of unfortunate royalties in search of a wife) inclined to encounter the risk of such a Bluebeard. This lady, a certain formidable she-dragon, by name Charlotte of Bavaria, was certainly well able to defend herself in case of necessity, and was altogether a lady not at all of a nature to be trifled with. What a contrast to the beautiful,

fascinating Henrietta! Her successor's autobiographical memoirs remain as a lasting evidence of her coarseness of mind and body. She relates, with the utmost *naïveté*, full particulars of matrimonial mysteries that certainly have ever been regarded and respected as such by all the world since the day that Eve clothed herself in Paradise. The opening pages of this curious autobiography exceed in eccentricity anything ever before published. Let my readers judge for themselves by the following sentences. Thus she begins:

"I am naturally rather melancholy, and when anything annoys me I always have an inflammation in my left side, as if I had the dropsy. Lying in bed is not at all my habit; as soon as I wake I must get up. I seldom take breakfast, and if I do, only eat bread-and-butter. I neither like chocolate, coffee, nor tea; foreign drugs are my horror. I am entirely German in my habits, and relish nothing in the way of food but the *cuisine* of my own country. I can only eat soup made with milk, beer, or wine. As to *bouillon*, I detest it; if I eat any dish that contains it, I am ill directly, my body swells, and I am fearfully sick; nothing but sausages and ham restore the tone of my stomach afterwards.

"I always wanted to be a boy, and having heard that Marie Germain became a man by continually jumping, I used to take such fearful leaps that it is a miracle I did not break my neck a thousand times."

I only know of one good quality this extraordinary German *frau* possessed—she thoroughly saw through Madame de Maintenon's true character, and hated her cordially, who, in return, detested the duchess, and of course induced all her *clique* to do the same. Her young favorite, the interesting Duchesse de Bourgogne, then dauphiness, the mother of Louis XVI., amiable as she was in most other respects, was influenced by her against Charlotte of Bavaria, whose coarse manners also contributed to this dislike, and treated her with marked and extreme rudeness, refusing, even when addressed by her, to make any reply. The Duchesse d'Orleans, with frank, downright German independence, and an uncontrollable share of pride, supported by a coat of arms containing a hundred quarterings at least, was not of a disposition long to suffer any indignity in silence. At first she was willing to attri-

bute this impertinence on the part of the dauphiness to childish pique or caprice, "for she was," says the duchess, "but a wild hoiden of a girl, and very young," and she expected that her highness's manners would mend with her years. But finding that instead of diminishing, this disdain and rudeness only increased, and was encouraged by Madame de Maintenon, she openly declared her intention of complaining to the king, with whom she was on the best terms, her blunt and unsophisticated outbursts affording him infinite amusement. At this notice, the *old woman*, as she called Madame de Maintenon, became seriously alarmed, and taking her aside, entreated her not to put her threat into execution, promising that the dauphiness should in future be more conciliating in her conduct; which was the case. From that time the duchess's originality was respected, and she was left in peace to drink as much beer and eat as many sausages as the peculiarity of her constitution required.

Proud, haughty, and repulsive as she was, Charlotte of Bavaria possessed a considerable share of plain common sense, and she contrived to live peaceably with her heartless, effeminate husband, Monsieur, whose vices she attributed more to weakness than to wickedness. On her son, the Regent Orleans, she doted with all a mother's pride and tenderness, and seems to have been utterly blind or indifferent to his profligacy; but even he was not exempt from the brusque violence of her temper. On first hearing of his approaching marriage with Mademoiselle de Blois, the daughter of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan, and sister of the ambitious Duc du Maine, this tigress was so enraged that she actually struck her son in an outburst of uncontrollable passion. She considered that such an alliance would be an eternal blot on her escutcheon, which, like all Germans, she prized to a ludicrous extent, for, according to Madame, the Palatine family was more illustrious than any other among the princes of Christendom. Whether she was content to trace her descent from Adam is not certain, but she is accused of not being satisfied with so common a progenitor, and rather to have aspired to some family connection with the angels "that loved the daughters of men," and in this manner got a footing among the clouds—a situation much more suited to her pride. At all events she

made no mystery of her opinion, that in marrying a grandson of Henri Quatre she had committed a painful *mésalliance*. What then must have been her rage and indignation at her son matching with a royal bastard! Her opposition was most violent; and being far too much excited to assume even a semblance of etiquette or politeness, the expressions of rage to which this voluminous German dame gave utterance were neither as choice nor as aristocratic as might have been expected.

She flew to the king, and although the doors of the cabinet where the interview took place were carefully closed, the angry voices of the king and Madame were distinctly heard high in dispute.

"If your majesty had wished for an alliance between my son and a daughter of Marie Thérèse, I should have considered it my duty to accede."

"Oh!" cried the king, crimson with passion, "you would then have condescended to accept a princess royal for your daughter-in-law?"

"Yes, your majesty, that would have been a different affair altogether, although I believe there is not a princess in Europe who would not too gladly accept my son, descended as he is from the noble house of the Palatinate." The king stamped with anger. "But, sire, my son shall never ally himself to a bastard."

"Madame!" cried the king, "you forget yourself. How dare you address me in such language?"

"Your majesty will oblige me to presume still further by pressing this proposal, for my opposition shall not only be confined to words. I will never consent to this marriage." And Madame rose to leave the room.

"We shall see," said the king, "if your husband, my brother, will dare to oppose my wishes. We shall see, Madame la Palatine."

"Your brother, sire, will, I am sure," said the duchess, retiring, "be advised by one who can better defend the honor of his house than he is capable of doing himself. Your brother will do his duty."

Louis, finding that there was no chance of overcoming the opposition of Madame, either by persuasion or by threats, consulted with Madame de Maintenon how the marriage was to be brought about. They both determined that what could not be effected openly must be done by intrigue. The Abbé Dubois, that *âme*

damnée of the young duke, known to exercise an influence great as it was pernicious over his mind, was summoned to the boudoir of Madame de Maintenon at twilight. By promises of large preferment, she completely made him her creature, and the unprincipled tutor promised to use all his influence over his pupil to hurry on the marriage, with or without the consent of his mother. To accomplish this, he represented to him the anger of the king, the certain loss of all command or influence, the incessant and disagreeable animosity that must result from his refusal to accept the hand of Louis's daughter. At length, after much difficulty, the duke consented, met Mademoiselle de Blois in the apartments of Madame de Maintenon, and the marriage was soon after celebrated in the presence of the whole court.

Madame was furious at what she termed her "dishonor," and wept, abused, menaced, and scolded by turns; but finding that there was no help, that the marriage was concluded, and that further opposition might really rouse the vengeance of the king, she gradually cooled down and received her new daughter with tolerable civility; particularly as the marriage-portion of Mademoiselle de Blois continued the possession of the Palais Royal, with all its pictures and sculptures, in the Orleans family—a proviso not to be despised, and which somewhat served to gild the bitter pill she had to swallow.

After the death of his father, the Palais Royal became the favorite residence of this unprincipled but agreeable libertine, endowed by nature with so many noble and distinguished qualities. Eminently handsome, there was a grace and dignity about him that attracted and attached all those who approached him; and his universal acquirements, his talents for government, his frank and manly eloquence, ended by making him as popular as he deserved by his public character to become. But ever the constant object of the hatred and the malicious intrigues of Madame de Maintenon and her favorite and pupil, the Duc du Maine, who openly aspired to the regency, he was assailed in his youth by the foulest and blackest accusations. No death could take place in the royal family without the Duc d'Orleans being immediately pointed at as the murderer, and the mysterious illness and death of the first and second dauphins and poor Adelaide of Savoy appeared to favor

these suspicions, as the removal of each of these princes placed him nearer to the throne. Spite of his urbanity, his courteous bearing, his *insouciance*, he was hooted at by the populace wherever he appeared, the public only remembering that he was the son of that Monsieur who, at the death of the unhappy Henrietta, had incurred such horrible suspicions.

The last remaining child of the dauphin—the last lineal descendant of all Louis's numerous family—now lay dangerously ill. With or without reason, it was thought that the cause of this illness was poison. Madame, mother of the regent, suddenly recollected that her son possessed a counter-poison of great efficacy, and wrote to him desiring his instant presence at Versailles with this remedy. The duke came, and, unknown to the king, the counter-poison was administered by the hands of him who had been so falsely accused of causing the deaths of the father and mother of this very child. The little Duc d'Anjou recovered. When Louis was informed of the circumstances, he was utterly astonished and quite unable to reconcile this fact with the injurious insinuations and accusations poured into his ear by De Maintenon and her *coterie*.

The Duc d'Orleans, deeply sensible of the shameful suspicions raised against him, and determined once and for all to silence such odious and abominable lies, requested an audience of the king, and in the very presence of his arch-enemy, Madame de Maintenon, whom he significantly glanced at from time to time, thus addressed his uncle: "Sire," said he, "had the time which has been employed in accusing me been used in asking for my assistance, I might have been the happy instrument of preventing other deaths in your majesty's family, but it was easier for my enemies to spread odious reports of such than in trying to prevent these calamities. But the time is now come when these vile calumnies must cease, and the authors be exposed to the degradation and contempt they deserve. I come, sire, to demand justice of you—I, who have been so falsely accused. It is well known that I have a laboratory in the Palais Royal, where I amuse myself with experiments in chemistry, and this circumstance has been taken advantage of by my enemies to invent those calumnies, too easily, I fear, credited by your majesty. Sire, if it is your pleasure, imprison me—nay, torture your nephew if you will—my

character has been assailed, and I have a right to demand legal satisfaction and inquiry into my motives and my conduct. Humbert, my assistant in chemistry, has already, by my orders, surrendered himself at the Bastille, and I only wait your command to follow him there myself."

At this noble appeal from the Duc d'Orleans to the justice of the king, Louis was quite disconcerted, and without replying in any way to his request, dismissed him.

But the Duc d'Orleans was only half satisfied: he had discomfited but one division of his enemies, whose names were legion; there yet remained the Duc and Duchesse du Maine, who, more bold and insolent than the others, ceased not to attribute to him every execrable crime. He suddenly appeared before the Duchesse du Maine, without even being announced, looking as black as thunder, and with an air and manner that announced anything but an agreeable rencontre. After having made a slight bow to the poets, courtiers, and *précieuses* of both sexes, who always surrounded the duchess, converting Sceaux into a complete Hôtel Rambouillet, and her highness into Madame de Scudéri, the duke walked up to the Duc du Maine, who was leaning against the chimney-piece.

"Monsieur," said he, in a low voice, "the time is come when we must have a few words of explanation, and I am glad that our conversation will have so many witnesses."

"Yet," replied the Duc du Maine, who exceedingly disliked the idea of a public interview, "here is my room, if your royal highness—"

"No," replied the prince, "I shall remain here—I court publicity."

"What does all this mean?" stammered the duke.

"It means, sir, that I am weary of being the victim of the dark intrigues you are ever directing against me, and that you shall swear to discontinue them before I quit this room. Yes, on the instant, sir, or at once maintain your assertions with a sword in your hand, like a gentleman, in your own park."

"I entreat your highness to be more calm," said the duchess, advancing.

"Madame, we neither require your services for acrostics nor couplets at present," said the Duc d'Orleans, smiling; "be kind enough, therefore, to let me continue my conversation with your husband."

"In a word, Monsieur, what do you want?" replied the legitimatized son of De Montespan, endeavoring to raise his voice, tremulous with fear.

"I desire," said the duke, in stentorian tones, and casting around him a look of defiance, "that you, here, on this spot, and also everywhere else, contradict and disavow the calumnies you have dared to utter against me touching the late melancholy deaths in the royal family."

"Prince, you are misinformed: I never, in my inmost soul, for one moment believed you culpable."

"Duke," cried the duchess to her husband, "what are you saying? These justifications are beneath you."

"Madame a raison," replied the Duc d'Orleans, half drawing his sword. "Follow me, sir, and maintain, at least, in a manner befitting a colonel of artillery, what you have dared, like a Jesuit, in holes and corners to accuse me of."

"No, no!" replied the duke, growing dreadfully frightened in earnest, and speaking quite spasmodically, "I am ready to own—to declare your entire innocence of any connection with the misfortunes. I declare solemnly that you are entirely innocent."

"What unworthy—what cowardly conduct!" cried the duchess, flinging herself on an ottoman. "You dishonor the noble blood of Condé that flows in my veins!"

"Really, madame," said the duke, more careful of preserving his own life than the honorable blood of the Condés, "I can't see what you have to do with my conversation with his royal highness. I only satisfy my conscience in giving a testimony to the loyalty of the Duc d'Orleans. Yes, prince, believe me," added the crafty pupil of Madame de Maintenon, "I respect you beyond any man in the whole of his majesty's dominions, and I will declare my devotion to you, however or wherever you please!"

"I am satisfied," said the duke, with a scornful smile. And casting a look of commiserate contempt upon all present, he quitted the room as abruptly as he had entered.

After these two celebrated *écarts*, in which the duke behaved with such spirit, he was no longer assailed by the accusations that before circulated everywhere to his prejudice, and had enraged the Parisians against him to such a degree that he could scarcely traverse the streets without

danger, and he was soon after received at court with the distinction due to his rank and near relationship to the sovereign. His subsequent conduct as regent, the care and affection with which he watched over the infant years of the delicate nursing confided to his care, and the gratitude ever expressed by Louis XV. towards him, are further historical guarantees of the injustice of all these accusations.

But the excessive and avowed profligacy of his private life, where he gloried in resigning himself to the indulgence of every impurity, and his open ridicule of all principle and religion, stamp his memory with abhorrence, and eclipse all his nobler qualities. Under the guidance of the abandoned Dubois (whose conduct was certainly calculated to make him undervalue any religion which possessed such a minister), whom his father had chosen as his tutor for the express purpose, as it appeared, of corrupting his youth, it is not surprising that he became dissolute in a eminent degree. Without the constant excitement of company and intoxication, he could not exist. Flinging himself headlong into the most monstrous excesses, he gloried in showing that he could exceed all the reckless compeers that surrounded him. Irreligious and unprincipled, all was lost save a sentiment of honor and an inherent exaltation of soul that nothing could eradicate, and which, had it been cultivated by a judicious education, would, joined to his splendid acquirements, have made him one of the most distinguished characters of an age that boasted a Racine, a Bossuet, and a Boileau.

His forced marriage with Mademoiselle de Blois did not conduce to improve his character; he was always galled by the recollection of the *mésalliance* he had contracted; his temper, otherwise good, became soured, and he revenged himself on his wife by treating her with neglect and indifference. Neither was she of a disposition to endear herself to him. Proud, imperious, and luxurious, gifted with considerable abilities and great power of language, she never remembered that her mother, Madame de Montespan, was the mistress, not the wife, of her father, and exacted precisely the same etiquette as if she had been born a princess of the blood-royal. Under this strange misapprehension, she treated the Duc d'Orleans with a scorn he could ill brook, feeling as he

did her inferiority. But on the whole he bore her extravagant pretensions with wonderful equanimity, often listening to her harangues in silence, answering her with a little good-natured ridicule, or addressing her by the nickname of "Madame Lucifer," when provoked by an especial display of her arrogance.

She, on her part, little cared for the shameless orgies given within the very walls of the Palais Royal, provided she was treated with all the dignity she considered her due. The Duc d'Orleans astonished even the hardened voluptuaries of his own day, and educated his family in habits of licentiousness only equalled by the annals of the ancient Romans. If credit be given to the numerous particulars of his daughters' excesses, the Palais Royal was indeed the centre of all that was depraved and monstrous. The Duchesse de Berri, the eldest of the regent's children, kept her court at the Luxembourg with a pomp and parade little short of royal, which did not, however, prevent her intrigues with De Riom and other gentlemen of inferior rank becoming public. Nor did she think it beneath her dignity to do the honors at certain *petits soupers* of the regent's, too well known in the scandalous annals of the day, where, as all the guests became intoxicated, it is only charitable to conclude that they ceased to be responsible for their actions. Her affectation of dignity was at times quite ludicrous. On one occasion, expecting the visit of a foreign ambassador, who wished to pay his respects to the daughter of the regent, she received him seated in state on a kind of throne only to be approached by steps. The ambassador was at first astonished, then amused, and ended by bursting into a fit of immoderate laughter, and leaving the room, to the great discomfiture of the duchess, who was extremely piqued at the failure of her scheme.

But some charlatan having prophesied that she would not pass her twenty-fifth year, she became alarmed, and after any very extraordinary scandal, retired to a convent and lived as a nun, lying on a mattress, and submitting to all kinds of austerities and discipline. Having, as she imagined, reconciled herself to Heaven and insured her eternal safety, she returned to the Luxembourg and to her former mode of life with renewed zest and vigor. Her sister, Mademoiselle de Va-

lois, was remarkable for her great beauty, and boasted of an equal lack of reputation. When the handsome Richelieu was imprisoned by her father in the Bastille on her account, all the ladies of Paris amused his captivity by promenading round the walls to look at him. Such were the manners in the time of the Regency. Mademoiselle d'Orleans, the third daughter of the regent, yielded to none of the others in the scandalous celebrity she acquired; indeed, she somewhat surpassed them, if possible, in the audacity of her excesses. Becoming weary of even the slight restraints of her father's court, she announced her determination of becoming a nun, and was elected Abbess of Chelles, to the eternal disgrace of the Church, which at that time could tolerate and overlook the crimes of an Abbé Dubois and an Abbess d'Orleans. Sometimes overcome by a fit of remorse, she would give up music, break her harp, piano, and guitar, fling the remains into the fire, vowing never to sing a note except of the most solemn *Miserere*. But before the next day she had changed her mind, grew worldly again, and repented what she had done, yawning and wandering about the cloisters of her monastery, given up to chagrin and *ennui*. The day after, the fit was completely over, fresh instruments, music, and singers from the Opera arrived from Paris, and Madame l'Abbesse recommenced her usual mode of life. "Tel père tel fils," says the proverb; such was the regent and his family, and such was the Palais Royal under the reign of Louis le Bienaimé. When in the possession of Louis Philippe, whose private virtues afforded such a striking contrast to the vices of his family, how altered was the scene! The vast fortune of Louis Philippe enabled him to adorn this palace, and amongst other embellishments he added a gallery of paintings devoted to illustrate the historical scenes that had passed within its walls. But at the expulsion of the Orleans family, in 1848, these beautiful and most interesting pictures were destroyed, as were also at the same time, the magnificent furniture and ornaments at the Tuileries. But it is more than time I should leave the Palais Royal, where the never-ending chain of historical associations has tempted me to linger, engaged in a feeble effort to trace the principal events and characters that have immortalized its walls.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

It is not till some time after arriving in Constantinople that the traveller can thoroughly enjoy his stay there. There is so much to be seen, and everything is so novel and strange—such a continued noise and bustle, such a multiplicity of races from all quarters gathered together, with their various costumes and dialects, that for a while he is completely bewildered. But by-and-by, when the eye gets accustomed to the apparent confusion, and can distinguish and examine each object separately, it becomes no small amusement to watch the passers-by, and remark the characteristics of each nation; how the Turk moves on with his calm, grave face—the Persian merchant, with sheepskin cap—the Armenian, with heavy step—the busy Greek—the Jew-porter, with fallow skin, shabby beard, and torn and dirty *benieh*—and, lastly, the Frank, in round hat and varnished boots.

The beautiful situation of Constantinople is not more proverbial than the filthiness of its streets. There is a story told of an Englishman, who had heard an exaggerated report of the ill odor of the city, leaving Southampton in his yacht for the purpose of visiting it. After a voyage of two months, he arrived at Seraglio-Point; and there, putting up his telescope, lay to for an hour and examined the magnificent prospect: he then gave orders to weigh anchor and return by the Dardanelles.

But, reader, do not you follow his example. It is true, Constantinople does not possess either the cleanliness or the comfort of our European towns; but, take my word for it, these dirty, uneven streets, turning and twisting in every direction, expanding and contracting as they go, sometimes leading off into blind alleys—one of them silent and deserted as the walks of a necropolis, with its long, white-washed walls, spotted here and there with windows barred on the outside, and its neighbor perhaps so crowded with passengers, that you must elbow your way through them, with their pastry-cooks'

and confectioners' stalls emitting fat odors enough to sicken you—the absence of any kind of vehicle upon the carriage-way, but instead, mules and asses dragging along immense beams, to the great endangerment of the pedestrians' limbs, and the porters coming down the road ejaculating their terrible cry of "Guarda!" their walls, charred by recent conflagration—their sinks of filth in winter, and burning dust in summer-time—their legion of dogs, stretching themselves out in the sun like so many lazzaroni—even the dirt that obstructs a free passage through them: all these things, added to the diversity of dress and language, are, in their way, not without a certain romance, and of a kind not the less attractive that it will soon be done away with. As civilization spreads, so the picturesque dwindles. The sharks of the Bosphorus have given place to the steam-boat; the turban, to the fez. "I'll wager you," said an Armenian to me lately, "that before two years are over, the Turks will be wearing hats, and drinking wine with us during the Ramadan." If that day ever arrives, then farewell to old Turkey.

And even the dogs are beginning to disappear—portentous omen! They have been driven away before the advance of the Europeans, and have nearly all emigrated to the remotest of the Turkish quarters. Here they found kind hands to give them their daily food, to nurse their females in their accouchements, and to guard their young from the inclemencies of winter; and even persons who, carrying their solicitude for their canine *protégés* to the borders of the grave, leave them legacies in their wills. But, notwithstanding this, the Osmanli reckons the dog, like the pig, an unclean animal, which to touch is to be defiled; and therefore he never admits him within the sacred precincts of his home, although he still considers himself the natural protector of all such of the species as find refuge in his

quarter. Benevolence is placed by the Prophet as the chief of all the virtues, and his followers exercise it even towards the lower animals.

One day I walked, side by side with a Turk, down the long street that leads from the bazaar to Yeni-Djaoni (the new mosque), when we came upon a troop of dogs, which were lying all along by the wall so as to interrupt our passage. My unknown companion immediately left the footway, and proceeded along the road, rather than disturb their *kief*; and seeing that I imitated his example, he turned to me, and said with emotion; "Thou hast the heart of a Mussulman; may thy end be happy!"

Another time I saw two Osmanlis talking gravely together not far from a butcher's stall. One of them I knew from his turban to be a mollah belonging to the highest class of magistrates; and the other appeared from his retinue to be a no less distinguished person. The butcher, meanwhile, was busy throwing out the refuse of his stall to a dog which was reposing in a gutter hard by. The clatter of the bones made in falling awakened the lazy animal, which stretched out his paw, languidly to draw them towards him; but, finding that he was unable to reach them in this manner, gluttony gave way to indolence, and he curled himself round again to sleep. Upon this, the mollah, who had been watching the whole proceeding while apparently listening to his friend's discourse, left him abruptly, pushed the bones with his foot within reach of the dog's jaws, and then returned and calmly resumed the conversation.

While we lived in the neighborhood of Pera and Tophané, great numbers of dogs thronged the streets, where they also resided; and those of Tophané especially, unaccustomed to the appearance of a European, never failed to bark after us as we passed the mosque in the evening on our way home. But to say merely that they barked after us, conveys very little idea of the disturbance. If only one dog gave the signal, a simultaneous howl, issuing from the throats of the whole band, was caught up by the canine inhabitants of the neighboring *mahalles*, and prolonged in dismal tones, growing fainter, to the most distant quarters. But their especial antipathy was manifested towards the English, in whom they seemed to smell an enemy instinctively; and, truth to tell, the sons

of Albion, by their frequent assassinations, bore no trifling part in the effort to clear the streets of Pera of these dirty though inoffensive animals. I knew an English captain who went every evening for a game at whist to a house in one of these streets, and he made it a rule never to return to his ship, which he usually did at about one or two o'clock in the morning, without having knocked one of them on the head with an iron-shod club he carried by way of a walking-stick; and if any night he unfortunately lost at play, then two or three paid the penalty. "That's always one less," he used to say on each occasion. In a short time, not a dog was to be seen in the long street that leads from Pera to Tophané, and he had then to change his route in order to keep up his practice. But the alarm spread to every quarter; and one day when he went into a little narrow street of Galata, attracted by the yells of the enemy, four individuals threw themselves upon him, deprived him of his club, and sent him away well mangled.

At the present day, you will scarcely find a single dog in the quarters inhabited by the Europeans; want and the inclemency of the season have finished the work of extermination. The few that remain in Pera and Galata are civilized; they will not bark after a Frank, and make no distinction between a Christian and a Mussulman: these are the dogs of the new reform.

But still there exists a small number of refractory dogs, which protest by a voluntary exile against the innovation of new theories: these individuals cherish all the old prejudices against the Giaours. Like the Celts who retired into the depths of Armorica to escape submitting to Roman domination, so they fly to the solitary quarters of Stamboul and Eyoub, to mourn, in company with their friends the dervishes, over the decline of Islamism and the triumph of the infidels. Woe to the Frank who rashly ventures alone into the streets of this vicinity, peopled with myriads of dogs; the mere sight of his European hat and coat rouses them to fury!

These have also retained all the ancient customs of the race. They live in separate bands, keeping up a friendly intercourse, with the condition of not invading their respective territories; and this condition is insisted on, because each band is fed by the inhabitants of the place where

it is settled, and therefore every intruder is looked upon in the light of another claimant upon the public bounty, to the prejudice of the community. The rule is never broken, therefore, except in extraordinary cases. One day I witnessed a remarkable scene from my window, the relation of which will not only give a curious trait of canine manners, but also tells very favorably for their natural intelligence and goodness of heart. There was a large open space before my window, laid bare by the hand of an incendiary, and into this space there bounded one morning two dogs, giving chase to another which was wounded. Half-a-dozen dogs which were lying among the rubbish

sprang up upon witnessing this invasion of their frontiers, and threw themselves upon the enemy, which, after a furious conflict, they put to flight; the wounded dog, meanwhile, shrinking into a corner, and tremblingly waiting his fate. The victors drew round him, and each smelt him in turn, and then they withdrew together, and appeared to be holding a council. One of them then left the others, and went up to the stranger, to which he put some questions, and being apparently satisfied with his answers, led him away to head-quarters, where he was regaled with a bone. On the evening of the same day, he was enrolled as a member of the society.*

CONSTANTINOPLE.

OUR illustration, in the present number, is a beautiful reproduction of Bartlett's unequalled sketch of the city of Constantinople. Its delicate execution, not less than the spirit of the drawing, and the paramount interest attaching to the subject at the present time, add value to its beauty. The city of the Sultan has now become the theatre of great social changes and of attraction that will soon include it among the objects of indispensable sight-seeing to those who visit the Old World. Its venerable associations, the marvellous beauty of its architectural treasures, the singular contrasts of life, race, habits and religions, which it contains, and the surpassing beauty of the scenery in which it lies, throw the charm of perpetual novelty and interest around Constantinople.

The situation of Constantinople, whether considered in a commercial or political point of view, is the finest imaginable. It is the natural seat of empire. It occupies a triangular promontory near the junction of the sea of Marmora with the Thracian Bosphorus. The city and suburbs contain about 1,000,000 inhabit-

ants. It is shaped somewhat like a harp, the longest side being towards the sea of Marmora, and the shortest towards the "Golden Horn." Its area, according to Gibbon, is 2000 acres, and, like Rome, is built on seven hills, rising progressively above each other some 200 feet. The summit of each hill is crowned with some conspicuous edifices. This amphitheatre of peopled hills, with its innumerable cupolas and minarets, interspersed with tall, dark cypresses, and its almost unrivalled port, crowded with the vessels of all nations, presents a most imposing aspect.

The city at present contains 14 royal and 332 other mosques or houses of Mohammedan worship, 40 colleges of Mohammedan priests, 183 hospitals, 36 Christian churches, and several synagogues.

Constantinople originally possessed 43 gates, 18 of which opened on the land side, 12 towards the Golden Horn, 13 towards the Propontis. Only seven gates now remain. The history of this renowned

* This article is translated from a literary notice in the *Athenaeum Français*; but we have mislaid the number, and cannot refer to the work.

city, for a lengthened period, is given by Gibbon. It was founded by Byzas, (hence its ancient name Byzantium,) anno 656 B.C. Having been destroyed by Severus, it was rebuilt by Constantine, A.D. 328, who made it the capital of the Roman empire. Its wealth and magnificence

were celebrated during the middle ages. It has sustained numerous sieges, but only twice been taken—first in 1204 by the Crusaders, and lastly by the Turks, under Mahommed II., in 1450. It has lost nothing of its historic interest by revolving ages.

THE IMPERIAL HEIR.—Not a little remarkable is it to observe that from the accession of Louis XIV. to the present time not a single King or Governor of France, though none of them, with the exception of Louis XVIII., have been childless, has been succeeded at his demise by his son. Louis XIV. survived his son, his grandson, and several of his great grandchildren, and was succeeded at last by one of the younger children of his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy. Louis XV. survived his son, and was succeeded by his grandson, Louis XVI. Louis XVI. left a son behind him, but that son perished in the filthy dungeon to which the cruelty of the terrorists had confined him. The King of Rome, to whom Napoleon fondly hoped to bequeath the boundless empire he had won, died a colonel in the Austrian service. Louis XVIII. was, as we have

said, childless. The Duke de Berri fell by the hand of an assassin in the lifetime of Charles X.; and his son, the Duke de Bordeaux, is in exile from the land which his ancestors regarded as their own estate. The eldest son of Louis Philippe perished by an untimely accident, and his grandson and heir does not sit upon the throne of his grandfather.

Thus, then, it appears that for upwards of 200 years in no one of the dynasties to which France has been subjected has the son succeeded to the throne of the father.

We have no claim to offer any opinion with regard to the internal government of France as now established, and with reference to our own relations with that country have nothing better to wish for than the firm establishment of the dynasty of Louis Napoleon.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

AMONG the new publications on this side the Atlantic, the following are worthy of notice:

MEMOIRS OF DR. JOHN KITTO, of which we give the admirable and genial review of the *Eclectic Review*, in another part of the present number, has been handsomely reproduced by the Messrs. CARRER, in two volumes 12mo. Every word of commendation is fully redeemed by the fascinating book itself. It is the portraiture of an extraordinary man, who succeeded in overcoming the greatest difficulties imaginable, both of social condition and of personal organic defects, and winning his way to the distinction of being one of the soundest and most comprehensive scholars in England. His marvellous industry, his cheerful patience, his unaffected piety, and his great attainments, form the materials of a biography of rare and most suggestive wisdom. The

lesson held out to young men, especially to the poor, is replete with inspiration. We regard it as among the first of those records in which the best elements of history are contained.

WEALTH AND WORTH, is a volume of miscellanies compiled from the pages of *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, consisting of anecdotes and sketches of eminent merchants, scraps of experience, tried and judicious maxims of business, and a great variety of suggestion bearing upon the moral duties and responsibilities of commerce. The variety, as well as the point and wisdom of the selections, makes the volume interesting to the reader; while the noble and elevated standard of mercantile honor it holds up, the honor it places upon the humble but substantial virtues of prudence, economy, honesty and disinterestedness, give a high moral value to the

work. It is full of quickening lessons, and of generous, manly impulse, which may safely be committed to the hands of young men.

A fine and discriminating compilation has been made from the writings, of all sorts, of the late Rev. Sydney Smith, under the title "Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith," by Evert A. Duyckinck. It is prefaced by a most admirable biography of the man, which is condensed from the larger work of Lady Holland. The whole task has been accomplished with consummate taste, and with an eye to the characteristic points of the great canon's intellect and life. The range of selection embraces all the published works of the author, many of which are but little known on this side the water. The apophthegms gleaned from his lectures on Moral Philosophy, and from the Plymley letters, are particularly good—often weighty with the acutest observation and profoundest philosophy. The wit, of course, is abundant; and altogether, its fragmentary character, its large infusion of humor, its pointed wisdom and beauty of style, make it a rare book for leisurely reading. It is published by Mr. REDFIELD.

THE LAST SEVEN YEARS OF THE LIFE OF HENRY CLAY, is a volume that will be read with interest by all classes. It is from the pen of Rev. Dr. Colton, whose larger memoir of Mr. Clay will be remembered. The present volume contains the history of the great compromise of 1850 in full, with Mr. Clay's speeches, and the correspondence it led to. The private and personal correspondence of Mr. Clay is also freely extracted from, which very clearly disclose the generous and amiable traits of the man. His declining years, religious professions and maturer views of men and things, as expressed in his conversation, are also here included. It has a melancholy interest, aside from the solid value of its contents, which will make it a favorite. (A. S. BARRETT & Co.)

SALAD FOR THE SOCIAL, is an agreeable group of essays on interesting topics, by Mr. Saunders, author of the singular little work entitled "Salad for the Solitary." It busies itself with subjects lying quite out of the ordinary track, and discloses a calm, thoughtful mood, which in these intense days is very refreshing. A genial humor, originality of taste and thought, and a passion for out-of-the-way information and facts, seem to be the characteristic qualities of the little book. It is exceedingly well written—simply, unaffectedly, yet with a grace that lingers in the memory like a pleasant song. In all respects, it is a work of great merit.

We are grieved to be called upon to record the decease of Sir Wm. Hamilton, the distinguished Scotch Metaphysician. He died of congestion of the brain. "For about twelve years," says the *Athenæum*, "he has been a sufferer from paralysis, which did not affect his mental activity, and did not prevent, though it impeded, his exertions as a lecturer. He was educated at Oxford, and for many years held the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. He was a descendant of one of the sternest of the heroes of Bothwell Bridge, and a Scottish herald would designate him as Sir Wm. Hamilton, Baronet, of Preston. But to the educated world he will be known by thousands, who care nothing for his ancestry, as the most learned man of his time, and one of the most acute in the profound branch of inquiry which it was his delight to follow. * * * * * In modern times, deep knowledge of the previous history of

their pursuit has not been the characteristic of metaphysicians; certainly not of the Scotch school. And if there be any one of olden time who could compare with Sir W. Hamilton, it must be remembered that the learning of the departed Professor embraced all that was known to his ancient competitor, and all that has been written since. Its mass and its minuteness are beyond description; and it extended from before Aristotle down to the last German who has attempted to fathom the distinction between *ego* and *non-ego*. Men of such all-absorbing capacity generally become mere indexes: but Sir W. Hamilton preserved his individuality, and was able to exhibit in his writings the freshness of an inquirer whose mind has never been satiated by borrowed learning."

"One is glad to know, however," observes the *Leader*, "that he has left his Lectures on Logic and Metaphysics fairly written out. When these are published, they will, perhaps, be the most perfect revelation of the man, in both his aspects—that of his colossal memory and acquaintance with the whole history of opinion, and that of his native vigor and subtlety of speculative thought. It was the union of vast erudition with vast intellectual strength in pure speculation, that made Sir William almost unique among his British cotemporaries; and it is solemnizing to think that in one brief day such a brain may cease its thinkings, and such a memory, with all that lay gathered up in it, may be extinguished from the earth."

We regret to be called upon to record the recent decease of Augustin Thierry, the able, philosophical, and accomplished French historian. His "History of the Norman Conquest" is one of the finest historical productions in any language; and his noble papers upon the "Carlovingians," as well as his History of the "Tiers Etat," entitle his memory to a place by the side of Niebuhr. He was blind during many years; but in his greatest afflictions, he was ever actively engaged in some literary pursuit.

Under the title of "Ma Bibliothèque Française," a little volume has been prepared—at the instance of Mr. Stevens, the literary agent in England of the Smithsonian Institute—by Mr. Hector Bossange, for the use of American librarians and collectors. It is prepared on a good plan, and seems to be executed with the care which distinguished Mr. Stevens' little work "My English Library."

The number of readers of the "British Museum" last year amounted to 58,567—on an average, 184 per diem; and, as the rooms were open on 200 days, every reader is supposed to have consulted on the average nearly seven volumes per diem. The number of books consulted was 347,683, or 1198 per diem. The number of volumes added to the library, (including 160 received under the International Copyright Act,) was 10,404, including music, maps, and newspapers. Of these, 836 were presented, 3,936 bought, and 5,632 acquired by copyright. 2,617 pieces of music, (each forming a complete work,) were acquired last year. In the MSS. department 523 new MSS., 2460 original charters and rolls, and 8 seals have been added to the general collection. These acquisitions include the diplomatic correspondence and papers of Sebastio Joze Carvalho e Mello, afterwards Marquis of Pombal, from 1738 to 1747, with 120 volumes relating to the history of Portuguese India and Brazil.

Prof. Sophocles, of Cambridge, Mass., author of an excellent Roman Grammar, is preparing for

early publication a collection of popular modern Greek Poetry. Prof. Felton has published a selection from modern Greek writers. The celebrated press of Stephen Austin, of Hertford, will soon issue a splendidly illustrated collection of Roman popular Poetry. We might add many more works to the above list, published recently in France and Germany, and illustrating modern Greek literature, were more proofs required of the interest which this beautiful language is exciting. The Greek of the present day is substantially the language that was spoken in the Alexandrian and Byzantine periods; and its preservation is one of the most surprising instances of tenacious nationality. In Greece itself the literary activity is truly surprising: there are published about thirty newspapers, two or three literary journals, and an archaeological journal, most of them written with talent, and some, as the *Pan-hellion*, which was commenced in 1853, quite equal, in elegance of style and power of argument, to the best journals of Paris and London. The text-books for schools, Gymnasias, and the University are very numerous, and will bear favorable comparison with those in the Prussian schools. The list of books printed by the principal publishers, Koromelas and Blastos, is surprisingly large. The number of volumes annually published by Koromelas amounts to 600,000. In addition to the above our readers, and classical scholars in particular, will be glad to learn that Mr. Linton, the artist, has now published a selection from his portfolio, being fifty views of Greece and its Islands, in an elegant quarto volume.

A New Biographia Britannica has been undertaken by various hands. The editor and publisher invite the coöperation of all men of letters, who have given attention to special bibliographical subjects, or who possess documents illustrating the lives of particular persons.

The attention of the world is at present directed so pointedly, politically as well as scientifically, towards Mexico and Central America, that we notice several interesting publications connected with this subject. B. Biondelli, the celebrated Italian linguist, having acquired the Aztec Codex of B. Sahagun, being a translation of the Gospels and Epistles into the Nahuatl or Aztec language, will publish the same, with a Latin translation and a glossary. Only 250 copies will be printed, at £4 each.

Dr. C. Scaerzer is preparing for publication, under the patronage of the Vienna Academy, an edition of the *Quiché Chronicle*, which he copied

from the original manuscript at Guatemala. It is a Spanish translation, from the original *Quiché*, by Father Ximenes, made in 1721, and treats of the Origin of the World, and of the establishment of the Quiché Empire.

The first volume of Trubner's *Bibliotheca Glottica*, being a bibliographical account of Aboriginal American Linguistics, will be published in September.

Mr. John Crawford, the distinguished author of "A History of the Indian Archipelago," as also of a "Dissertation on the Malay Language," which is intended to disprove the celebrated hypothesis of William von Humboldt respecting the identity of the origin and of the languages of the numerous races inhabiting the Eastern and Pacific Oceans—is engaged upon "Cyclopædia of the Malay and Philippine Islands," and we understand the work is already printed as far as the article "Java."

The works of Schelling, the German philosopher, are to appear, for the first time, in a collected form. The publication is intrusted to a number of savans. About one-sixth of the matter to be given in this edition has never been published before. The first volume, (beginning with the unprinted writings,) has just left the press. It contains the "Einleitung in die Philosophie der Mythologie."

The *Frankfurter Museum* brings a report on the publication of the posthumous works of Heinrich Heine, intermixed with capital remarks and anecdotes of the late poet. Heine's "Literary Remains" will be edited, according to his own wish, by his friend and relative Dr. Christiani, the same whom, many years ago, he celebrated in one of his most witty little poems as the "Mirabeau der Lüneburger Haide." It was always Heine's wish that his works should be published after his death with as little alteration as possible. He himself has pointed out only three poems which are to be omitted in a future edition of his works. One of these is the wicked cyclus, "Lobgesänge auf König Ludwig," printed in 1844, in the *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*; another, that most harmless, though, at the same time, irresistibly ludicrous, "Song of Praise" to Meyerbeer, the musical composer; of which, as it defies translation, we subjoin the first stanza in German for the benefit of our readers:

"Heil dem Meister, der uns theuer;
Heil dem grossen Bärenmeyer;
Heil dem grossen Meyerbeer,
Der nach Nöthen lang und schwer,
Der nach langen Schwerenöthen
Uns geboren den Propheten!"

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ENGRAVED BY J. CARTAIN. — THE ORIGIN BY HILDEBRANDT.

A. Humboldt

ENGRAVED FOR THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

